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ROOSEVELT TO AUTHORS AND ARTISTS

NINTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop

THE number of Roosevelt's letters to authors and artists is legion. His eager and insatiable interest in all branches of literature made him an omnivorous reader of books, and when a book appealed to him, he at once informed its author of his enjoyment in it, usually disclosing a surprising amount of knowledge of his own on the subjects treated, and expressing his personal views with force and clearness. Letters of this sort were written most frequently to foreign authors, and are most numerous in his correspondence, for the reason, mainly, that instead of writing at length to American authors he usually invited them to the White House or to Oyster Bay, and talked with them. There was scarcely an author in the United States who was not thus summoned at one time or another during Roosevelt's presidency, and afterward, and there is surely no one of them who did not subsequently declare himself encouraged and strengthened by it. His letters to artists, while not so numerous as those to authors, display the characteristics that are common to his entire correspondence.

An American author, essayist, and critic in whose work Roosevelt took keen interest, and for whom he had a warm personal regard, was Brander Matthews. From a large number of letters that he wrote to him I am courteously permitted by Mr. Matthews to make a few citations, which I have selected as showing both the wide range of Roosevelt's reading and the irrepressible play of his humor.

Writing to Mr. Matthews, on May 7, 1893, in reference to a work on the Revolutionary period that had appeared recently, he said:

"There is a wealth of picturesque incident which has never been utilized in the fighting between Tarleton's red dragoons, Ferguson's riflemen, Cornwallis's admirable grenadiers of the line, and the stolid, well drilled, valiant Hessian infantry on the one side, and on the other the continental line troops of Greene and Wayne, the light horse of Harry Lee, the homespun militia-men, and the wild riflemen of the backwoods, with their wolfskin caps, and their hunting tunics, girded in with bead-worked belts; while the painted Indian tribes add yet another element. It ought to be written up purely from the military side, by someone able to appreciate brave deeds by whomsoever done, and the equal valor displayed by friend and foe."

In another letter to Mr. Matthews, on June 29, 1894, he says of a volume of essays by a young writer who was winning his way to fame:

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"Mr. Blank is entirely wrong in thinking that Shakespeare, Homer and Milton are not permanent. Of course they are; and he is entirely in error in thinking that Shakespeare is not read, in the aggregate, during a term of years, more than any ephemeral author of the day. Of course every year there are dozens of novels each one of which will have many more readers than Shakespeare will have in the year; but the readers only stay for about a year or two, whereas in Shakespeare's case they have lasted, and will last quite a time! I think that Mr. Blank's ignorance, crudity and utter lack of cultivation make him entirely unfit to understand the effect of the great masters of thought upon the language and upon literature. Nevertheless, in his main thought, as you say, he is entirely right. We must strike out for ourselves; we must work according to our own ideas, and must free ourselves from the shackles of conventionality, before we can do anything. As for the literary center of the country being New York, I personally never had any patience with the talk of a literary center. I don't care a rap whether it is New York, Chicago, or any place else, so long as the work is done. I like or dislike pieces in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Overland Monthly* because of what they contain, not because of one's being published in San Francisco or the other in Boston. I don't like Edgar Fawcett any more because he lives in New York, nor Joel Chandler Harris any the less because he lives at Atlanta; and I read Mark Twain with just as much delight, but with no more, whether he resides in Connecticut or in Missouri."

Joyous delight in humor is visible in the following citations from letters to Mr. Matthews:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26, 1893: "I have a rather good story for you. Recently a sister of a friend of mine was at a dinner in London, where there was also that somewhat heavy English wit Comyns Carr. He began inveighing against the 'higher education of women,' and stated that he was going to introduce a society to promote their lower education. She sweetly asked what women he meant—English, French or American? He fixed her with an eye of cold disapproval, and, prancing into the trap, responded 'I should begin with American women!'; to which she, with a merely explanatory air: 'Oh, but you know Mr. Carr, American *women* are not at all too highly educated for American *men!*'"

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1894: "When you see your friend Kipling again tell him that his 'Walking Delegate' has been used as a tract in the Senate. Manderson, of Nebraska, first saw its possibilities. Do you know him? He has a most gallant record in the Civil War, where he was badly wounded; and now has at last overthrown the populists in his state, in a square knock-down-and-drag-out fight, and is going to leave the Senate, as he finds he can't afford to stay in politics. He tried the article on Peffer, who is a well-meaning, pin-headed, anarchistic crank, of hirsute and slab-sided aspect; it didn't do Peffer any good—he isn't that kind—but it irritated him, and so it pleased Manderson. Wolcott of Colorado, whom you met here, is now going to try it on Kyle of South Dakota. Lodge would like to use it, but he is anathema to the populists anyhow, as he comes from Massachusetts and is a Harvard man—a record that would taint anything."

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1904. "I simply must send you this choice bit of wisdom from a British brother. It comes in a letter of Mrs. Edith Wharton's to young Lodge:

"'I sat last night next to a Mr. F., Lord S's son who had been all over the South African War and was very keen about military matters. We talked about Conan Doyle's book, and then I asked him if he had ever read Sir George Trevelyan's history of the *American Revolution*. No, he hadn't, but would make a note of it. Capital book, eh? I said the descriptions of the fights were wonderful; that I had told Sir G. T. that I thought his *Battle of Bunker Hill* was the best battle picture I knew and he had answered that Lord Wolseley had told him the same thing.

"Mr. F. (keenly interested) 'Oh, really? I must read that. Trevelyan's an army man himself, I suppose?'

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"Me. 'No, I think not. You know he was——'

"Mr. F. 'Oh, of course. Out there as a correspondent, I suppose.'" ! ! !

"Is not this really too good to be true?"

An entertaining account of his taste in reading is given by Roosevelt in the letter to Major Joel E. Spingarn, U. S. R., well-known author and essayist, under date of August 28, 1917:

"I wish to thank you for that volume of capital essays. The two last were especially enjoyed by me because they were more within my very moderate powers of critical appreciation. I know nothing of the drama except that I am ashamed to say I don't care to go to the theatre; and nevertheless I do very greatly care to read certain plays in my library. But your two final chapters dealt with matter I *can* fairly well understand, and I agree with every word. Personally, I don't care a rap whether we call the flight of a Tartar Tribe or certain passages in the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,' prose or vers libres. I think that it might help the eye to have parts of them arranged as the 'Spoon River Anthology' is arranged, in irregular lines. But in any event I enjoy what seems to me to be the rhythm, and the beauty and majesty of the diction. I enjoy Wordsworth's sonnets and I enjoy Shakespeare's sonnets; and I don't care in the least if someone proves to me that Shakespeare did not write sonnets but something else. On the other hand, I loathe Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' and not Matthew Arnold himself would persuade me to read it. I delight in the saga of King Olaf and Othera and Belisarius, and Simon Danz, and the 'Mystery of the Sea'; and I don't care for 'Evangeline' or any of Longfellow's plays; and I cannot give any reasoned-out explanations in either case!"

An example of his sympathetic aid to authors appears in the following correspondence with Booth Tarkington. Writing to him on March 9, 1905, the President said:

"I like 'In the Arena' so much that I must write to tell you so. I particularly like the philosophy of the Preface and the first story. But I like all the stories. Mrs. Prothero does not come within the ken of my own experience, but the other comedies and pitiful tragedies are just such as I myself have seen.

"Do let me know if you get to Washington again."

In replying Mr. Tarkington wrote:

"It is a tremendous pleasure to know that you read and liked my political stories. The Preface was almost directly your suggestion. When, in last December I had the honor of lunching with you, you spoke of the danger that my purpose in these stories might be misunderstood, and that exhibiting too much of the uglier side might have no good effect. So I prefixed the Preface, hoping that if you happened to see it you would believe that the Professor was at least trying to do his best."

The following correspondence between Roosevelt and his friend Owen Wister is both interesting and amusing:

September 23, 1901.

DEAR THEODORE: I don't know the crime of yours which this earnest ass reveals. I shall not answer him because silence has a cumulative eloquence which I prefer. But make yourself gay over the solemn screed.

Ever yours,

O. W.

(Letter enclosed.)

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 22, 1901.

OWEN WISTER ESQ.,

Dear Sir:

I observe, at the end of an article bearing your signature, the following:

"He [Theodore Roosevelt] has striven in his books to do honor to great Americans in the past."

I am informed, on authority that seems conclusive, that Mr. Roosevelt, in one of his works, speaks of Thomas Paine as a "dirty little Atheist": that, on having it proven to him by a more careful, or more truthful historian, that in these three words he had made three mis-statements, (or a triple mis-statement) and that Mr. Paine was neither "dirty," "little," or "Atheist," he has never made for them

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any apology, correction, or even withdrawal.

For any other than an illiterate man to declare Paine to be an atheist, seems impossible; for an educated *historian* to do so, when page after page of his *best known work* is devoted to argument in favor of the existence of a God, seems hardly compatible with honesty.

Like Mr. Roosevelt, I have no agreement or even sympathy with Paine's religious ideas; but, unlike him, I do not consider disagreement with them a legitimate excuse for libelling and vilifying one of the greatest men of his time.

In the opinion of thoughtful scholars, Mr. Roosevelt's ignorant and spiteful misstatements about Thomas Paine effectually discredit him, as a historian; and they seem also to contradict the paragraph from your article, which I quote at the beginning of this letter.

Yours truly,

——— ———

(*Personal*)

September 25, 1901.

DEAR DAN:

This is delightful. I ought not to have used the exact word *atheist*. He admitted the existence of an unknown God, but denied there was a God of the Christians. As to whether he was dirty or not, it is a mere matter of private judgment. I was recording in the sentence the fact that he had stayed several weeks in bed without getting out for any purpose, and that as a consequence a swine in a sty was physically clean by comparison.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Owen Wister,
328 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Roosevelt was many times granted the degree of LL.D. by the leading universities of the country, and when, in 1901, there were reports that such honors were forthcoming, Mr. Wister wrote to him saying he considered him too young for the degree, since he regarded it as a proper laurel to cover silver hairs. In the same letter Mr. Wister expressed admiration for a somewhat sensational novel which had recently been published. Replying, on July 20, 1901, Roosevelt wrote:

"If LL.D.'s were only to be granted to old men, well and good. But they are not only so granted. I took the greatest pleasure in voting one for Rhodes. He has won it. But he has not won it any more than Cabot Lodge. And yet Cabot has never been given it. However, I think the whole business is one of rather small vanity, and I only mentioned it because of the contrast between Yale, Columbia, and Princeton on the one hand and Harvard on the other. At Yale this year I understand that Seth Low, Whitelaw Reid, Bishop Potter, and Archbishop Ireland are to be among my companions in getting the LL.D. Unless I mistake, it has been given by Harvard to Leonard Wood and also to General Miles—which last is preposterous. It was eminently proper to give it to Wood, although he is neither a scholar, nor gray haired.

"Your coming here started me to rereading your pieces. I want to reiterate my judgment that the 'Pilgrim on the Gila,' 'Specimen Jones' and the 'Second Missouri Compromise' are among the very best. I think they have a really very high value as historical documents which also possess an immense human interest. Where you speak of the teaching of the Mormon bishop as having no resemblance to the Gospels, but being right in the line of Deuteronomy, you set forth a great truth as to the whole Mormon Church. I shall always believe that Brigham Young was quite as big a man as Mahomet. But the age and the place were very unfavorable instead of highly favorable.

"Now, about that book—I read it with interest. The author has a good idea and he has some power, but he left me with the impression that his overstatement was so utterly preposterous as to deprive his work of all value. A good part of it reads like the ravings which Altgeld and Bryan regard as denunciation of wrong. I do not know California at all, but I have seen a good deal of all the western States between the Mississippi and the western side of the Rocky Mountains. I know positively that as regards all those States —the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, and New Mexico, the

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facts alleged are a wild travesty of the truth. It is just exactly as if in writing about the tyranny and corruption of Tammany Hall I should solemnly revive the stories of Mediæval times and picture Mr. Croker as bathing in the blood of hundreds of babies taken from the tenement-houses, or of having Jacob Schiff tortured in the Tombs until he handed over a couple of million dollars. The overstatement would be so preposterous that I would have rendered myself powerless to call attention to the real and gross iniquity.

"Of course, the conditions in California may have been wholly different from those in every other western state, but if so, the author should have been most careful to show that what he wrote about was absolutely limited by State lines and had no application to life in the west as a whole. What I am inclined to think is that conditions were worse in California than elsewhere, and that a writer of great power and vigor who was also gifted with self restraint and with truthfulness could make out of them a great tragedy, which would not, like this book, be contemptuously tossed aside by any serious man who knew western conditions, as so very hysterical and exaggerated, as to be without any real value.

"More and more I have grown to have a horror of the reformer who is half charlatan and half fanatic, and ruins his own cause by overstatement. If this book is taken to apply to all the west, as it certainly would be taken by any ordinary man who reads it, then it stands on an exact level with some of the publications of the W. C. T. U. in which the Spanish War, our troubles in the Philippines, and civic dishonesty and social disorder, are all held to spring from the fact that sherry is drunk at the White House."

Roosevelt's estimate of Mr. Wister's novel, "The Virginian," was given in a letter to the author under date of June 7, 1902:

"I did not think it would be possible for you to combine those short stories into a novel without loss of charm and power. Yet I think you have greatly increased both their charm and their power as you have made the combination. It is a remarkable novel. If I were not President (and therefore unable to be quoted) I should like nothing better than to write a review of it. I have read it all through with absorbed interest, and have found myself looking forward to taking up the book again all through the time I have been at work. I do not know when I have read in any book, new or old, a better chapter than 'Superstition Trail.'"

What Roosevelt thought of anarchists, and of reformers of the "parlor socialist" type who approve of them, was expressed in a letter to Mr. Wister, under date of November 10, 1908, which is interesting as showing that his views in regard to them were the same several years in advance of the European War as they were when that conflict was at its height:

"I have gone over that Princess Kropotkin matter with the Department of State and the Department of Commerce and Labor. They are clear that she ought not to come. If she calls herself an anarchist that would be sufficient reason why she should not be admitted; and I think under the law it would be absolutely conclusive. Permit me to add that I think it highly undesirable that she should come. People who call themselves anarchists, no matter how they qualify the word by calling themselves 'reformers,' by just so much add to the strength of the worst and most vicious elements of our civilization."

A glimpse of his early Western experiences is given in a letter to Mr. Wister under date of May 23, 1911, with a characteristic Rooseveltian touch at the end:

"Mrs. Roosevelt loved 'The Members of the Family,' and so did I. I think I especially liked 'Timberline,' 'The Gift Horse,' and 'Extra Dry'; and I don't know but that I liked the preface even more than anything else.

"I must see you soon. I want to tell you that I felt just as you felt when I passed through my own old country this year; except that I am not quite as certain as you are that the change is subjective as well as objective. I enjoyed my African trip when I was fifty as much as I enjoyed the West when I was twenty-five; but in the West the old country that

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I knew so well has absolutely vanished. I realized this more fully than at any other time when we stopped at what used to be a homeless siding—near which I had spent thirty six hours fighting fire, with a wild set of cow punchers, a quarter of a century ago, and which I had once passed leading a lost horse through a snow-storm when I got turned round and had to camp out—and found a thriving little prairie town with a Chamber of Commerce and a 'boosters' society,' of which the mayor was president.

"Heavens! Think of your daring to wish Henry James to write of the west!"

Roosevelt's views on the art of painting were set forth in a letter to P. Marcius Simons, an American artist whose works he greatly admired, three specimens of which hang in prominent positions in his Trophy Room at Oyster Bay. Writing to Mr. Simons, on March 19, 1904, he said:

"The first work I saw of yours was the 'Seats of the Mighty,' and it impressed me so powerfully that I have ever since eagerly sought out any of your pictures of which I heard. When I became President Mrs. Roosevelt and I made up our minds that while I was President we would indulge ourselves in the purchase of one really first class piece of American art—for we are people whom the respective sizes of our family and our income have never warranted in making such a purchase while I was in private life! As soon as we saw 'When Light and Shadow Meet' we made up our minds at once and without speaking to one another that at last we had seen the very thing we wanted.

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I feel that in your letter you have expressed much which we have felt but not formulated. I agree absolutely with you that art, or at least the art for which I care, must present the ideal through the temperament and the interpretation of the painter. I do not greatly care for the reproduction of landscapes which in effect I see whenever I ride or walk. I wish 'the light that never was on land or sea' in the pictures that I am to live with—and this light your paintings have. When I look at them I feel a lift in my soul; I feel my imagination stirred. And so, dear Mr. Simons, I believe in you as an artist and I am proud of you as an American."

In November, 1904, Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor, wrote from France to the President, expressing a wish to make a statuette of him. Replying, on November 19, the President wrote:

"I have just received your very kind note, and of course I shall be delighted to have you make the little statue or statuette that you desire, for, my dear sir, I think that any American President would be glad to have an American sculptor like you or St. Gaudens do such a piece of work. But before sending you over the things you would like I want to point out something. You say that you like that photograph of me jumping a fence, and apparently intend to use that as a model; but you ask me for my soldier suit. Now, of course I do not jump fences in my khaki and with sword and revolver in my belt—as a matter of fact I rarely wore my sword at all in the war—and if you want to make me jumping a fence I must send you my ordinary riding things. It seems to me it would be better to put me in khaki and not to have me jumping the fence. Horses I jump fences with have short tails. The horses I rode in the war had long tails; and, by the way, as soon as I got down to active work they looked much more like Remington's cavalry horses than like the traditional war steed of the story books. Now, which way do you want to make that statuette? It seems to me it would be better in uniform."

The statuette was made and reached the White House in June following. In acknowledging it, the President wrote on June 5:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I are delighted with the statuette; and my dear fellow, to have a bronze of me by MacMonnies really makes me feel as if I were a pretty considerable personage! I have always been grateful to you and St. Gaudens for just existing, for it is a big asset on the Nation's credit side that it should have produced you both."

When the statuette was presented to the President, he said:

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"I now feel myself a really great man. The distinction of 'being done' by either St. Gaudens or MacMonnies might flatter anybody. I had always hoped to have something in my possession by MacMonnies, but it never occurred to me that I should have something by MacMonnies of me. The statuette is exactly as I should like to have it—a cavalry horse, the rough rider clothes and the emblematic support to the whole."

For making the usual inauguration medal which is struck for every new President, Augustus St. Gaudens was selected, and when the medal was received the President, on July 8, 1905, wrote to St. Gaudens:

"Really I do not know whether to thank most Frank Millet, who first put it into my rather dense head that we ought to have a great artist to design these medals or to thank you for consenting to undertake the work. My dear fellow, I am very grateful to you, and I am very proud to have been able to associate you in some way with my administration. I like the medals *immensely;* but that goes without saying, for the work is eminently characteristic of you. I thank heaven, we have at last some artistic work of permanent worth, done for the Government.

"I don't want to slop over; but I feel just as if we had suddenly imported a little of Greece of the fifth or fourth centuries B. C. into America; and am very proud and very grateful that I personally happened to be the beneficiary. I like the special bronze medal particularly."

A long letter expressing his views upon questions connected with and growing out of the Civil War, was written to James Ford Rhodes on November 29, 1904. I quote a few passages:

"I have just finished your fifth volume [History of the United States] and am delighted with it. I do not know whether I told you that during the campaign I reread your first four. At the same time I read Macaulay's 'History' and many of Lincoln's letters and speeches, and I got real help from all of them. It seems to me, that allowing for difference of epoch and nationality, you and Macaulay approach the great subject of self-government by a free people in much the same spirit and from the same philosophic standpoint.

"In the last volume I was immensely pleased with everything. Perhaps I should bar one sentence—that in which you say that in no quarrel is the right all on one side, and the wrong all on the other. As regards the actual act of secession, the actual opening of the Civil War, I think the right was exclusively with the Union people and the wrong exclusively with the Secessionists; and indeed I do not know of another struggle in history in which this sharp division between right and wrong can be made in quite so clear cut a manner. I am half Southern. My mother's kinsfolk fought on the Confederate side, and I am proud of them. I fully believe in and appreciate not only the valor of the South, but its lofty devotion to the right as it saw the right; and yet I think that on every ground—that is, on the question of the Union, on the question of slavery, on the question of State rights—it was wrong with a folly that amounted to madness, and with a perversity, that amounted to wickedness.

"I am much interested in what you say as to Grant's superiority over Lee in the fortnight's operations ending at Appomattox, which brought the Civil War to a close, for the previous year, it seems to me, that Lee had shown himself the superior, but during this fortnight Grant rose to his Vicksburg level. A mighty pair of Generals they were.

"Reading your history brings out the essential greatness of Lincoln ever more and more. Perhaps, as you say, he and Washington do not come in the very limited class of men which include Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon, but they are far better men for a nation to develop than any of these three giants; and, excepting only these three, I hardly see any greater figures loom up in the history of civilized nations. There have been other men as good—men like Timoleon and John Hampden; but no other good men have been as great.

"The trouble I am having with the Southern question—which, my dear sir,

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I beg you to believe I am painfully striving to meet, so far as in me lies, in the spirit of Abraham Lincoln—emphasizes the infinite damage done in reconstruction days by the unregenerate arrogance and short-sightedness of the southerners and the doctrinaire folly of radicals like Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens. The more I study the Civil War and the time following it, the more I feel (as of course everyone feels) the towering greatness of Lincoln which puts him before all other men of our time."

Amid all the duties that crowded upon Roosevelt in 1905 he found time to indulge his love of reading and to conduct a voluminous correspondence with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. While he was busy arranging the Russo-Japanese Conference he was reading and absorbing a book which carried him back into the thirteenth century, afterward writing, on July 11, 1905, to the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, this learned criticism of its contents:

"I read Cahun's 'Turks and Mongols' with such thoroughness and assiduity that at the end it was dangling out of the covers, and I have sent it to Washington to have it bound, with directions to deliver it to you.

"I am very much obliged to you for loaning it to me, and I have been immensely interested in it. It is extraordinary how little the average European historian has understood the real significance of the immense Mongol movement of the 13th Century and its connection with the previous history of the Turks, Mongols, and similar peoples. Until I read Cahun I never understood the sequence of cause and effect and never appreciated the historic importance of the existence of the vast, loosely bound Turkish power of the 5th and 6th centuries and of its proposition to unite with the Byzantines for the overthrow of the Persians. Moreover it is astounding that military critics have given so little space to, or rather have totally disregarded, the extraordinary Mongol campaigns of the 13th Century.

"I doubt if the average military critic so much as knows of the existence of Sabutai, who won sixty victories on pitched fields and went from the Yellow Sea to the Adriatic, trampling Russia into the dust, overrunning Hungary and Poland, and defeating with inferior numbers the picked chivalry of Germany as he had already defeated the Manchu, the Corean, and the Chinese. Moreover the victories were not won by brute superiority of numbers. The armies of the Mongols were not at all what we understand when we speak of hordes. They were marvellously trained bodies wherein the prowess of the individual soldier was only less remarkable than the perfect obedience, precision and effectiveness with which he did his part in carrying out the tactical and strategic schemes of the generals.

"For a Frenchman, Cahun is dry; but the dryness of writers of your race, if they are good at all, is miles asunder from the hopeless aridity of similar writers among our people. Cahun has a really fine phrase, for instance—a phrase that tells an important truth when he contrasts the purely personal and therefore in the end not very important wars of Timur, with what he calls the great 'anonymous' campaigns and victories of the Mongols proper under Ghengis Khan and in the years immediately succeeding his death.

"Naturally, this difference in dryness makes an immense difference in interest. Thus I took up De la Gorce's history of the Second Empire because of the allusions to it in Walpole's history which covers much the same period; but Walpole's history was only readable in the sense that a guide book or a cookery book is readable; whereas I found De la Gorce exceedingly interesting and filled with much that was philosophical and much that was picturesque."

An excellent illustration of the stimulating effect which the reading of an important book had upon Roosevelt's mind, is afforded by this letter to John Morley, now Lord Morley, the distinguished historian and essayist, on January 17, 1904:

"It is a temptation to me to write you at inordinate length about your life of Gladstone. Incidentally, you started me to rereading Lucretius and Finlay. Lucretius was an astounding man for pagan

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Rome to have produced just before the empire. I should not myself have thought of comparing him with Virgil one way or the other. It would be too much like comparing say Herbert Spencer with Milton, excepting that part dealing with death, in the end of the third book (if I remember right). I am less struck with the work because of its own quality (as a finished product, so to speak) than I am with the fact that it was opening up a totally new trail—a trail which for very many centuries, indeed down to modern times, was not followed much farther. He had as truly a scientific mind as Darwin or Huxley, and the boldness of his truth-telling was astonishing. As for Finlay, I have always been fond of him. But I would not like to be understood as depreciating Gibbon. Personally I feel that with all their faults Gibbon and Macaulay are the two great English historians, and there could be no better testimonial to their greatness than the fact that scores of authors have each made a comfortable life reputation by refuting some single statement of one or the other.

"Of course, in reading the Gladstone, I was especially interested because of the ceaseless unconscious comparisons I was making with events in our own history, and with difficulties I myself every day encounter. A man who has grappled, or is grappling, with Cuba, Panama and the Philippines, has a lively appreciation of the difficulties inevitably attendant upon getting into Egypt in the first place, and then upon the impossibility of getting out of it, in the second. Perhaps I was interested most of all in your account of the closing years of Gladstone's career, in which 'Home Rule' was the most important question he had to face. I suppose I am one of a large multitude to whom your book for the first time gave a clear idea of what Gladstone's actual position was in the matter, and of the gross injustice of the assaults upon him. You make it clear, for instance, that from the standpoint of Gladstone's assailants, even, there was far more to be said against the consistency and frankness of the leaders who opposed him and the leaders who deserted him than against his. To my mind you prove your case completely—and I have always been inclined to criticize Gladstone on this point, although I have personally been a Home-Ruler ever since reading Lecky's account of Ireland in the eighteenth century. On no position do I feel more cordial sympathy with Gladstone's attitude than as regards Turkey and the subjugated peoples of the Balkan peninsula."

His estimate of Jefferson and Hamilton, as well as his views upon other interesting subjects, are disclosed in a letter, August 9, 1906, to Frederick Scott Oliver, the English author of a 'Life of Alexander Hamilton' and 'Ordeal by Battle':

"I have so thoroughly enjoyed your book on Hamilton that you must allow me the privilege of writing to tell you so. I have just sent a copy to Lodge. There are naturally one or two points on which you and I would not quite agree, but they are very few, and it is really remarkable that you, an English man of letters, and I, an American politician largely of non-English descent, should be in such entire accord as regards the essentials. . .

"Thank Heaven, I have never hesitated to criticise Jefferson; he was infinitely below Hamilton. I think the worship of Jefferson a discredit to my country; and I have as small use for the ordinary Jeffersonian as for the ordinary defender of the house of Stuart—and I am delighted to notice that you share this last prejudice with me. I think Jefferson *on the whole* did harm in public life. . . . He did thoroughly believe in the people, just as Abraham Lincoln did, just as Chatham and Pitt believed in England; and though this did not blind Lincoln to popular faults and failings any more than it blinded the elder and the younger Pitts to English failings, it was in each case a prerequisite to doing the work well. In the second place, Jefferson believed in the West and in the expansion of our people westward, whereas the northeastern Federalists allowed themselves to get into a position of utter hostility to western expansion. Finally, Jefferson was a politician and Hamilton was not. Hamilton's admirers are apt to speak as if this was really to his credit, but such a position is all nonsense. A

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politician may be and often is a very base creature, and if he cares only for party success, if he panders to what is evil in the people, and still more if he cares only for his own success, his special abilities merely render him a curse. But among free peoples, and especially among the free peoples who speak English, it is only in very exceptional circumstances that a statesman can be efficient, can be of use to the country, unless he is also (not as a substitute, but in addition) a politician.

"This is a very rough-and-tumble, workaday world, and the persons, such as our 'anti-imperialist' critics over here, who sit in comfortable libraries and construct theories, or even the people who like to do splendid and spectacular feats in public office without undergoing all the necessary preliminary outside drudgery, are and deserve to be at a disadvantage compared to the man who takes the trouble, who takes the pains, to organize victory. Lincoln—who, as you finely put it, conscientiously carried out the Hamiltonian tradition, was superior to Hamilton just because he was a politician and was a genuine democrat, and therefore suited to lead a genuine democracy. He was infinitely superior to Jefferson, of course; for Jefferson led the people wrong, and followed them when they went wrong; and though he had plenty of imagination and of sentimental inspiration, he had neither courage nor far-sighted common sense, where the interests of the nation were at stake.

"I have not much sympathy with Hamilton's distrust of the democracy. Nobody knows better than I that a democracy may go very wrong indeed, and I loathe the kind of democracy which finds expression in such statements as 'the voice of the people is the voice of God'; but in my own experience it has certainly been true, and if I read history aright it was true both before and at the time of the Civil War, that the highly cultivated classes, who tend to become either cynically worldly-wise or to develop along the lines of the Eighteenth Century philosophers, and the moneyed classes, especially those of large fortune, whose ideal tends to the mere money, are not fitted for any predominant guidance in a really great nation. I do not dislike but I certainly have no especial respect or admiration for and no trust in, the typical big moneyed men of my country. I do not regard them as furnishing sound opinion as regards either foreign or domestic policies.

"Quite as little do I regard as furnishing such opinion the men who especially pride themselves on their cultivation—the men like many of those who graduate from my own college of Harvard, and who find their organs in the New York *Evening Post* and *Nation*. These papers are written especially for cultivated gentlefolk. They have many minor virtues, moral and intellectual; and yet during my twenty-five years in public life I have found them much more often wrong than right on the great and vital public issues. In England they would be howling little Englanders, would be raving against the expense of the navy, and eager to find out something to criticise in Lord Cromer's management of Egypt, not to speak of perpetually insisting upon abandoning the Soudan."

One of the most exciting periods of Roosevelt's presidential service was that of the panic of 1907, the influences of which extended into 1908. He had instituted in December, 1906, legal proceedings against the Standard Oil Company, and had ordered an investigation of the Harriman railway lines. When the panic began in New York vigorous efforts were made to persuade him to "call off" these proceedings, at least temporarily. Letters in great volume poured in upon him from leaders in the financial world and from other prominent persons, some of whom were life-long friends, all asserting that it was these proceedings that were causing the disturbance, and that by suspending them he could at once allay it. His replies are among the most notable letters that he ever wrote, for in them, while refusing to yield a particle from his position, he defended his entire course toward corporations and trusts with a fervor of conviction and a power of statement rarely equalled even by him. These letters, which are far too numerous and voluminous to be given in this place, will appear in the full record of his life,

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which will be published in two volumes in the Fall. They are mentioned here for the purpose of showing how easily in the midst of an exciting and strenuous controversy concerning a question of public policy, Roosevelt could turn his undisturbed attention to subjects not even remotely connected with his official problems. On March 5, 1908, when the financial controversy was at its height, he wrote to the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour a letter which, it is safe to say, few men of his time, in or out of public life, could have written under any conditions. I append it in full:

March 5, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. BALFOUR:

Thru Arthur Lee I have just received the copy of "Decadence," and thank you for it. I confess I began to read it with some apprehension lest it might have something to do with some phase of French literary thought. Naturally, therefore, I was glad when the first few lines showed that my fears were groundless.

It seems to me that you are eminently right in seeing that it is good to give a name to something of vital consequence, even tho in a sense the name only expresses our ignorance. It is a curious thing in mankind, but undoubtedly true, that if we do not give such a name to our ignorance, most of us gradually feel that there is nothing to be ignorant about. Most emphatically there is such a thing as "decadence" of a nation, a race, a type; and it is no less true that we can not give any adequate explanation of the phenomenon. Of course there are many partial explanations, and in some cases, as with the decay of the Mongol or Turkish monarchies, the sum of these partial explanations may represent the whole. But there are other cases notably, of course, that of Rome in the ancient world, and, as I believe, that of Spain in the modern world, on a much smaller scale, where the sum of all the explanations is that they do not wholly explain. Something seems to have gone out of the people or peoples affected, and what it is no one can say. In the case of Rome, one can say that the stocks were completely changed, tho I do not believe that this in the least represents even the major part of the truth. But in the case of Spain, the people remain the same. The expulsion of Moor and heretic, the loss of the anarchistic and much misused individual liberties of the provincial towns, the economic and social changes wrought by the inflow of American gold —all of them put together do not explain the military decadence of the Spaniard; do not explain why he grew so rigid that, at first on sea and then on land, he could not adapt himself to new tactics, and above all, what subtle transformation it was that came over the fighting edge of the soldiers themselves. For nearly a century and a half following the beginning of Gonsalvo's campaigns, the Spanish infantry showed itself superior in sheer fighting ability to any other infantry of Europe. Toward the end of the sixteenth century, neither the Hollanders, fighting with despair for their own firesides, nor the Scotch and English volunteers, actuated by love of fighting and zeal for their faith, were able on anything like equal terms to hold their own against the Spanish armies, who walked at will to and fro thru the Netherlands, save where strong city walls or burst dykes held them at bay. Yet the Hollander, the Englishman and the Scotchman were trained soldiers, and they were spurred by every hope and feeling which we ordinarily accept as making men formidable in fight. A century passed; and these same Spaniards had become contemptible creatures in war compared with the Dutch and Scotch, the English and French, whom they had once surpassed. Many partial explanations can be given for the change, but none that wholly or mainly explains it.

What is true of military prowess is even more true of national life as a whole. I do not see how any thinking man can fail to feel now and then ugly doubts as to what may befall our modern civilization—the civilization of the white races, who have spread their influence over the entire world—and the culture they have inherited or acquired in extreme western Asia and in Europe during the last three or four thousand years. There are unpleasant analogies between the twentieth century and Hellenistic antiquity in the first period of the past Alexandrian mon-

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archies; and of course the resemblance is even closer with the orderly, peace-loving, cultivated Roman world from Trajan to Marcus Aurelius. The resemblances are in the way of analogy rather than homology, it is true, and there are deep fundamental differences. But the resemblances are there. Why the creative literary spirit should practically have vanished from Roman lands after the time of Trajan, we do not know. We can see better why the citizens lost the traits which make good individual soldiers; but we can not see why the very time of the astounding urban growth of North Africa, Gaul and Spain should have been coincident with the growth of utter inability to organize on a sufficiently large scale either in peace or war, until everything grew to depend upon the ability of one or two men on top. Much of the fall of the Roman Republic we can account for. For one thing, I do not think historians have ever laid sufficient emphasis on the fact that the widening of the franchise in Italy and the provinces meant so little from the governmental standpoint because citizens could only vote in one city, Rome; I should hate at this day to see the United States governed by votes cast in the city of New York, even tho Texas, Oregon and Maine could in theory send their people thither to vote if they chose. But the reasons for the change in military and governmental ability under the empire between, say, the days of Hadrian and of Valens are hardly even to be guessed at.

I have always been greatly interested in what you point out as to the inability of the people of that strip of western Asia which is geographically North Africa ever to recover themselves from the downfall of the Roman Empire. It is a rather irritating delusion—the delusion that somehow or other we are all necessarily going to move forward in the long run no matter what the temporary checks may be. I have a very firm faith in this general forward movement, considering only men of our own race for the past score or two centuries, and I hope and believe that the movement will continue for an indefinite period to come; but no one can be sure; there is certainly nothing inevitable or necessary about the movement. For a thousand years, from the days of Alexander to the days of Mahomet, in spite of fluctuations, the civilization of Asia west of the Euphrates was that of Greeks and of Asiatics profoundly affected by Greek influence. Then it disappeared from the land; just as the extraordinary Roman civilization disappeared from North Africa, and left not a single vestige behind save the ruins of cities and the masonry around the springs that have dried up under the destructive impotence of the rule that succeeded it.

It is hopeful of course to think how peoples do revive now and then; peoples doubtless partly the same in blood as those that fell, and at least with the ancestral inheritance of language, of culture. You have pointed out the greatest instance of this in Italy. A totally different and much smaller example is furnished by modern Switzerland.

The intrusion of an alien race into another civilization, its growth and supremacy and dying away, is of course curiously paralleled by what we see in the animal world, and the parallel is complete in at least one point—that is, in the fact that in such case the causes may be shrouded in absolute darkness. South America, until the middle of the Tertiary period, had a mammalian fauna almost as unique as that of Australia, composed chiefly of small marsupials, and of what we loosely call edentates, also of small size. Then there occurred physical union with the great arctogeal continent by the Isthmus of Panama. There followed an inrush of northern fauna and an extraordinarily powerful and abundant faunal life sprang up. The dominant forms were those of the intruders—saber-toothed tigers, bear, deer, elephants, swine, camels, tapirs, horses, all of great abundance in species, and many of the species of giant size. Under the pressure most of the old forms disappeared; but some of the so-called edentates developed into ground sloths and giant armadillos as large as elephants; and some of these forms when thus developed proved not only able to hold their own in South America, but gradually in their turn made their way north across the Isthmus and spread into North

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America in the teeth of the competition of the descendants of the forms that had anciently overrun South America. Thus there grew up in South America a faunal life as gigantic, as fierce, as varied, as that of Central Africa at this moment, and on the whole more like that of Central Africa than like the life of South America to-day, and infinitely more so than like the old eocene life of South America. Then there came a change, we know not why. In North America the glacial period may have had much to do with it, but surely this can not have been true of South America; yet all of these huge formidable creatures died out, alike the monsters of alien type from the North, and the monsters developed from ancient autochthonous types. A few weak representatives were left, of both types; but the old magnificent fauna completely vanished; and why we can not say, any more than we can explain why the Roman so completely failed permanently to leave North Africa to his descendants.

Of course there is a small side trouble, due to our terminology. All species of animals of course ultimately disappear, some because their kind entirely dies out, and some because the species is transformed into a wholly different species, degenerate or not; but in our nomenclature we make no distinction between the two utterly different kinds of "disappearance." So it is, of course, with nations. I really believe that people sometimes think of "new" nations as being suddenly created out of nothing; they certainly speak as if they were not aware that the newest and the oldest nations and races must of course have identically the same strength of racial pedigree. They talk, moreover, of the "destruction" of the inhabitants of Mexico, and of the "destruction" of the inhabitants of Tasmania, as if the processes were alike. In Tasmania the people were absolutely destroyed; none of their blood is left. But the bulk of the blood of Mexico, and a part of the blood of the governing classes of Mexico (including Diaz), is that of the Mexicans whom Cortez and his successors conquered. In the same way Australia and Canada and the United States are "new" commonwealths only in the sense that Syracuse and Cyrene were new compared with Athens and Corinth.

Another thing that makes one feel irritated is the way that people insist on speaking as if what has occurred during the last three or four hundred years represented part of the immutable law of nature. The military supremacy of the whites is an instance in point. From the rise of the Empire of Genghis Khan to the days of Selim, the Mongol and Turkish tribes were unquestionably the military superiors of the peoples of the Occident, and when they came into conflict it was the former who almost always appeared as invaders and usually as victors. Yet people speak of the Japanese victories over the Russians as if they had been without precedent thruout the ages.

One practical problem of statesmanship, by the way, must be to keep on good terms with these same Japanese and their kinsmen on the mainland of Asia, and yet to keep the white man in America and Australia out of home contact with them. It is equally to the interest of the British Empire and of the United States that there should be no immigration in mass from Asia to Australia or to North America. It can be prevented, and an entirely friendly feeling between Japan and the English speaking peoples preserved, if we act with sufficient courtesy and at the same time with sufficient resolution. But this is leaving speculative history for present politics.

With regard,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Two letters that Roosevelt wrote during his last year to the French author, Henry Bordeaux, show how deeply he had been stirred by the events of the war, and the participation of his sons in it:

May 27th, 1918.

MY DEAR M. BORDEAUX:

I am glad indeed to get your volume on "The Great Hero of the Air." It seems a strange thing to say, for I suppose one ought not to take pride in the fact that another who is very dear has been wounded; but I cannot help feeling pride that one of my boys has been severely wounded in fighting for civilization

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and humanity beside your troops in France, and was given the Croix de Guerre by one of your Generals. One arm and one leg were shattered. We hope he will recover entirely. His only anxiety is to recover at once so that he can get back to the trenches. Another of my sons is at this moment in the great drive, and may be dead or wounded before this letter reaches you. My other two sons have been at the front but are not now. They will I presume be there in three or four weeks.

With very high regard,
Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

M. Henry Bordeaux,
44, Rue de Ranelagh,
Paris, France.

June 27th, 1918.

MY DEAR M. BORDEAUX:

I count the American people fortunate in reading any book of yours; I count them fortunate in reading any Biography of that great hero of the air, Guynemer, and thrice over I count them fortunate to have such a book written by you on such a subject.

You, sir, have for many years been writing books peculiarly fitted to instil into your countrymen the qualities which during the last forty-eight months have made France the wonder of the world. You have written with such power and charm, with such mastery of manner and of matter that the lessons you taught have been learned unconsciously by your readers—and this is the only way in which most readers will learn lessons at all. The value of your teachings would be as great for my countrymen as for yours. You have held up as an ideal for men and for women that high courage which shirks no danger, when the danger is the inevitable accompaniment of duty. You have preached the essential virtues, the duty to be both brave and tender, the duty of courage for the man and courage for the woman. You have inculcated stern horror of the baseness which finds expression in refusal to perform those essential duties without which not merely the usefulness, but the very existence, of any nation will come to an end.

Under such conditions it is eminently appropriate that you should write the Biography of that soldier-son of France, whose splendid daring has made him stand as arch typical of the soul of the French people through these terrible four years. In this great war France has suffered more and has achieved more than any other power. To her more than to any other power, the final victory will be due. Civilization has in the past for immemorial centuries, owed an incalculable debt to France; but for no single feat or achievement of the past does civilization owe as much to France as to what her sons and daughters have done in the world war now being waged by the free peoples against the powers of the Pit.

Modern war makes terrible demands upon those who fight. To an infinitely greater degree than ever before the outcome depends upon long preparation in advance, and upon the skillful and unified use of the nation's entire social and industrial no less than military power. The work of the general staff is infinitely more important than any work of the kind in times past. The actual machinery of battle is so vast, delicate and complicated that years are needed to complete it. At all points we see the immense need of thorough organization and machinery ready far in advance of the day of trial. But this does not mean that there is any less need than before of those qualities of endurance and hardihood, of daring and resolution, which in their sum make up the stern and enduring valor which has been and ever will be the mark of mighty victorious armies.

The air service in particular is one of such peril that membership in it is of itself a high distinction. Physical address, high training, entire fearlessness, iron nerve and fertile resourcefulness are needed in a combination and to a degree hitherto unparalleled in war. The ordinary air fighter is an extraordinary man; and the extraordinary air fighter stands as one in a million among his fellows. Guynemer was one of these. More than that, he was the foremost among all these extraordinary fighters of all the nations who in this war have made the skies their battle field. We are for-

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tunate indeed in having you write his Biography.

Very faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

M. Henry Bordeaux,
44 Rue du Ranelagh,
Paris, France.

[This letter was reproduced as a Preface in an English translation of Mr. Bordeaux's biography of Guynemer published by the Yale University Press in 1918.]

Roosevelt's cordial and appreciative relations with his publishers are shown in these letters to the chief of them:

October 5, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. SCRIBNER:

I want to thank you for the way you have managed the articles. I have appreciated it, and any hunting trips I do in the future will be written for you. You may be amused to know that in two different publications during the next year articles that I wrote, in one case this year, in one case five years ago, will appear, and I have instructed the people that they must behave exactly as you have behaved. Of course, these articles do not appear in magazines, but in books.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. Charles Scribner.

January 24, 1915.

Seriously, I want to say that I have never appreciated anything more than your willingness to go into the publication of the "African Game Animals." It was characteristic of you and your firm and was a really disinterested bit of scientific service. I knew I would never get any payment for the labor I had put into the thing, but I was not at all sure that you would be willing to invest capital in something that represented non-remunerative labor—which is very desirable from the standpoint of the community as a whole but which does not amount to very much from the standpoint of the individual laboring. I am *very* glad to be connected with your firm; and proud.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Charles Scribner, Esq.

A few passages may also, not inappropriately, be cited from those letters that he sent to his publishers revealing his own methods as an author. He was a model of promptness and efficiency. When he promised a manuscript for a certain date, the promise was kept absolutely, no matter what intervened. Before he left the African wilderness in 1909 he had written in his own hand in triplicate and forwarded to the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE the entire book known as "African Game Trails," including the Preface. One of the men who were with him said that, no matter how arduous the day in the hunting-field, night after night he would see him seated on a camp-stool, with a feeble light on the table, often with his head and face covered with mosquito netting, and gauntlet gloves on his hands, to protect him from insects, writing the narrative of his adventures. Chapter by chapter this narrative was sent by runners from the heart of Africa. Two copies were despatched at different times. When he got to the headwaters of the Nile one of the chapters was sent from Nairobi and the duplicate was sent down the Nile to Cairo. The blue-canvas envelopes often arrived much battered and stained, but never did a single chapter miss.

The same method was pursued in 1914 in regard to the chapters in his "Brazilian Wilderness." How clearly he was able to map out far in advance the entire plan of a book is shown in two letters to Robert Bridges, the editor of the magazine, one from the African and the other from the Brazilian wilderness, from which the following passages are taken:

Oct. 15th, 1909.
B. E. A.

"I forward herewith chapters 9 & 10. Chapter nine is too long, but is of course one of the most important yet. Chapter 10 is more like say chapters 4 or 5. It is too long; but I don't know where to cut it off. Both chapters are all right for the *book*. I mean 'too long' as being over 10,000 words. If, as I suppose, you have combined chapters 2 & 3, (in the Magazine,—of course they will be kept separate in the book) and if, as I anticipate, I write three more chapters, and further if —what is improbable—you find all the

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chapters worth using in the Magazine, this will make just twelve articles. I doubt if chapter 11 will be very thrilling; it will be like 4 or 5 or 10 and I trust shorter. But chap. 12 *ought* to be good. It will deal with utterly new conditions; however, the country I there traverse is very unhealthy, and of course there is always the remote chance that I will be laid up; or that the conditions will prevent our getting our game. If all goes well, I suppose you will publish the book a year from this fall? I agree with you that the best title is 'African Wanderings of a Hunter Naturalist.' As for the pictures, it is always hard to get in both the hunter and the game. The elephant that charged me was within a few feet; I killed a charging bull rhino when it was a dozen yards off; either of these ought to make drawings; a very good one would be the big maned lion in the foreground, charging the dismounted horseman in the distance. It could be called 'Coming in.'

"I am immensely pleased that you continue to like what I write. In chap X the paragraph at the top of p 8 is perhaps too 'wrought up,' for the Magazine; if so strike it out; but keep it for the book, for I really wish to try to preserve the impression these tremendous tropic storms made on me.

"It may well be that you will wish to end the series in your June or July number. The white rhino, or Uganda and upper Nile chapter, which, *if all goes right*, will be of interest, I could send you from Gondokoro about Feb. 15th, so that you could use it in either number. If you closed the series, say in the July number, I suppose you would wish the book to appear the end of June; in such case I would send you the foreword, title pages, appendices, etc., from Khartoum in March. Perhaps you will write me fully on these matters to Khartoum? Of course I a *little* prefer the book to appear in the fall; but I should accept your judgment.

"Could you have some one look up for me the statement in *one* of the 'Anglo Saxon Chronicles,' that either William the Conqueror or William Rufus 'loved the great game as if he were their father.' In one of the copies it appears as 'deer'; but in another I think it appears as 'great game.'"

BONOFACIO, Feb. 25th, 1914.

"Here is chapter seven. I have already sent you some of the photos, from the Juruena. I enclose others; and lists of both sets. The constant humidity, and the generally less favorable surroundings, have made it more difficult than in Africa to do the mechanical part of writing and photographing and sending you the results. I hope that the chapters have reached you in decent form. I am as unable as ever to tell whether they are of interest; but the trip itself is certainly of interest. No men except these pioneers who now accompany us have been over the ground before. No civilized man has ever been down the Dúvida, the descent of which we shall begin in a couple of days. Anything may then happen. If it proves to be a short river, running into the Gy-Paraná, we shall return here, and in that case I shall send you another chapter. Otherwise this will be the last chapter until I appear in New York, and hand you in person whatever I have. If we return here, we intend to go down the Ananas, another unexplored river, probably, but not certainly, entering the Tapajos. From the geographical standpoint the work we are now about to attempt will be worth while. We are all in good health—but sickness will doubtless be one of the incidents of our trip into the unknown. We have weeded out every one unfit for exploration. The insects are at times a torment; but the trip has been both pleasant and interesting, with no real hardship.

"I enclose preliminary rough drafts of the title page, dedication, and necessarily incomplete preface. I enclose an Appendix. There will probably be another. Will you in Chapter VI where I speak of the dog and the mantis, insert after the sentence in which I said that the dog was a jovial near-puppy the following: 'He had been christened the jolly-cum-pup, from a character in one of Frank Stockton's stories which I suppose are now remembered only by elderly people, and by them only if they are natives of the United States.'"

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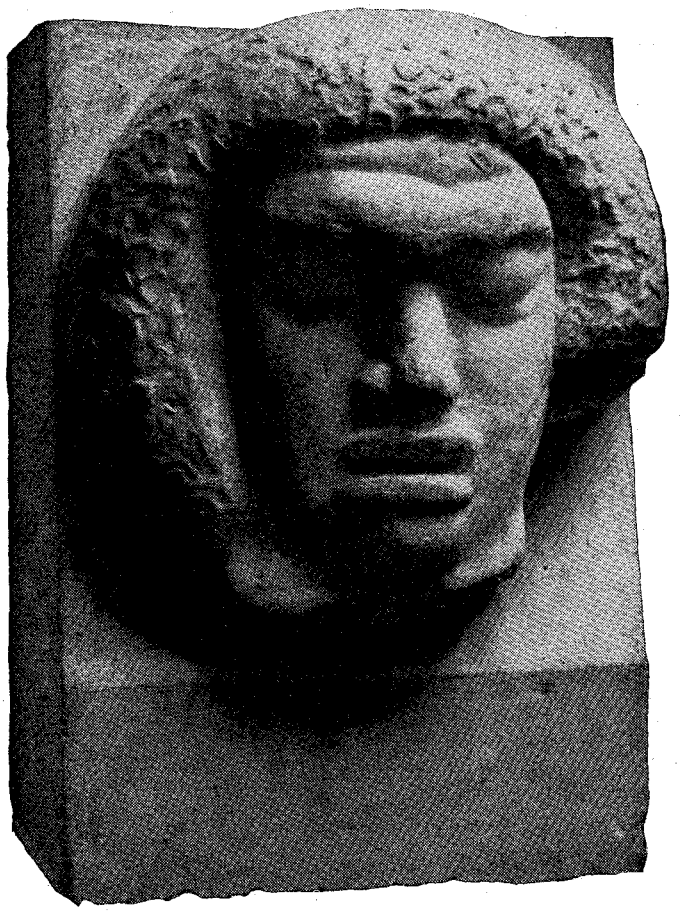

Decorative masque.

BOURDELLE—A SCULPTOR OF FRANCE

By Louise Eberle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BOURDELLE'S WORKS

THERE is a man in France the mention of whose name in this country produces a curious result. The majority, even of those who know art, receive it with complete blankness. The few greet it with an eagerness that gives it all the effect of a secret symbol—a word with power.

Emile Antoine Bourdelle, sculptor. Owners of his bronzes in this country may be counted on one hand, with fingers to spare, maybe. They include Adolph Lewisohn, who has the "Herakles"; Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, possessor of "The Woman with the Veil"—a study of Isadora Duncan; the Hallé brothers, of Cleveland, who have two or three pieces, including the "Beethoven." And in the Kraushaar Galleries, in New York, there are some five examples of the sculptor's work.

The general public here, however, has had scant opportunity to see Bourdelle's

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sculptures. At the Independent Exhibition of Modern Art, held in New York in the winter of 1912–13, the "Herakles" was shown. And a small fountain—"La Jeune Bacchante"—representing a woman with great clusters of grapes, her body massive, almost bulky, yet with an extraordinary effect of lightness, was included by the French Government in the collection of representative French art which it sent to our shores with the new year, and which was first shown at the Metropolitan Museum, and later in Boston and other important cities.

It may be that Rodin, conquering so far beyond the usual limits of an artist's fame, caused most of us unconsciously to accept his name as a permanent synonym for French sculpture, only those who never forget that art is always progressive looking for the new inheritor of the mantle for France. But Rodin himself seems to have anticipated these few in a search for the next wearer of the robe, for here are bits of what he said in 1909, on the occasion of an exhibition of Bourdelle's work in the artistically acute city of Prague, in Bohemia:

"If you wish to know my opinion of his sculpture I am more than disposed to tell you that Bourdelle is one of the men and artists on whom the attention should be focussed. He carries a torch toward the future. . . . I have known Bourdelle for fifteen years. . . . What joys have I not experienced, what enchantments even to-day when, too rarely, alas, I have the opportunity to see him in his atelier! Then what discoveries, what joy to find there clearly accomplished things that I had groped for—and behold them realized! My gratitude to Bourdelle was so lively at these moments that I would not know how to express it to you. . . . Bourdelle has not escaped wounding those who, nourished in the education of our times, find, in giving satisfaction to the conventional taste, that is also their own taste, facile and prompt success. It is true that, on the other hand, Bourdelle has helped to regenerate actual sculpture."

Apollo.

One of Bourdelle's early pieces. This dates back to the time when the young sculptor could not afford bronze. Recently, he found the plaster broken to pieces, and had the parts laid together and cast in bronze.

But it was not Rodin, or even France alone, who learned to know Bourdelle. He did for Poland a monument to her great poet-patriot, Miskiewicz. He was asked by the Argentine Republic to make the colossal memorial to her hero, General Alvear, that is just approaching completion. And he is represented in the private collection of Prince Eugene, of Sweden, at whose request he made a half-size version of his "Herakles," originally a life-size bronze.

It will some day apparently become imperative to know Bourdelle. But there are reasons why we should make his acquaintance now. One is that the vigor and freshness of his work should commend him especially to our ideals; another is that the special voice in which he speaks seems to be one that inspires to strong and clean and keenly thought out action such as this reconstruction-day demands.

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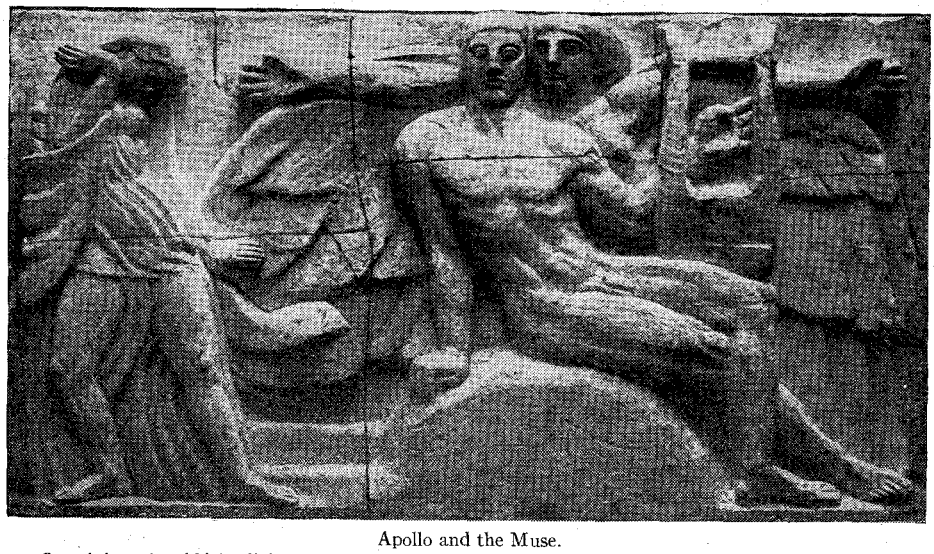
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries.

The Poet and Pegasus.

The Muse and Pegasus.



Apollo and the Muse.

One of the series of high reliefs in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Paris. This represents Apollo's inspiration as being so great that even the Muse starts back from it.

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One who knows Bourdelle cannot help being as interested in him as in his sculptures. For, whereas it is difficult to associate many an artist with his work, with Bourdelle it is just the opposite. He has that small, alert body that is so often apportioned to men of greatness, but it is massively enough built to support perfectly his oval head—like a Gallicized Bard of Avon—with the fascinatingly delicate tooling about temples and brows, and with gray-brown eyes that, while they analyze everything and every one to the quick, never fail of either kindness or laughter. One never feels belittled beside his greatness, nor discouraged at the wealth of his production. If the studio is chilly, as studios are apt to be in "sunny France," he will have on a golf-cap, for which he will apologize with beseeching sweetness, and an ancient greatcoat of a highly utilitarian sort that was never meant for him. But the greatcoat will have on its lapel a tiny and very significant red rosette, for France has recognized her son.

A real love of sculpture seems to be the one essential for a welcome to the Bourdelle studios, where a rare experience may be found. For both Monsieur and Madame Bourdelle have that candor and sweetness that do away with the preparatory conventions when the right person has knocked at the door. An artist might discuss Bourdelle and his work alone. But the very human lay visitor looks at the "Sainte Barbe" and sees Madame Bourdelle just about as she appears in the studio on work-days—she is a sculptor, too, is Madame Bourdelle—with her hair around her head in thick, dark braids, and with the head-cloth she

Saint Barbara.
Tinted terra-cotta. Really a portrait of Madame Bourdelle.

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The Death of the Last Centaur.

wears when she works among the dusty plasters. But the cloth covers the braids, too, when she is just the lady of the studio, and not of a niche in a church. One beholds her also as "Architecture," in "Sculpture and Architecture," or in many other lovely bits that are all appealing when they portray her. And thereafter one cannot separate the constant golden glow of the little Greek woman's spirit from a certain graciousness and light that definitely envelop her husband's work, no matter how strong the piece may be.

Bourdelle's guests drop in in small groups or alone, and each slips into his or her place in the conversation that pauses only long enough to make room for the

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The Three Sisters.
Portrait relief in plaster.

newcomer. Art, books, economics, public affairs, politics go like lightning there, the scale ranging all the way from the profound to the brilliantly amusing, and Bourdelle is always running with the leaders. And, one does not know whether deliberately or not, it seems to be only when his guests, by mutual challenge and response, have become alert, receptive, like racers awaiting the start-signal, that the wonderful journey through the studios begins.

For it is studios, not a studio. Door after door on a flagged walk that runs from a crowded *impasse* to an ancient garden, opens to Madame Bourdelle's housewifely bunch of keys. The first of these rooms shows a few pieces as they should be shown; but it is a comment on Bourdelle's incorrigible productivity that the second begins to lose the evident intention to remain serenely exclusive, while beyond one steps over busts that one would fain respect, or edges sideways past some craggy piece that should be seen from far away.

But it is in the high-roofed studios, farther down the *impasse*, where to-day's work is actually a-doing, that Bourdelle pours out a richness and variety of observation that make one wonder at the apparent exhaustlessness both of his energy and erudition. But, because he is convinced of the right of any one to comprehend art, he will see when the lay visitor is beginning to get lost in the artist talk, and then follows the sweetest possible experience. For Bourdelle helps that one to know just why and how a certain piece produces a certain response from the beholder. And, after him, Madame Bourdelle slips in the word that translates the whole thing into the terms of daily life and motive and action that the non-artist is accustomed to. Thus, Bourdelle explains the composition of his reliefs of Pegasus that produce such a sense of liberation; and Madame Bourdelle tells one later that he uses this symbol thus often (the writer saw it in three forms) because it expresses his sense of man to-day, conquering limitations both physical and spiritual. Bourdelle shows one his "Death of the Last Centaur," the piece that is most likely to puzzle—though it always awes—the neophyte; and he helps one to see how he has made that abstract idea take such personal hold of the observer by conquering the problem of large mass combined with detail. It is here that Bourdelle oftenest uses two of his favorite expressions, charging

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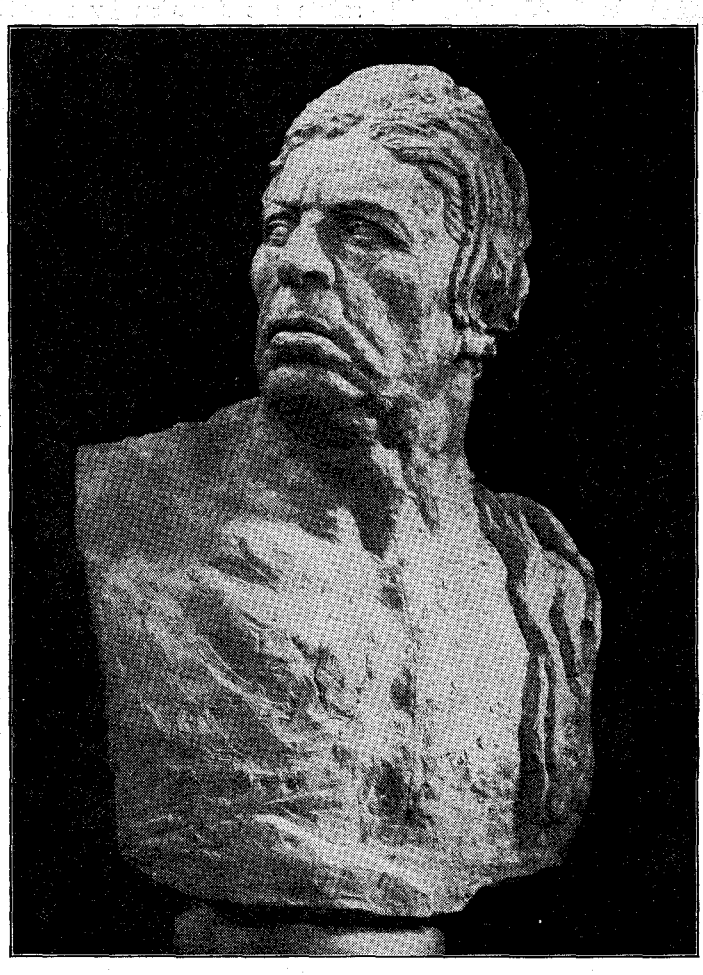
his pupils to "respect the little movements," and to "sew down" their planes, never leaving the union of even the most inconspicuous with its neighbor unaccounted for. And it is here that his young



Ingres, the painter.

Of this bust Rodin said that "the artist seems to have proceeded from one certitude to another, without hesitation or repentance." And our own noted sculptor, James Earle Fraser, regards it as one of the finest of all Bourdelle's works.

Greek wife tells one that the unusual proportion of the man's body to the beast's—making the former the dominant factor—expresses her husband's faith in what the processes of progress are bringing forth. Whether he has told her that, one does not know. Whether he realizes it consciously himself, one does not know. But one accepts the fact that this woman of warm sympathies and spiritual perceptions can read her sculptor-companion to the world without mistake.

Bourdelle shows his Miskiewicz, or rather one complete model of it, on a small enough scale to fit into the studio, with fragments of the original size lying about. He points out two heads, both Miskiewicz. One of them is a portrait done with all the searching analysis and scientific fidelity of which Bourdelle is capable.

"It is an absolute portrait," says Bourdelle. "But here is Miskiewicz." And with this he shows the head of the finished statue, the result of what he calls

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his *analyse* of the portrait. Here he got a scientific reason for every plane in the head, got at the truth back of every expression or shade of character in the portrait, literally took it apart and put it together again, explained, interpreted, with the man's life message showing clear, unobscured by the little things of daily living that catch us in their net and mark our features with their meshes. But it is Madame Bourdelle who tells this tale afterward: This statue, it seems, was erected several years ago in a Polish city, on a public square. After the war began and patriots were more than ever frowned upon, it was hinted by the powers that were that citizens should salute the Austrian by removing their hats, and refrain from this courtesy when passing the Miskiewicz statue, as he had been unpleasantly clear on the subject of freedom. So the Poles evolved a technique of their own. Mere strangers, passing the Miskiewicz statue would bow to each other—thus legitimately removing their hats in its presence. But on the other square one always looked away when he saw any one approach, lest an encounter with a friend should betray him into removing his hat before the Austrian statue.

Miskiewicz, Polish poet-patriot.

One could not even indicate the interest of Bourdelle's work without mentioning the "Herakles" and "Force." Some people assert that the former is Bourdelle's masterpiece. But Bourdelle himself seems not to agree to that, for he very soon leads one away from it to the other, which dwells off in the highest-roofed studio of all. It is one of four giant figures, Force, Victory, Eloquence, Freedom, which attend the colossal equestrian statue of General Alvear, destined for that hero's own land, the Argentine. Even this studio is not high enough for the group's assembling, and Bourdelle will tell the one who tries to erect the gigantic pieces in his "mind's eye" that "one can no more grasp the spirit of a work of art by looking at its separate parts than he can get the heat of a fire from separate coals." When one then wonders at the artist mind that dares to send a group that he himself has never seen entire in its own size, across the ocean, to speak for him in a strange land, he replies that he can be sure of its unity because he worked it out in at least a dozen different scales, from small to as great as he could find room for, not trusting even his own tremendous knowledge to know that all its relationships were harmonious till he had tried them again and again beyond the possibility of lurking malproportion.

Here again Madame Bourdelle helped one to the extra touch of grace. It was partly because she waited sympathetically that the significance of those two

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unrelated statues, which do not even occupy the same group of studios, was grasped. "Herakles" is Bourdelle's idea of brute force. But even in the "Herakles" Bourdelle is not duped by the belief that the force is in the brutishness itself (as our Hannibals and Emperor Williams and even some of the realists among the artists have believed!). So here we have a lithe, steel-trap creature who could readily pulverize a dozen mere brutes. But "Force" is Bourdelle's assertion that men are arriving at a higher thought of strength—and the "Herakles" would, in the end, inevitably be dominated by the "Force." For if ever enlightenment and law and order were modelled, it is in the latter. And Bourdelle seems to have emphasized his right to be named prophet of this upward sort of strength that is seen in so much of his work by saying thus definitely: "There are the two sorts. One has torn a world to pieces; it will take the other to build it up."

Sculpture and Architecture.

One of the series of high reliefs in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. "Architecture" is a portrait of Madame Bourdelle.

Please do not think for all this that Bourdelle is a moralist. He is not. Nor is he a sentimental idealist. One might

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call him a realist of our upper levels. He is speaking for these tense years in which we are seeking for better conditions and higher development entirely regardless of whether they have the traditional conventional "good" or "bad" label on them, simply because the hinges will come off the doors entirely if we don't. One is sure that Bourdelle is an unconscious messenger. He is simply so obedient to the great principles of art, so patient of its detailed demands, so strong and energetic and withal so devoted to art's truth, that the mounting spirit of to-day finds little resistance in his consciousness.

Portrait bust in tinted terra-cotta.

One reason why Bourdelle can serve to-day's needs is that he is an intensely practical man. He says that "no amount of imagination will do you any good if you cannot make a leg or an arm exactly." And I am fairly certain that I heard him say in his—to me—cruelly swift French that "art is the application of the abstract," and, later, that "the application of the abstract is common sense." The two add up curiously, but rather illuminatingly.

It is this practical quality that makes the impetuous Bourdelle face, with that unexpected exhaustless patience of his, the endless problems of his art, of which he says: "One can be a painter in thirty years, but it takes forty years to be a sculptor." And, though Bourdelle has not been a sculptor for that long (being,

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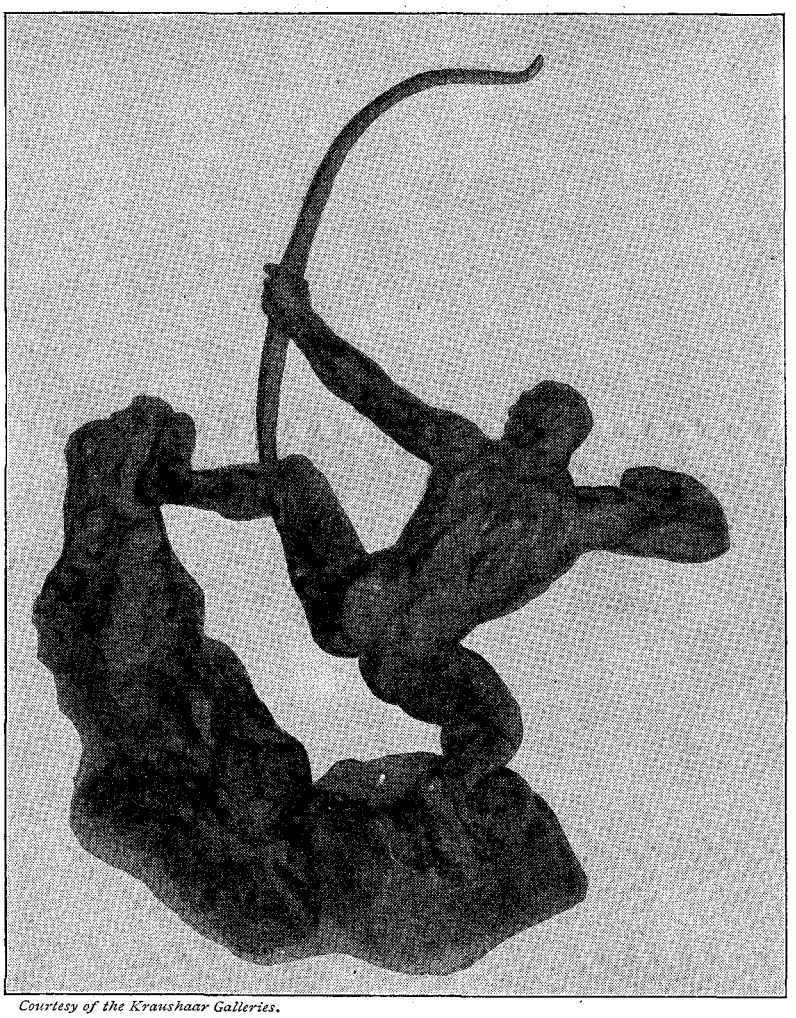
maybe, just a little upward of fifty), he ought to know, for he is painter as well as sculptor, and of no mean ability, as the fact that he was commissioned to do a series of frescoes as well as reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs Elysées shows. But, with the exception of the frescoes, Bourdelle's painting seems to belong more to his younger days than to the present. Its influence remains, though, for one feels a color and variety in his sculpture that can only be qualities of an artist who, at least in sympathetic study, explores neighboring fields of art. In explaining how a rounded art borrows its neighbors' qualities, Bourdelle spoke one day of musicians whose work has a literary tone; of Racine and Corneille as being the sculptors of literature; a painter may be a poet writing with a brush. Shakespeare, he pointed out, was the great multiple artist—poet, painter, musician—but never, strangely enough, he asserted, sculptor. Bourdelle always returns, though, to this admonition—that, for all one's intimacies with other arts, one must "rest in his own centre" if he would be genuine therein.

All that has been said here implies that Bourdelle is a colossal worker. He is. But he is not a slave. One may see him hurrying, but never hurried. His pupils



Courtesy of the Kraushaar Galleries.

Herakles.

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say that he sometimes reads to them hours at a time, with never a glance at the clay. At other times he may desert them altogether and, with his little family (for he is not a solitary soul) spend hours in field and meadow. Or, he will gather family and friends about him just for pure joy—the joy the woman felt when she swept her house and found the lost piece of silver—the joy the artist feels when some aspect of truth, long hidden under convention or compromise, suddenly shines forth as the result of his devoted labors. Of such moments in Bourdelle's studios, Rodin wrote: "The home of Bourdelle is always the scene of a very characteristic psychology—the marvel of beholding the ardent artist, the worker, this man of action, draw into action, into life, into enthusiasm, all those with whom he loves to surround himself, to whom he loves to speak, communicating to all—wife or child, models, pupils, companions—his inward fire. There is one especially significant sign. Bourdelle is always first to manifest a sentiment which every one feels later on."

Rodin said that ten years ago. One wonders if the great master had a prescience of the times to come, and, knowing that, thereafter, our greatest demand of government, science, learning, or art would be that they should inspire us with strength and vision, had pointed us ahead to one who would, in his field, be adequate and faithful.

"I DREADED TO BE PITIED"

By Edith M. Thomas

WHO that is ill of fever
  Seeks out the fireside's glow?
Oh, surely he would liever
  Bathe the poor flesh with snow!

And who, when he is stricken
  And every sense is sore,
Who would compassion quicken—
  So, but to feel the more!

* * * * * *

I dreaded to be pitied,
  I turned from hearkening ears,
Lest all my strength, unknitted,
  Should quick dissolve in tears.

I sought the things that felt not,
  That have no words of sooth,
That sacrificed and knelt not
  To any god of ruth:

The rose, that never sigheth,
  The stars, that have no care,
The wind, that liveth, dieth—
  And wakes it knows not where.

My trouble unpartaking,
  They gave it most surcease;
My heart forgot its aching
  In their all-ignorant peace.

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THE FOUR FISTS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

AT the present time no one I know has the slightest desire to hit Samuel Meredith; possibly this is because a man over fifty is liable to be rather severely cracked at the impact of a hostile fist, but, for my part, I am inclined to think that all his hitable qualities have quite vanished. But it is certain that at various times in his life hitable qualities were in his face, as surely as kissable qualities have ever lurked in a girl's lips.

I'm sure every one has met a man like that, been casually introduced, even made a friend of him, yet felt he was the sort who aroused passionate dislike—expressed by some in the involuntary clinching of fists, and in others by mutterings about "takin' a poke" and "landin' a swift smash in ee eye." In the juxtaposition of Samuel Meredith's features this quality was so strong that it influenced his entire life.

What was it? Not the shape, certainly, for he was a pleasant-looking man from earliest youth: broad-browed, with gray eyes that were frank and friendly. Yet I've heard him tell a room full of reporters angling for a "success" story that he'd be ashamed to tell them the truth, that they wouldn't believe it, that it wasn't one story but four, that the public would not want to read about a man who had been walloped into prominence.

It all started at Phillips Andover Academy when he was fourteen. He had been brought up on a diet of caviar and bellboys' legs in half the capitals of Europe, and it was pure luck that his mother had nervous prostration and had to delegate his education to less tender, less biased hands.

At Andover he was given a roommate named Gilly Hood. Gilly was thirteen, undersized, and rather the school pet. From the September day when Mr. Meredith's valet stowed Samuel's clothing in the best bureau and asked, on departing, "hif there was hanything helse, Master Samuel?" Gilly cried out that the faculty had played him false. He felt like an irate frog in whose bowl has been put a goldfish.

"Good gosh!" he complained to his sympathetic contemporaries, "he's a damn stuck-up Willie. He said, 'Are the crowd here gentlemen?' and I said, 'No, they're boys,' and he said age didn't matter, and I said, 'Who said it did?' Let him get fresh with me, the ole pieface!"

For three weeks Gilly endured in silence young Samuel's comments on the clothes and habits of Gilly's personal friends, endured French phrases in conversation, endured a hundred half-feminine meannesses that show what a nervous mother can do to a boy, if she keeps close enough to him—then a storm broke in the aquarium.

Samuel was out. A crowd had gathered to hear Gilly be wrathful about his roommate's latest sins.

"He said, 'Oh, I don't like the windows open at night,' he said, 'except only a little bit,'" complained Gilly.

"Don't let him boss you."

"Boss me? You bet he won't. I open those windows, I guess, but the darn fool won't take turns shuttin' 'em in the morning."

"Make him, Gilly, why don't you?"

"I'm going to." Gilly nodded his head in fierce agreement. "Don't you worry. He needn't think I'm any ole butler."

"Le's see you make him."

At this point the darn fool entered in person and included the crowd in one of his irritating smiles. Two boys said, "'Lo Mer'dith"; the others gave him a chilly glance and went on talking to Gilly. But Samuel seemed unsatisfied.

"Would you mind not sitting on my bed?" he suggested politely to two of Gilly's particulars who were perched very much at ease.

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For a moment he stood there facing Gilly's blazing eyes.—Page 671.

"Huh?"

"My bed. Can't you understand English?"

This was adding insult to injury. There were several comments on the bed's sanitary condition and the evidence within it of animal life.

"S'matter with your old bed?" demanded Gilly truculently.

"The bed's all right, but——"

Gilly interrupted this sentence by rising and walking up to Samuel. He paused several inches away and eyed him fiercely.

"You an' your crazy ole bed," he began. "You an' your crazy——"

"Go to it, Gilly," murmured some one.

"Show the darn fool——"

Samuel returned the gaze coolly.

"Well," he said, finally, "it's my bed——"

He got no further, for Gilly hauled off and hit him succinctly in the nose.

"Yea! Gilly!"

"Show the big bully!"

"Just let him touch you—he'll see!"

The group closed in on them and for the first time in his life Samuel realized the insuperable inconvenience of being passionately detested. He gazed around helplessly at the glowering, violently hostile faces. He towered a head taller than

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his roommate, so if he hit back he'd be called a bully and have half a dozen more fights on his hands within five minutes; yet if he didn't he was a coward. For a moment he stood there facing Gilly's blazing eyes, and then, with a sudden choking sound, he forced his way through the ring and rushed from the room.

The month following bracketed the thirty most miserable days of his life. Every waking moment he was under the lashing tongues of his contemporaries: his habits and mannerisms became butts for intolerable witticisms and, of course, the sensitiveness of adolescence was a further thorn. He considered that he was a natural pariah; that the unpopularity at school would follow him through life. When he went home for the Christmas holidays he was so despondent that his father sent him to a nerve specialist. When he returned to Andover he arranged to arrive late so that he could be alone in the bus during the drive from station to school.

Of course when he had learned to keep his mouth shut every one promptly forgot all about him. The next autumn, with his realization that consideration for others was the discreet attitude, he made good use of the clean start given him by the shortness of boyhood memory. By the beginning of his senior year Samuel Meredith was one of the best-liked boys of his class—and no one was any stronger for him than his first friend and constant companion, Gilly Hood.

II

Samuel became the sort of college student who in the early nineties drove tandems and coaches and tallyhos between Princeton and Yale and New York City to show that they appreciated the social importance of football games. He believed passionately in good form—his choosing of gloves, his tying of ties, his holding of reins were imitated by impressionable freshmen. Outside of his own set he was considered rather a snob, but as his set was *the* set, it never worried him. He played football in the autumn, drank highballs in the winter, and rowed in the spring. Samuel despised all those who were merely sportsmen without being gentlemen, or merely gentlemen without being sportsmen.

He lived in New York and often brought home several of his friends for the week-end. Those were the days of the horse-car and in case of a crush it was, of course, the proper thing for any one of Samuel's set to rise and deliver his seat to a standing lady with a formal bow. One night in Samuel's junior year he boarded a car with two of his intimates. There were three vacant seats. When Samuel sat down he noticed a heavy-eyed laboring man sitting next to him who smelt objectionably of garlic, sagged slightly against Samuel and, spreading a little as a tired man will, took up quite too much room.

The car had gone several blocks when it stopped for a quartet of young girls, and, of course, the three men of the world sprang to their feet and proffered their seats with due observance of form. Unfortunately, the laborer, being unacquainted with the code of neckties and tallyhos, failed to follow their example, and one young lady was left at an embarrassed stance. Fourteen eyes glared reproachfully at the barbarian; seven lips curled slightly; but the object of scorn stared stolidly into the foreground in sturdy unconsciousness of his despicable conduct. Samuel was the most violently affected. He was humiliated that any male should so conduct himself. He spoke aloud.

"There's a lady standing," he said sternly.

That should have been quite enough, but the object of scorn only looked up blankly. The standing girl tittered and exchanged nervous glances with her companions. But Samuel was aroused.

"There's a lady standing," he repeated, rather raspingly. The man seemed to comprehend.

"I pay my fare," he said quietly.

Samuel turned red and his hands clinched, but the conductor was looking their way, so at a warning nod from his friends he subsided into sullen gloom.

They reached their destination and left the car, but so did the laborer, who followed them, swinging his little pail. Seeing his chance, Samuel no longer resisted his aristocratic inclination. He turned

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around and, launching a full-featured, dime-novel sneer, made a loud remark about the right of the lower animals to ride with human beings.

In a half-second the workman had dropped his pail and let fly at him. Unprepared, Samuel took the blow neatly on the jaw and sprawled full length into the cobblestone gutter.

"Don't laugh at me!" cried his assailant. "I been workin' all day. I'm tired as hell!"

As he spoke the sudden anger died out of his eyes and the mask of weariness dropped again over his face. He turned and picked up his pail. Samuel's friends took a quick step in his direction.

"Wait!" Samuel had risen slowly and was motioning them back. Sometime, somewhere, he had been struck like that before. Then he remembered—Gilly Hood. In the silence, as he dusted himself off, the whole scene in the room at Andover was before his eyes—and he knew intuitively that he had been wrong again. This man's strength, his rest, was the protection of his family. He had more use for his seat in the street-car than any young girl.

"It's all right," said Samuel gruffly. "Don't touch him. I've been a damn fool."

Of course it took more than an hour, or a week, for Samuel to rearrange his ideas on the essential importance of good form. At first he simply admitted that his wrongness had made him powerless—as it had made him powerless against Gilly—but eventually his mistake about the workman influenced his entire attitude. Snobbishness is, after all, merely good breeding grown dictatorial; so Samuel's code remained, but the necessity of imposing it upon others had faded out in a certain gutter. Within that year his class had somehow stopped referring to him as a snob.

III

After a few years Samuel's university decided that it had shone long enough in the reflected glory of his neckties, so they declaimed to him in Latin, charged him ten dollars for the paper which proved him irretrievably educated and sent him into the turmoil with much self-confidence, a few friends, and the proper assortment of harmless bad habits.

His family had by that time started back to shirt-sleeves, through a sudden decline in the sugar market, and it had already unbuttoned its vest, so to speak, when Samuel went to work. His mind was that exquisite *tabula rasa* that a university education sometimes leaves, but he had both energy and influence, so he used his former ability as a dodging halfback in twisting through Wall Street crowds as runner for a bank.

His diversion was—women. There were half a dozen: two or three débutantes, an actress (in a minor way), a grass-widow, and one sentimental little brunette who was married and lived in a little house in Jersey City.

They had met on a ferry-boat. Samuel was crossing from New York on business (he had been working several years by this time) and he helped her look for a package that she had dropped in the crush.

"Do you come over often?" he inquired casually.

"Just to shop" she said shyly. She had great brown eyes and the pathetic kind of little mouth. "I've only been married three months, and we find it cheaper to live over here."

"Does he—does your husband like your being alone like this?"

She laughed, a cheery little laugh.

"Oh, dear me, no. We were to meet for dinner but I must have misunderstood the place. He'll be awfully worried."

"Well," said Samuel disapprovingly, "he ought to be. If you'll allow me I'll see you home."

She accepted his offer thankfully, so they took the cable-car together. When they walked up the path to her little house they saw a light there; her husband had arrived before her.

"He's frightfully jealous," she announced, laughing.

"Very well," answered Samuel, rather stiffly. "I'd better leave you here."

She thanked him and, waving a good night, he left her.

That would have been quite all if they hadn't met on Fifth Avenue one morning a week later. She started and blushed

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Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"Set comfortably in front of the furnace, were two rocking-chairs, and there the colonel smoked while the old color-bearer chewed and talked."—Page 688.

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cried, "Encore! Encore!" and circled round and round the stump, yelling, stamping, and whistling the while.

"Shame fer shame!" flashed the old man, tottering perilously on the stump. "Fer shame on ye all! Fer shame on ye, Jonathan Bellew, born leader an' allers leadin' mischief! Ye've got just ez much good ez bad in ye, way down deep. Can't ye see it's shamin' yer land ye are instid o' a pore old man?"

"Right you are, Mr. Miller. I beg your pardon for the disrespect we have shown to our country, to our flag, and to you who bore that flag through four long years of war. Will you come down and shake hands with a traitorous, sneaking bully like me, sir?"

It was this spirit of fairness that had thus far kept the faculty friendship for the fair-haired young daredevil.

Used as they were to these sudden changes on the part of their favorite, it was an open-mouthed, goggle-eyed group who watched the old man as he climbed painfully from the stump and stretched the cordial right hand of fellowship to the tall, broad-shouldered boy. Then they cheered wildly.

"Hurrah, hurrah for Old Glory and young Jonathan! Long may they wave! Speak a word to Prexie, Bill. Jonathan's threatened with a sort of permanent furlough from this celebrated institution of learning. He won't tell what he knows though he bows down certain heads in shame and sorrow. Don't forget to speak a word to Prexie for your new pal."

"I won't do just prezactly that," replied the old man, "but ye can trust me ter bring this leetle fracas ter the president's most judeeshal attenshun."

And he did. He closed the graphic account by saying:

"Now, I ain't presumptuous ter give ye this here story as a plea fer acquittal, president. Not a tall, ye understand. I'm tellin' ye fer this here reason. A boy hez got jest about ez many angles an' sides ez a prism hez, an' it's mightee hard fer even the president of a college like this is, ter see all the sides an' angles ter every boy thet cums up afore him ter be jedged an' give what's justly comin' ter him. Maybe, jist maybe, ye never happened ter git a good, squintious view o' this pritty special side o' this very perticulary angular boy."

There could be no gainsaying that Jonathan Bellew was a "very perticulary angular" boy, and it did happen that the president never had glimpsed this side of the boy in the stormy years in the college on Big Hill; a side that showed the lad quick to acknowledge himself at fault. It was a deeply thoughtful man, therefore, who summoned the boy to the private office where none but the worst offenders ever appeared.

"Jonathan, what do you think of the man you boys call 'Old Glory Bill'? was the surprising greeting of the president.

"I think, sir, that he does a very great deal of good in both village and school, but he is entirely unconscious of doing any at all."

The president's voice was stern as an ugly suspicion formed in his mind.

"You have not always held this opinion."

"No, sir. But you must know, sir, that I never really saw Mr. Miller until—recently. I—I insulted him, sir. I insulted the Old Glory he defended with his life. I insulted his country and mine. I did all that like the young fool I am, yet when I asked forgiveness, he granted it me freely with all his generous old heart. After all that, he took my hand, would you believe it, sir?" The lad looked down at his hand with a strange expression on his bright, earnest face. "Think what it means to have such a man in this community! I'm not likely to forget Bill, now I've seen him as he is."

His was the hired man's own quaint philosophy. Jonathan had never before seen any save the dull sides of the old fellow's prism, and now he saw those which reflected glorious lights and colors.

"Hm," murmured the president. "I myself esteem Mr. Miller so highly that I have decided to change the conditions upon which you may remain in school. It is only a few weeks until your graduation. Try to make those weeks such as your new friend would approve. To help you do this, I will write upon a slip of paper the nickname we older men have for him. Put it in your pocket and do not look at it until just before you go to

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bed. You might say your prayers, too. That is all to-day, Jonathan."

Dazed by this unlooked-for commutation of his sentence, Jonathan took the slip of paper from the president's extended hand, and stumbled speechless toward the door. Arrived there he turned, unashamed of the tears showing frankly.

"Thank you, sir. I'd better begin at once. I think Old Glory would want me to tell you that I refused to tell what you asked, not for the reason you assumed, but because more people would be hurt by my telling than by my silence. He would say I should consider the greatest good of the greatest number. I'll go to him now, sir, and report."

Often after that day, Jonathan Bellew and William Miller were seen walking together or sitting together beneath some elm on the campus: the old man with his aching back leaning hard against the tree's support, Jonathan sprawled where the sun shone warmest. In spite of the twitting of boys and co-eds, Jonathan persisted in seeking the old soldier's companionship. And when his parents came on for his graduation, the president noted with mingled pride and amusement that the boy included a carefully brushed, neatly dressed "hired man" in many of the family festivities.

Before leaving town young Bellew called on the president to show him without comment a tiny kodak of William Miller carrying the flag. On the back of the picture was written the name the boy had found on that slip of paper weeks before.

"It goes here, sir, and thank you," said Jonathan, as he carefully fitted the little picture into the simple charm hanging from his watch-chain.

That was June of 1914. In September Jonathan was back again for a few brief hours between trains to say good-by to the president and to William Miller. He was off to France, the first of the boys to go from the college on the Big Hill.

Every day now saw the old soldiers hobbling to the G. A. R. hall to talk over the great events pushing so furiously, so swiftly, so menacingly, in Europe. A large map hung on the wall beside the bright south windows where the dim-eyed men could follow the line of battle by sticking in pins with colored heads: black for Germany, the pirate outlaw; true blue for indomitable, gallant France; red for stalwart Britain; vivid green for brave little Italy. In every breast-pocket, just below the bronze button, each old man kept in secret readiness a paper of white-headed pins against the day when America should send her flag into the terrible fray. "We're bound to go in," they said.

At evening the veterans of the Spanish War gathered in the same hall about the same map, protesting vigorously, "It's our war, it's our war," while the old hero answered in his gentle voice:

"Yes, ye've said it, it's our war jist ez soon ez them ez never had ter fight fer their countree an' ther blessed preeveelages sees it plain an' clear like us boys thet hev. We'll hev ter jist hole stidy an' pray with all our might an' main to keep Germany from gittin' a stranglehold on every thing a growin' in the hearts o' free men."

Steady, then, was the word. The lads in the college began to scrape acquaintance with the veterans of the two wars. The plain bronze buttons stood, all at once, for something big and strong and vital, something that called forth snappy salutes from those erstwhile gay, thoughtless youngsters until, by and by, they, too, climbed the stairs to the G. A. R. hall to ask respectful questions of the soldiers there.

In March, 1915, unable longer to bear the strain of waiting, waiting, a committee from the two army organizations went to the president of the college on the Big Hill, and offered to pay the instructor's salary providing the college would re-establish military drill. With what joy they learned that the college had already engaged the services of a wounded Canadian officer, and that drill would commence on the anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter.

Steady was the word still, but steady while getting ready, and oh, the difference to those men who were themselves too old to fight again in defense of the country they loved so well!

And the old "hired man"? Why, who but he should carry the flag at the first dress parade of the new battalion of

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cadets? Though the lads still called him Old Glory, somehow the derisive nickname had been transformed and changed into a title of honor. The hired man had become once more the hero of village and school.

Soon the cadets found they missed their homely old friend when, as occasionally happened, he was not out to watch their early-morning drill or help supervise the digging of the trenches which ran zigzag over that part of Big Hill known as Homer's Woods.

The coming of the summer vacation found the hard calloused shell encasing the hearts of the college boys worn down to the raw, living quick as manifested by their unanimous vote to go into camp by the trenches, and continue their military training through the long hot days.

But the coming of summer found, too, that Old Glory Bill was failing fast, so he had to lean heavily on some sturdy young arm while mounting the Big Hill. Nor was he longer able to stand, though it hurt his pride to sit in the great hickory chair that one day appeared under the largest elm on the very top of the slope.

On a night in August Old Glory fell asleep, never more to waken. As he had requested, the funeral services were held in the green yard surrounding the little brown house where he had lived, and his colonel made "jist a plain talk."

It was a notable gathering, the funeral of this poor old "hired man." The rays of the late afternoon sun filtered softly through the thick leafage of the hard-maple trees, shedding a golden glow upon three generations of men. There was the little handful that remained of Old Glory's comrades; then the larger group of veterans still in their late middle age, and finally the two hundred cadets whose boyish faces looked forth awed and strangely stricken above the smart newness of their recently acquired uniforms.

There were others than these, also, for it seemed as if all the men of the village and the college had come to that peaceful, shaded lawn. Women there were, of course, but they were almost lost in that close-packed crowd of bareheaded men.

At the foot of the simple flag-draped casket stood the colonel, a courtly, gracious gentleman of the old school, his fine figure erect, his white head splendidly poised.

Silently for a moment he gazed into the faces of all those gathered there, then he spoke in the warm hush of the summer day.

"We have come here to do honor to this man whose spent body lies before us now forever silent and still. Ah, did I say to do him honor? It were better far to say that we are honored in our coming.

"All of us have known this man. Some of us were boys with him; some of us were his comrades in a great war; some of us were his fellow citizens; some of us were his neighbors; some of us were his friends. But whatever may have been our relation to him, he was a friend to us all.

"There is little within my power to say of this man. Your presence here speaks far more eloquently than I can of his place in our community and in our lives.

"You know that his outstanding qualities were those two upon which nations are builded and without which nations must fall. I mean loyalty and faithfulness. You know his record in arms for this fair land of ours. You know that the same loyalty which bade him fight for his country, impelled him to maintain a spotless integrity as a citizen. You know how upright has been his private life as he has come and gone his simple way among us. You know his kindness and his far-reaching charity, and by charity you understand I mean that charity of which the Apostle Paul speaks. You know all these things. No words of mine can add to or detract from this knowledge we all hold in common. Yet, if I mistake not, each man of us here to-day has locked away from the world some precious treasure of memory bequeathed him by William Miller, and because each of us holds fast our separate, secret treasure, we have come to pay him such poor honor as is ours to give.

"I shall not try to preach a sermon. I could not if I would. I would not if I could. His story is that ever-wonderful one—a simple chronicle of humble duties nobly done. But I wish to read to you a letter written our friend by Jonathan Bellew, a lad whom we all remember with affection in these times.

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Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot."
—Page 694.

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"'DEAR OLD GLORY:

"'I am sending you the Cross of War that was pinned upon my nightie this day here in a French hospital. Put it on your faded blue shirt, you good old scout, just above your loyal, faithful heart. That's right. That's where it belongs. You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot. When I faltered; oh, yes, I faltered many a time and oft, but when I faltered, one look at that little old snapshot of you carrying the flag gave me grit for whatever duty came just next ahead.

"'I never told you what was written on the back of that picture, but I'm telling you now so you will understand that you have won this cross, not I. It was Prexie told me when he decided not to expel me, but to place me under parole to you instead. He wrote it for me on a slip of paper. He said I should look at it that night when I was ready for bed, and then say my prayers. This was it, Old Glory, dear:

"'"Men call him William the Faithful."

"'Get it, Bill? That's you! I'd rather have that said of me than to win a thousand crosses of war. Because you earned that title through every long, hardworking day of your long life, this little cross is yours.

"'Take it. Keep it. I send it to you to have and to hold, not till death do you part, my friend, but to go with you when you shall carry our flag to your narrow green tent on the sunny south slope of Little Hill. God grant that day may be far for you.

"'As for me, "I'll get there afore ye." This day, they say, but never forget, my friend, that I'm glad, glad to have it so.

"'Your grateful friend,

"'JONATHAN BELLEW.'"

There was a break in the colonel's clear voice, and tears lay openly on his ruddy, wrinkled cheeks as he finished the letter and looked into the shocked faces all about him.

"Yes," answering the unspoken question, "our young friend lies dead over yonder in France, our old friend lies dead here before us, each faithful to his duty as he saw it. Men called William Miller the Faithful. He was faithful in all that he did: faithful as color-bearer in the war of long ago; faithful in the discharge of his duties as a citizen in time of peace; faithful to his obligations as husband and father. See the little brown home there where he lived! It is free from debt and there is a small but sufficient life insurance for the wife he cherished. Ah, even the flowers heaped here in masses of lovely, fragrant bloom were culled from the gardens he tended so faithfully but a little while since!

"For the last time this man carries the flag he defended; for the last time we follow where he leads. Then while the burial service of the G. A. R. is read, our comrade and friend will be laid to his long rest. Taps will sound and we shall turn away to return to our every-day lives, but we shall carry with us, graven deep in our hearts, this man's epitaph; and like gallant young Jonathan Bellew, perchance we, too, shall find grit for whatever hard duty may lie before us."

Lifting his hands high as men of God do in benediction, the colonel added:

"And now, oh, Lord God, we beseech thee, because this man has lived and wrought among us, may the same spirit of faithfulness fall upon and abide within all who are here gathered before thee."

On the reverent silence fell the solemn, muffled roll of the drum summoning the living to follow the deathless dead.

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HERBERT SPENCER

1820–1920

By George Sarton

Author of "Secret History"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution

THERE seems to be a rhythm in history, a sort of gigantic human ebb and flow, according to which men are periodically brought together in closer unison or driven asunder. These tides are not restricted to the sentimental sphere but involve as well our intellectual activities and, in fact, they seem to pervade the whole of human life. Thus in the thirteenth century one common faith intensified the solidarity of a great number of peoples, and at the same time we witness an immense effort toward synthetic knowledge and a wonderful efflorescence of a self-forgetting art. The fifteenth century on the contrary leaves one the impression of a period of decomposition, of searching analysis, of violent individual conflicts.

To all external appearances we are now crossing a period of ebb, when the centrifugal forces far exceed the centripetal ones, when man is more conscious of his own precious self than of the rest of humanity, more concerned about his material than his religious needs, more prone to assert himself than to own any deep solidarity with his fellow men. Of course we are more keenly aware of it because of the spasmodic union caused by the war. It would be very foolish to mistake this war solidarity for a real increase in human cohesion, for, as I just said, the flow does not affect simply one part of our soul but the whole of it. A common fear and a common hatred are entirely unable to create an all-pervading faith. Hence in spite of the many examples of heroism and absolute devotion which the war has brought to light, we can but feel that then as now human affairs were at a very low ebb. The war may well have marked the nadir of the present depression. Other ominous symptoms are not lacking: divergent forces are everywhere more apparent than the convergent ones. A great many men and women seem to have no higher ideal in life than to be "different" and "exclusive." Our artists are determined to be original at any price. As to the scientists they shut themselves more and more out of the world and live like clams in their little shells. Pray, what can the wide world mean to a clam?

How shall we ever emerge from the present anarchy? Well, because of the unity of our life, and because of the fact that this ebb and flow interests every part of our soul, it is clear that any attempt to lift up any part of it will help us gradually to emerge and to recover. Of course complete recovery will only be possible when a great many of us pull together with our whole strength. But it is not necessary that we pull on the same ropes. One may struggle for greater brotherhood, another for more unselfish art, another for synthetic knowledge; their cause is the same and they actually pull together.

It cannot be denied that synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge is very little understood nowadays. Most people, including the majority of the scientists themselves, look down upon it with nothing but distrust and scepticism. This is due partly to the fact that the very progress of science implies an ever-increasing specialization of research, partly to the materialistic tendencies of our age—people care more for practical results than knowledge—partly to the fact that there is so little genuine encyclopædic knowledge and so much which is faked and worthless. It is easy to answer to the first objection: no man in his senses believes that there is too much analytic research, but simply that, however much of it there be, it must be balanced by a corresponding amount of co-ordinating work. The last objection is but too painfully just. We are all acquainted with men who will argue bril-

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liantly about everything under the sun and yet who are unable to add anything to the total experience of humanity. Such people are of very little account. The dullest specialist at least knows something; they know nothing whatever. Unfortunately, it happens but too often that their empty discourses are mistaken for true synthetic knowledge with the result that such knowledge is unjustly despised.

It is worth while to go a little more deeply into the matter and to answer the two following questions: Is synthetic knowledge desirable and should it be encouraged? And if so, is it possible for any man, however intelligent, to acquire it?

An excellent way of approaching these two questions is to consider the concrete case which the life of Herbert Spencer—the latest synthetic philosopher—offers to us. He was born just a hundred years ago. It occurred to me that while returning to him with reverence on the occasion of his centenary, we might take advantage of our pilgrimage to examine whether the ideal to which he devoted his life was a sensible one and how far he succeeded in attaining it. We are less anxious to know the results he arrived at than to test the value of his method. The problem is then: "Was Spencer right in trying to do what he did? Is it worth trying again?" Of course, from this new angle, his failure becomes just as interesting as his success, because they help us equally to solve the next practical problem: "How can we again do what he did, and do it better?"

The life of a philosopher is generally less exciting than that of a war correspondent or a prima donna. Spencer's life is a very plain one indeed. If one does not insist on quoting the titles of the books and essays, which are the most conspicuous mile-stones of his career, it can be told in a few words. He was born in Derby on April 27, 1820, a thoroughbred Englishman. His father, George Spencer, was a teacher, a man of small means and little imagination, but honest to the core and of an unbending type. His mother, who does not seem to have influenced him to any extent, was very different from her husband, as patient and gentle as he was irritable and aggressively independent. They do not seem to have been very happy together, and their union was not blessed with many children who survived; although nine were born to them, only one, Herbert, the eldest, passed the stage of infancy. It is as if already the parents had been obliged to pay the heavy ransom of genius. The boy was left a great deal to himself, and he followed his bent toward scientific information, learning also a little English and arithmetic. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to his uncle, the Reverend Thomas Spencer, but the discipline of this new home seemed at first so hard to him that he ran away to his father's, walking one hundred and fifteen miles in three days with hardly any sleep or food. However, after a while he returned to his uncle and stayed with him, being tutored by him, chiefly in mathematics, for the next three years. This was the end of his systematic education, which certainly was very incomplete. When he began to earn his living at sixteen, he knew probably less than the average well-to-do boy of his age. It is true he knew considerably more in other ways, and he had also exercised to a greater extent his mother-wit. Then he worked successively as an assistant schoolmaster (for three months), as an engineer, and, after a vain attempt to earn a living as a literary man, he finally became in 1848 sub-editor of the *Economist*. This last position had the advantage of bringing him into touch with many eminent men of his day; men like Huxley, Tyndall, and Lewes. During all these years, he had carried on desultory reading, he had made quite a number of trivial inventions, he had done some writing and a considerable amount of solitary thinking.

The editing of the *Economist* left him time enough to complete his first book, "Social Statics," which appeared early in 1851. In 1853, having inherited five hundred pounds from his uncle, he abandoned this position and determined to support himself by his own literary work. Such is always a very hazardous decision, never more, however, than in the case of a man who is less a writer than a thinker, a slow and hard thinker, whose ability to express himself is constantly inhibited by the fear of error. Shortly afterward, after a holiday in Switzerland, his health began to break down. Yet he resolutely pursued the self-imposed task of which he

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became more and more conscious, and after many years of work and meditation, of suffering and disappointment, on March 27, 1860, he published the programme of "A System of Philosophy," the outline of the work to which the best part of his life was to be devoted. This is to me the culminating date in Spencer's life. It is then that he reveals for the first time his dominant personality.

Think of it! Here we have a man, whose systematic knowledge is rather small, whom many scientists (not the greatest, however) would have regarded as ignorant—and such he was in many respects—a man handicapped by lack of means and of health, but one who has been thinking hard and fast for a number of years, who has measured the world around him and himself, who knows exactly what he must do, who calmly estimates the immensity of the undertaking and the frailty of the means, who knows that his decision practically involves the surrender of his liberty for the rest of his days and makes of him a slave to his ideal—yet his faith is so great that he does not hesitate. No handicap will stop him and he sends his programme to the world; a programme to the fulfilment of which the rest of his life was faithfully and unrestrictedly given. One should keep in mind that at that time Spencer was already a nervous invalid; he could only work a few hours a day and had to use all sorts of tricks to do so without suffering; in the afternoon he had to forsake not simply work but any excitement or he would lose his night's rest. Yet he went ahead and henceforth his life was one of single-hearted devotion to his self-imposed trust. The first volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy" appeared in 1862, the tenth and last in 1896. It took him thirty-seven years to go over the top.

It is not part of my present purpose to analyze, even briefly, Spencer's works. I will simply limit myself to a few remarks which may refresh the reader's memory and help him to appreciate Spencer's undertaking. Let us remember that his fundamental ideas are the following: First, an earnest belief in the value of philosophy as completely unified knowledge. Of course, without such belief, he could not have carried on his life's work. Secondly, the modern concept of evolution both in its biological and its universal import. Thirdly, the ideal of freedom—the core of his political thought.

I need not consider the first point because my whole essay is really devoted to it. It is remarkable that Spencer's first paper on evolution, one entitled "The Development Hypothesis," appeared as early as 1852, and his system of philosophy, which was essentially based upon the law of progress, was drafted by him for the first time in the early days of 1858. It is in the middle of the same year that Darwin and Wallace announced their theory of natural selection to the Linnæan Society of London. Spencer's merit as a precursor cannot be denied; at the same time it must be said that if his general theory of evolution was right, his conception of its mechanism was wrong. He believed that biologic progress was chiefly determined by the inheritance of characteristics gained by each individual during his lifetime, and although he later admitted the validity of Darwin's explanation, that is, natural selection (it is Spencer, by the way, who coined the popular phrase "struggle for life"), he remained a Lamarckian to the end of his life. Biologists are now generally agreed that acquired characters are *not* inherited, but their agreement on this subject is so recent that it would hardly be fair to blame Spencer on this score. Moreover, he was the first to extend this theory to a general conception of the universe and to retrace in the development not simply of living organisms but of everything an evolution or a progress "from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex, from the incoherent to the coherent, from the indefinite to the definite." Matter-of-fact people may object that such a generalization is equally uncontrollable and useless, but that is to take a very crude view of the subject. Spencer's generalization, his insistence, was a powerful factor in the success of the evolutionary point of view. It helped mightily to create a new scientific and philosophic atmosphere. Is not that very much indeed, and what more could you expect a philosopher to do?

The "Synthetic Philosophy" did not embrace all the sciences. Feeling the necessity of restricting his field, chiefly

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on account of his insufficient scientific training, he made a systematic study only of those branches of knowledge to which the application of scientific methods was relatively new, to wit: biology, ethics, sociology. Biological facts had inspired his theory of evolution, and his biology in turn was dominated by it. On the other hand, in his ethical and social studies he was chiefly guided by the conception that liberty is the greatest good. The industrial and legal development of the last half-century seems to have proceeded in the opposite direction; yet the main difficulties of our moral and social life cannot be solved by artificial regulations, and now, even more than in Spencer's time, the greatest political problem to be solved is the one involved in the antinomy: freedom *versus* red tape, or initiative *versus* automatism, or life *versus* stagnation. Of course we all realize that a great many more regulations and social restrictions are needed than Spencer was prepared to admit, but the wise do not believe that these regulations are real factors of progress. The best that they can do is to prevent us from sliding backward; they cannot help us to go onward. They impede a certain amount of evil and they oblige another amount of it to assume a secret form, which may be on the whole less pernicious. They cannot create any parcel of positive good. Spencer's searching analysis of these subjects is of permanent value, and even if one assents to the temporary necessity of compulsory measures, there is no doubt that social progress lies mainly in the direction which he pointed out, the increase of *voluntary* co-operation.

Spencer has often been reproached that his system is based far more upon preconceived ideas than upon the observation of reality. Yet it must be admitted that he managed to marshal an enormous amount of facts to support his theories. If it be true that the latter were generally ahead of his experience, is not the same true to a certain extent of every scientific hypothesis? Never mind where a man gets his theories if he can establish them on experimental grounds. And Spencer, however biassed and ignorant he may have been, took enormous pains to gather the experimental facts which he needed. Think only of the descriptive sociology whose publication under his direction began in 1873 and is not yet completed. Although he was very poor in the first half of his life and never reached more than a small competence, he spent more than three thousand pounds on this great undertaking. It is a pity, by the way, that the frame of these descriptions is so rigid and their size so awkward, but as they are, the published volumes contain an enormous amount of material and deserve greater recognition than they have ever received.

Spencer's main shortcoming was his dogmatism, his inability to consider the opinions of others. This dogmatism, which naturally increased as he grew older, arose partly from his initial ignorance, partly from his chronic neurasthenia, partly also from his lack of imagination, the singleness of his purpose, the exclusiveness of his thought. He was temperamentally a non-conformist, and although later in life he seemed to become more and more anxious to comply with the external conventions of society, I suppose he did so chiefly to eschew the criticism of fools and to protect his inner freedom.

There is no justification whatever for the statement that Spencer was "all brains and no heart." He was not sentimental, but very sensitive. Of course the accomplishment of his life's work did absorb the greatest part of his energy, including his emotional energy, and a man carrying such a burden on his shoulders could not be expected to run errands for others.

As in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, the predominance of his intellectual concerns partly explains his sexual indifference, which overwhelming interests of another sort could but aggravate, as they became more engrossed in their work. At any rate, Spencer does not seem to have ever experienced love. When he was twenty, he came nearer to it than ever before or afterward, but this little encounter seems very shadowy indeed and would not even be quoted in the biography of a more normal person. Later, while he was editing the *Economist*, he often took to the theatre, to share his free tickets, a young girl (she was a year older than he) who then enjoyed some small notoriety for her translation of Strauss's

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"Life of Jesus." They saw a great deal of one another, but although there is no woman for whom Spencer ever had a higher esteem, there is no warrant for the statement that they ever were in love. Leaving temperament aside, maybe if Spencer had had a little more imagination and pluck, they would have married. And just try to imagine what would have happened if Herbert Spencer and George Eliot had been man and wife! Pity that such experiments are impossible and that each life is definitive. Anyhow, I do not think, as far as I know them both, that Spencer would have made her happy; at least he could not have inspired her as deeply as did, later, George Henry Lewes.

It is very interesting to compare Spencer and Comte, and I love to bring them together in the field of my memory. Spencer did not like allusions to Comte apropos of himself, and he refused to own any indebtedness to his illustrious predecessor. It is true that he never made a formal study of Comte's works, yet he knew more of them than he was himself conscious of, as the result of his conversations with his friends, chiefly George Eliot and George Lewes, who were at one time enthusiastic followers of the French philosopher. They certainly had many opportunities of imparting to Spencer, willy-nilly, the gist of Comte's ideas.

However different the great Frenchman and the great Englishman were, they had very much in common. First of all their encyclopædic ideal, then their heroic faith and tenacity amidst untoward circumstances, their intolerance and dogmatism, their independence, their lack of those softening qualities which make men lovable. They attached a paramount importance to the study of sociology and positive polity, but they clearly saw that no real advance can be made which is not preceded by a moral transformation. They both asserted themselves in a similar way. Auguste Comte wrote the first sketch of his "Course of Positive Philosophy" in 1826, and the course itself was the labor of the next sixteen years; Spencer launched his manifesto in 1860, and working far more slowly, it took him more than double this time to produce the whole of his own synthesis.

Although both saw the importance of historical methods, they still have in common an extraordinary lack of historical sense. I am thinking of Comte, the philosopher—not of the prophet of his latter days, who, jumping to the other extreme, made of history a sort of religion. Before that, he does not seem to have grasped any more clearly than Spencer that genuine synthetic knowledge must comprehend the whole past of knowledge as well as its latest stages. Knowledge indeed is not something fixed and rigid, neither is it perfect; it is an ever-progressing organism whose meaning can only be understood by him who knows its origin and its inner life. Comte saw well enough that the history of intellectual development is the key to social evolution, but he did not see that it is also a master-key to synthetic knowledge. Spencer generously spent considerable sums for the elaboration of his "Descriptive Sociology," wherein the chronological sequence of events is faithfully abided by; yet what one might call his historical blindness was appalling. Nothing is more pitiful, nothing more calculated to make one doubt of his genius, than the meagre notes he wrote while travelling in Egypt and Italy; to him the past was dead.

In my sketch of Spencer's life, I hope I have made it clear how ill prepared he was for the great undertaking upon which he had set his heart. At first view it seems unbelievable that he could do as much as he did with such inadequate equipment. In fact, he was not by any means as ignorant as one would expect such a poor student to be. If he had but few opportunities of systematic research or set studies, he had plenty, in his miscellaneous readings and his talks at the Athenæum or in the streets with the most distinguished of his contemporaries, to gather in a substantial amount of first-class information. His sharp and ready mind could make the most of the vaguest hint. Being endowed with a real genius for synthesis and possessing a complete system of knowledge, he could at the same time keep out all superfluous information, and let in, and classify at once, all that which was pertinent to his purpose.

In short, Spencer's mind was a genuine encyclopædic mind. The relative smallness of his knowledge was largely compensated by its congruity. The contemplation of such a mind helps one better

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than any explanation to understand what synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge actually is. It is not a mere accumulation of disconnected facts and theories. There are men who know thousands of facts, but have no skill in ordering them, no hooks in their brains to hang them on. The disintegrated knowledge of these men, of whom good people often speak as being very learned, is as remote from synthetic knowledge as crass ignorance. Knowledge is synthetic to the extent that it is unified, congruous, and the result of an organic growth. It cannot be obtained by mere juxtaposition of odd bits, but only by a slow digestion and re-elaboration of all the materials which the mind selects and absorbs.

Nevertheless, the lack of a systematic training at the outset of his life was to Spencer a considerable and, to a large extent, an irretrievable handicap. Genius cannot entirely make up for the absence of the fundamental technique which can only be properly acquired when one is young. It is astounding that, barring such as were unavoidable at the time of his writing, there are not more errors in Spencer's philosophy, and that there is so much truth—truth of his day and prophetic truth—in a system resting on such a fragile foundation. Indeed the amount of active substance which his works contain is unusually great; an excellent proof of this is afforded by the extraordinary influence they exerted upon the intellectual development of the end of the nineteenth century.

The unification of knowledge is the more necessary that knowledge becomes more complex and specialized. If nobody had the courage to attempt it, the scientific world would soon become a new Tower of Babel. There are already too many specialists who know what they are doing hardly more than bees do. They work faithfully in their little corner, and their work is very useful. But science is far more than the sum of their fragmentary efforts. The growth of science is essentially an organic growth. That means that at least a few people must take the trouble to digest and assimilate the whole of it, in order to co-ordinate and to unify it. They may err; nay, they are bound to err ever and anon; but where one will err, the next one will go straight. It is so that everything progresses.

If encyclopædic efforts were abandoned, the amount of scientific facts and little theories might go on increasing indefinitely, but science would perish. The same is equally true of every human activity. Everywhere synthetic and centripetal endeavors must counterbalance the more special and centrifugal ones, lest the whole fabric of life be ruined and fall to pieces. Business men, for instance, have a very clear notion of this, and in proportion as they standardize and specialize their industries, they are careful to provide co-ordinating agencies to keep the complete body together.

But many will hasten to object: "Encyclopædic knowledge, however desirable it may be, has become impossible. Science is becoming vaster every day and men do not seem to grow bigger. Indeed they seem smaller than they were in the past. There are no more Aristotles, and if one of these giants were to come back, the immensity of accumulated knowledge would make him feel like a pigmy. However narrow be the field one has chosen, one finds it impossible to encompass and to exhaust it. How then could it be possible to know the whole of science?" Their argument seems peremptory. Yet it is a fallacy based on the assumption that the whole of science is greater than any one of its parts. This is wrong, for when the parts and the whole are infinite, they are of equal size. It is just as difficult to know the history of France, or say the history of Paris, as the history of the world, because both undertakings are equally endless.

It is true that science is becoming more complex every day, but it is also becoming simpler and more harmonious in proportion that synthetic knowledge increases, that is, that more general relations are discovered. It is this very fact which makes encyclopædic efforts still possible. In some respects one might even say that such efforts are easier now than they were before because the very progress of science enables one to contemplate its development from a higher point of view. The synthetic philosopher who has taken the pains to understand the most difficult parts of science and to climb, so to say, to its summit, enjoys the

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same advantage as a traveller who can view a whole country from the top of a mountain. No longer do the fantastically shaped hills, the crooked valleys, the deep and mysterious forests delude him; he sees them all from above in their correct relations. Of course he does not know every plant of every nook as does the plant-hunter, nor every insect as the zoologist, nor every stone of the rocks as the prospector. His knowledge is different. This suggests another reason for the possibility of encyclopædic knowledge. Such knowledge indeed is not necessarily vaster than any specialized knowledge, because he who undertakes to master it does not attempt to know, or at least to store in his memory, facts of the same kind. Many of the generalizations which the special investigator has reached at the cost of enormous pains are only elementary facts to the encyclopædist. It is easy enough for the map-maker to draw on his map a new river, to discover the true course of which many men have spent their lives; it is not more difficult for the encyclopædist to register new scientific facts and ideas, each of which is the fruit of considerable ingenuity and endless toil.

Yet most men prefer to stand on the solid ground of immediate experience. Their habits of work increase their timidity, and before long the most circumspect endeavors to organize empirical knowledge seem to them adventurous. It is perhaps chiefly as a contrast with this timidity that undertakings like Spencer's take heroic proportions.

There *is* a touch of heroism in them, because there is indeed a touch of adventure. Special research is generally less disappointing, for it brings immediate results and moral comfort. The astronomer who sets our clocks right and the chemist who prepares our dyes are just as conscious of their usefulness as the baker is; no doubts will prey on their minds. Again, to put neatly written cards in a drawer, or to classify endless rows of insects or shells, and then to write long memoirs in which every one of them is fastidiously described, will bring peace and happiness to many people. They well know that they are working for eternity, because it is they who bring together the materials of which any scientific synthesis is made. In the course of time many an edifice will be built with these materials; the buildings will pass, the materials will remain. Most scientists do not go beyond this; they prepare and collect material; they do not build. I suppose they obey a true instinct. They are quickly troubled with giddiness. They are right in refusing to go farther; they are wrong when they say that everybody is dizzy when they are.

The proof that synthetic studies are not necessarily more difficult than others, for one who has the proper constitution, is that Spencer, whose systematic training was so poor and who could not work more than two or three hours a day, succeeded so well. He succeeded because of the synthetic power of his mind, but also because of his indomitable will, of his tenacity, of his faith.

And Spencer's relative success gives one much hope, for it is easy to conceive a man having his synthetic grasp, his faith, and far more systematic knowledge and physical endurance. One has only to think of a Spencer endowed with a greater reserve of health and a competence which would have enabled him in his youth to pursue long university studies and to master the rudiments and the technique of many sciences. One may object that Spencer's audacity was partly the result of his ignorance. That is plausible. Ignorance has been more than once a source of inspiration; on the other hand, knowledge is always a heavy burden to bear. Many are so overburdened that they can hardly move. But again we may conceive a man strong enough to accumulate a great deal of experience, and yet to remain imaginative and young and keep a clear vision of his purpose.

In this centenary of Spencer's birthday, let us think of him with gratefulness, not so much for the knowledge which he added to ours, as for the example of moral courage and of faith which he gave us. He helped us to understand the nature and the desirability of synthetic science, to realize its possibility and to keep alive the need and the love of it.

As long as there are men who care not simply for material results, but yearn for unified and harmonious knowledge, the memory of Herbert Spencer will be revered.

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CAN AN EDITOR BE A GENTLEMAN?

By One of Them

"O admirable rare! He cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts."
—*Every Man Out of His Humour.*

A MEMORY of old *Tribune* days persists vivid. The man leaving the editor's room had all the marks upon him of the irate subscriber or the indignant libellee. At the door he turned and said: "Well, Mr. Greeley, I at least expect you to act about this as a gentleman would." Instantly came the reply, in the thin, shrill voice: "Who in —— ever said that I was a gentleman?"

Horace Greeley did not mean by this, or any other outburst, to stamp himself boor or rowdy. It was the conventional idea of "gentleman" at which he exploded. Not for him the correct garments and the fastidious tastes and the formal manners which some wore as a polite mask. Where were such artificial beings when Adam delved and Eve span? Greeley would have heartily agreed with William James in maintaining that, whatever God is, He is "no gentleman." But honor, truth, generosity, considerateness—these and like gentlemanly qualities the editor of the *Tribune* would have asserted to be his, and woe betide the man who challenged his possession of them! Yet his quizzical question somehow bridges the years in its professional suggestions. Editors no longer fight duels, or apply or suffer the horsewhip, but the doubt exists, even in these days of more elegant manners, whether he who controls a newspaper is or can be a gentleman. Only the other day, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stood up in the House of Commons and affirmed of the greatest newspaper proprietor in the world—Lord Northcliffe—that he had acted "not only in a way in which patriotic citizens would not act in war-time, but in a way in which gentlemen did not act at any time."

Let it be understood that no questions are here raised about editors in private life. There their behavior may be beyond reproach. It is only as public characters that they offer a case for moral inquiry. An editor, *qua* editor, may act like a ruffian. He may arrive in New York a journalistic cowboy, and proceed to shoot up Fifth Avenue so as to make people—but, unhappily, not the police—turn to look at him. Yet when he has cashed in his offensive notorieties and brutalities, he may become a philanthropist in a small way, a patron of art, a companion of the cultivated. Even then, however, the newspaper through which he has made his money, and for the conduct of which he is responsible, goes on its shrieking way. The quiet gentleman of private life could not be recognized in the foaming and swashbuckling editor.

Leaving exceptional and offensive cases to one side, the whole newspaper calling is exposed to one weakness, or vice, inconsistent with the instincts of a true gentleman. It is boastfulness. "'E don't advertise," was said of Lord Roberts, but the editor does and must advertise himself, unblushingly, as it were, by the very necessity of his profession. He seeks to make his words carry weight. Therefore he must constantly assume or assert that they do carry immense weight. One laughs at the North Dakota editor of a weekly paper who congratulated his readers, and patted himself on the back, because Lloyd George had taken the exact advice given him in the previous issue. But is this essentially different from the self-praise of great dailies? It is sought to do the thing impersonally. It is the paper, not the editor, that is exalted. Thus *Le Petit Parisien* carries at the head of its first page the announcement that it has "le plus fort tirage des journaux du monde entier." Jump to Chicago and you find the —— of that city calmly proclaiming itself every day "the world's greatest newspaper." The editor would shrink from declaring that he was the

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greatest on earth; yet he unhesitatingly does it by proxy. One editor sees the point and blazons his own personal talents and achievements. He places at the top of the columns of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York a long list of his titles to fame and to the respect and gratitude of his subscribers. This is at least franker than the slightly veiled bragging of *Le Petit Parisien* and the ——.

The moral needs no arguing. Gentlemen do not boast of their own mighty deeds. They do not go about the streets bearing placards to notify the public that a wonderful man is passing. It is true, doubtless, that complacent thoughts sometimes enter the gentlemanly mind. Carlyle walks in Hyde Park and says to himself that not one of the haughty blue-bloods riding there could do the work that he is doing. But he merely whispers this to himself. He does not shout it from the housetops. So James Russell Lowell strolling in the Prado could pause to think that though he could not speak the Spanish overheard on all sides, he knew more of its history and literature than any of the passers-by. But, being a gentleman, he merely pondered these things and kept them in his own heart; he did not collar the astonished Madrileños and vaunt himself greater than any of them. But an editor, it would seem, must boast or burst.

Thus brutally he, naturally, does not put the thing. He tries to persuade himself that it is only in his public function that he preens his wings in the popular gaze. It is influence that he seeks, and does not the poet say that power clings to him who power asserts? Privately, he would blush to pose before a mirror in self-admiration. But how, if posing and boasting are the surest means to make his newspaper taken as an oracle? That comes pretty near making it a public duty to brag. Only so can an editor command attention to his views, bear his due part in shaping social reform and the policies of parties. It is a subtle and tempting distinction, but it only takes one back to the point made previously, that the question is not of the editor's bearing in private life, but precisely as a man "affected with a public interest." As such, can he be a gentleman? Not if the exigencies of his profession continually call upon him to do what no gentleman, out of it, would think of doing. Gentlemen are not blatant about their own transcendent merits.

Take the matter of pudding and praise. An editor feels compelled to print with gusto every compliment his paper receives. Here, again, an insinuating casuistry is employed to make the excuse. It is not that he would, individually, go smirking down the street and proclaiming in a loud voice to all and sundry that he had just been told by a good authority that he had written the best article that had appeared in ten years. Such blabbing and boasting would be abhorrent to any man of refinement. But the editor hides himself behind his newspaper and repeats with a megaphone every tribute paid to him. To do it is only a commonplace of newspaper editing. But the inference is unavoidable that such editing goes dead against a fundamental gentlemanly instinct.

Are there not, however, newspapers "edited by gentlemen for gentlemen"? That phrase, it is usually forgotten, was only a part of poor Captain Shandon's magnificent "blurb" for the projected *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its author was in a debtor's prison, and by "gentlemen" he meant the English aristocracy whose thoughts and interests, he, the Irish penny-a-liner laid by the heels, was ready nobly to interpret. It is surely a sardonic reflection that this motto of a few higher-grade newspapers had its origin in burlesque and braggadocio. It seems impossible to get away from the mischief. Even the part of the press that is clean and reputable cannot escape. If it is gentlemanly to flaunt one's talents and magnify one's achievements, then an editor can be a gentleman. Otherwise, not. And in this essential quality there is really no difference between Jefferson Brick or Mr. Pott, of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and the editor, whoever he be, who brings himself to herald his own prowess or advertise the "enormous power" of his newspaper.

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The officers' ladies invariably stopped to listen when he blew church call on Sunday mornings.—Page 705.

THE BUGLER

By Gene Markey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

OLD DADDY MELVIN, ranking duty sergeant of F Company of the Nineteenth Infantry, sauntered leisurely down the company street in front of the barracks. An unusual bustle pervaded the place. The up-stairs barrack windows were crowded with men exchanging lively badinage with a little group below them, who had been discharged from the service that afternoon, and who were waiting with their blue barrack-bags for the army truck which was to carry them to the train. Apart from the rest sat old Pumpley, the bugler, enthroned on his stuffed barrack-bag, his disinterested gaze straying out over the dreary expanse of Texas country which lay to the eastward.

Daddy Melvin stopped in front of Pumpley and stared down at him, his hands thrust deep in his breeches' pockets, his wrinkled jaws working silently at a generous portion of Picnic Twist.

"Wa-al," prefaced the sergeant, "all set to go, be ye?"

There are still a few men of the old army left. It is their boast that they were of the old army, and they speak a language all their own, which defies the grammars.

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Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"Set comfortably in front of the furnace, were two rocking-chairs, and there the colonel smoked while the old color-bearer chewed and talked."—Page 688.

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cried, "Encore! Encore!" and circled round and round the stump, yelling, stamping, and whistling the while.

"Shame fer shame!" flashed the old man, tottering perilously on the stump. "Fer shame on ye all! Fer shame on ye, Jonathan Bellew, born leader an' allers leadin' mischief! Ye've got just ez much good ez bad in ye, way down deep. Can't ye see it's shamin' yer land ye are instid o' a pore old man?"

"Right you are, Mr. Miller. I beg your pardon for the disrespect we have shown to our country, to our flag, and to you who bore that flag through four long years of war. Will you come down and shake hands with a traitorous, sneaking bully like me, sir?"

It was this spirit of fairness that had thus far kept the faculty friendship for the fair-haired young daredevil.

Used as they were to these sudden changes on the part of their favorite, it was an open-mouthed, goggle-eyed group who watched the old man as he climbed painfully from the stump and stretched the cordial right hand of fellowship to the tall, broad-shouldered boy. Then they cheered wildly.

"Hurrah, hurrah for Old Glory and young Jonathan! Long may they wave! Speak a word to Prexie, Bill. Jonathan's threatened with a sort of permanent furlough from this celebrated institution of learning. He won't tell what he knows though he bows down certain heads in shame and sorrow. Don't forget to speak a word to Prexie for your new pal."

"I won't do just prezactly that," replied the old man, "but ye can trust me ter bring this leetle fracas ter the president's most judeeshal attenshun."

And he did. He closed the graphic account by saying:

"Now, I ain't presumptuous ter give ye this here story as a plea fer acquittal, president. Not a tall, ye understand. I'm tellin' ye fer this here reason. A boy hez got jest about ez many angles an' sides ez a prism hez, an' it's mightee hard fer even the president of a college like this is, ter see all the sides an' angles ter every boy thet cums up afore him ter be jedged an' give what's justly comin' ter him. Maybe, jist maybe, ye never happened ter git a good, squintious view o' this pritty special side o' this very perticulary angular boy."

There could be no gainsaying that Jonathan Bellew was a "very perticulary angular" boy, and it did happen that the president never had glimpsed this side of the boy in the stormy years in the college on Big Hill; a side that showed the lad quick to acknowledge himself at fault. It was a deeply thoughtful man, therefore, who summoned the boy to the private office where none but the worst offenders ever appeared.

"Jonathan, what do you think of the man you boys call 'Old Glory Bill'? was the surprising greeting of the president.

"I think, sir, that he does a very great deal of good in both village and school, but he is entirely unconscious of doing any at all."

The president's voice was stern as an ugly suspicion formed in his mind.

"You have not always held this opinion."

"No, sir. But you must know, sir, that I never really saw Mr. Miller until—recently. I—I insulted him, sir. I insulted the Old Glory he defended with his life. I insulted his country and mine. I did all that like the young fool I am, yet when I asked forgiveness, he granted it me freely with all his generous old heart. After all that, he took my hand, would you believe it, sir?" The lad looked down at his hand with a strange expression on his bright, earnest face. "Think what it means to have such a man in this community! I'm not likely to forget Bill, now I've seen him as he is."

His was the hired man's own quaint philosophy. Jonathan had never before seen any save the dull sides of the old fellow's prism, and now he saw those which reflected glorious lights and colors.

"Hm," murmured the president. "I myself esteem Mr. Miller so highly that I have decided to change the conditions upon which you may remain in school. It is only a few weeks until your graduation. Try to make those weeks such as your new friend would approve. To help you do this, I will write upon a slip of paper the nickname we older men have for him. Put it in your pocket and do not look at it until just before you go to

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bed. You might say your prayers, too. That is all to-day, Jonathan."

Dazed by this unlooked-for commutation of his sentence, Jonathan took the slip of paper from the president's extended hand, and stumbled speechless toward the door. Arrived there he turned, unashamed of the tears showing frankly.

"Thank you, sir. I'd better begin at once. I think Old Glory would want me to tell you that I refused to tell what you asked, not for the reason you assumed, but because more people would be hurt by my telling than by my silence. He would say I should consider the greatest good of the greatest number. I'll go to him now, sir, and report."

Often after that day, Jonathan Bellew and William Miller were seen walking together or sitting together beneath some elm on the campus: the old man with his aching back leaning hard against the tree's support, Jonathan sprawled where the sun shone warmest. In spite of the twitting of boys and co-eds, Jonathan persisted in seeking the old soldier's companionship. And when his parents came on for his graduation, the president noted with mingled pride and amusement that the boy included a carefully brushed, neatly dressed "hired man" in many of the family festivities.

Before leaving town young Bellew called on the president to show him without comment a tiny kodak of William Miller carrying the flag. On the back of the picture was written the name the boy had found on that slip of paper weeks before.

"It goes here, sir, and thank you," said Jonathan, as he carefully fitted the little picture into the simple charm hanging from his watch-chain.

That was June of 1914. In September Jonathan was back again for a few brief hours between trains to say good-by to the president and to William Miller. He was off to France, the first of the boys to go from the college on the Big Hill.

Every day now saw the old soldiers hobbling to the G. A. R. hall to talk over the great events pushing so furiously, so swiftly, so menacingly, in Europe. A large map hung on the wall beside the bright south windows where the dim-eyed men could follow the line of battle by sticking in pins with colored heads: black for Germany, the pirate outlaw; true blue for indomitable, gallant France; red for stalwart Britain; vivid green for brave little Italy. In every breast-pocket, just below the bronze button, each old man kept in secret readiness a paper of white-headed pins against the day when America should send her flag into the terrible fray. "We're bound to go in," they said.

At evening the veterans of the Spanish War gathered in the same hall about the same map, protesting vigorously, "It's our war, it's our war," while the old hero answered in his gentle voice:

"Yes, ye've said it, it's our war jist ez soon ez them ez never had ter fight fer their countree an' ther blessed preeveelages sees it plain an' clear like us boys thet hev. We'll hev ter jist hole stidy an' pray with all our might an' main to keep Germany from gittin' a stranglehold on every thing a growin' in the hearts o' free men."

Steady, then, was the word. The lads in the college began to scrape acquaintance with the veterans of the two wars. The plain bronze buttons stood, all at once, for something big and strong and vital, something that called forth snappy salutes from those erstwhile gay, thoughtless youngsters until, by and by, they, too, climbed the stairs to the G. A. R. hall to ask respectful questions of the soldiers there.

In March, 1915, unable longer to bear the strain of waiting, waiting, a committee from the two army organizations went to the president of the college on the Big Hill, and offered to pay the instructor's salary providing the college would re-establish military drill. With what joy they learned that the college had already engaged the services of a wounded Canadian officer, and that drill would commence on the anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter.

Steady was the word still, but steady while getting ready, and oh, the difference to those men who were themselves too old to fight again in defense of the country they loved so well!

And the old "hired man"? Why, who but he should carry the flag at the first dress parade of the new battalion of

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cadets? Though the lads still called him Old Glory, somehow the derisive nickname had been transformed and changed into a title of honor. The hired man had become once more the hero of village and school.

Soon the cadets found they missed their homely old friend when, as occasionally happened, he was not out to watch their early-morning drill or help supervise the digging of the trenches which ran zigzag over that part of Big Hill known as Homer's Woods.

The coming of the summer vacation found the hard calloused shell encasing the hearts of the college boys worn down to the raw, living quick as manifested by their unanimous vote to go into camp by the trenches, and continue their military training through the long hot days.

But the coming of summer found, too, that Old Glory Bill was failing fast, so he had to lean heavily on some sturdy young arm while mounting the Big Hill. Nor was he longer able to stand, though it hurt his pride to sit in the great hickory chair that one day appeared under the largest elm on the very top of the slope.

On a night in August Old Glory fell asleep, never more to waken. As he had requested, the funeral services were held in the green yard surrounding the little brown house where he had lived, and his colonel made "jist a plain talk."

It was a notable gathering, the funeral of this poor old "hired man." The rays of the late afternoon sun filtered softly through the thick leafage of the hard-maple trees, shedding a golden glow upon three generations of men. There was the little handful that remained of Old Glory's comrades; then the larger group of veterans still in their late middle age, and finally the two hundred cadets whose boyish faces looked forth awed and strangely stricken above the smart newness of their recently acquired uniforms.

There were others than these, also, for it seemed as if all the men of the village and the college had come to that peaceful, shaded lawn. Women there were, of course, but they were almost lost in that close-packed crowd of bareheaded men.

At the foot of the simple flag-draped casket stood the colonel, a courtly, gracious gentleman of the old school, his fine figure erect, his white head splendidly poised.

Silently for a moment he gazed into the faces of all those gathered there, then he spoke in the warm hush of the summer day.

"We have come here to do honor to this man whose spent body lies before us now forever silent and still. Ah, did I say to do him honor? It were better far to say that we are honored in our coming.

"All of us have known this man. Some of us were boys with him; some of us were his comrades in a great war; some of us were his fellow citizens; some of us were his neighbors; some of us were his friends. But whatever may have been our relation to him, he was a friend to us all.

"There is little within my power to say of this man. Your presence here speaks far more eloquently than I can of his place in our community and in our lives.

"You know that his outstanding qualities were those two upon which nations are builded and without which nations must fall. I mean loyalty and faithfulness. You know his record in arms for this fair land of ours. You know that the same loyalty which bade him fight for his country, impelled him to maintain a spotless integrity as a citizen. You know how upright has been his private life as he has come and gone his simple way among us. You know his kindness and his far-reaching charity, and by charity you understand I mean that charity of which the Apostle Paul speaks. You know all these things. No words of mine can add to or detract from this knowledge we all hold in common. Yet, if I mistake not, each man of us here to-day has locked away from the world some precious treasure of memory bequeathed him by William Miller, and because each of us holds fast our separate, secret treasure, we have come to pay him such poor honor as is ours to give.

"I shall not try to preach a sermon. I could not if I would. I would not if I could. His story is that ever-wonderful one—a simple chronicle of humble duties nobly done. But I wish to read to you a letter written our friend by Jonathan Bellew, a lad whom we all remember with affection in these times.

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Drawn by Forrest C. Crooks.

"You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot."
—Page 694.

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"'DEAR OLD GLORY:

"'I am sending you the Cross of War that was pinned upon my nightie this day here in a French hospital. Put it on your faded blue shirt, you good old scout, just above your loyal, faithful heart. That's right. That's where it belongs. You made me a soldier and through these months of hell—Hun-fire, you have been my mascot. When I faltered; oh, yes, I faltered many a time and oft, but when I faltered, one look at that little old snapshot of you carrying the flag gave me grit for whatever duty came just next ahead.

"'I never told you what was written on the back of that picture, but I'm telling you now so you will understand that you have won this cross, not I. It was Prexie told me when he decided not to expel me, but to place me under parole to you instead. He wrote it for me on a slip of paper. He said I should look at it that night when I was ready for bed, and then say my prayers. This was it, Old Glory, dear:

"'"Men call him William the Faithful."

"'Get it, Bill? That's you! I'd rather have that said of me than to win a thousand crosses of war. Because you earned that title through every long, hardworking day of your long life, this little cross is yours.

"'Take it. Keep it. I send it to you to have and to hold, not till death do you part, my friend, but to go with you when you shall carry our flag to your narrow green tent on the sunny south slope of Little Hill. God grant that day may be far for you.

"'As for me, "I'll get there afore ye." This day, they say, but never forget, my friend, that I'm glad, glad to have it so.

"'Your grateful friend,

"'JONATHAN BELLEW.'"

There was a break in the colonel's clear voice, and tears lay openly on his ruddy, wrinkled cheeks as he finished the letter and looked into the shocked faces all about him.

"Yes," answering the unspoken question, "our young friend lies dead over yonder in France, our old friend lies dead here before us, each faithful to his duty as he saw it. Men called William Miller the Faithful. He was faithful in all that he did: faithful as color-bearer in the war of long ago; faithful in the discharge of his duties as a citizen in time of peace; faithful to his obligations as husband and father. See the little brown home there where he lived! It is free from debt and there is a small but sufficient life insurance for the wife he cherished. Ah, even the flowers heaped here in masses of lovely, fragrant bloom were culled from the gardens he tended so faithfully but a little while since!

"For the last time this man carries the flag he defended; for the last time we follow where he leads. Then while the burial service of the G. A. R. is read, our comrade and friend will be laid to his long rest. Taps will sound and we shall turn away to return to our every-day lives, but we shall carry with us, graven deep in our hearts, this man's epitaph; and like gallant young Jonathan Bellew, perchance we, too, shall find grit for whatever hard duty may lie before us."

Lifting his hands high as men of God do in benediction, the colonel added:

"And now, oh, Lord God, we beseech thee, because this man has lived and wrought among us, may the same spirit of faithfulness fall upon and abide within all who are here gathered before thee."

On the reverent silence fell the solemn, muffled roll of the drum summoning the living to follow the deathless dead.

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HERBERT SPENCER

1820–1920

By George Sarton

Author of "Secret History"; Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution

THERE seems to be a rhythm in history, a sort of gigantic human ebb and flow, according to which men are periodically brought together in closer unison or driven asunder. These tides are not restricted to the sentimental sphere but involve as well our intellectual activities and, in fact, they seem to pervade the whole of human life. Thus in the thirteenth century one common faith intensified the solidarity of a great number of peoples, and at the same time we witness an immense effort toward synthetic knowledge and a wonderful efflorescence of a self-forgetting art. The fifteenth century on the contrary leaves one the impression of a period of decomposition, of searching analysis, of violent individual conflicts.

To all external appearances we are now crossing a period of ebb, when the centrifugal forces far exceed the centripetal ones, when man is more conscious of his own precious self than of the rest of humanity, more concerned about his material than his religious needs, more prone to assert himself than to own any deep solidarity with his fellow men. Of course we are more keenly aware of it because of the spasmodic union caused by the war. It would be very foolish to mistake this war solidarity for a real increase in human cohesion, for, as I just said, the flow does not affect simply one part of our soul but the whole of it. A common fear and a common hatred are entirely unable to create an all-pervading faith. Hence in spite of the many examples of heroism and absolute devotion which the war has brought to light, we can but feel that then as now human affairs were at a very low ebb. The war may well have marked the nadir of the present depression. Other ominous symptoms are not lacking: divergent forces are everywhere more apparent than the convergent ones. A great many men and women seem to have no higher ideal in life than to be "different" and "exclusive." Our artists are determined to be original at any price. As to the scientists they shut themselves more and more out of the world and live like clams in their little shells. Pray, what can the wide world mean to a clam?

How shall we ever emerge from the present anarchy? Well, because of the unity of our life, and because of the fact that this ebb and flow interests every part of our soul, it is clear that any attempt to lift up any part of it will help us gradually to emerge and to recover. Of course complete recovery will only be possible when a great many of us pull together with our whole strength. But it is not necessary that we pull on the same ropes. One may struggle for greater brotherhood, another for more unselfish art, another for synthetic knowledge; their cause is the same and they actually pull together.

It cannot be denied that synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge is very little understood nowadays. Most people, including the majority of the scientists themselves, look down upon it with nothing but distrust and scepticism. This is due partly to the fact that the very progress of science implies an ever-increasing specialization of research, partly to the materialistic tendencies of our age—people care more for practical results than knowledge—partly to the fact that there is so little genuine encyclopædic knowledge and so much which is faked and worthless. It is easy to answer to the first objection: no man in his senses believes that there is too much analytic research, but simply that, however much of it there be, it must be balanced by a corresponding amount of co-ordinating work. The last objection is but too painfully just. We are all acquainted with men who will argue bril-

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liantly about everything under the sun and yet who are unable to add anything to the total experience of humanity. Such people are of very little account. The dullest specialist at least knows something; they know nothing whatever. Unfortunately, it happens but too often that their empty discourses are mistaken for true synthetic knowledge with the result that such knowledge is unjustly despised.

It is worth while to go a little more deeply into the matter and to answer the two following questions: Is synthetic knowledge desirable and should it be encouraged? And if so, is it possible for any man, however intelligent, to acquire it?

An excellent way of approaching these two questions is to consider the concrete case which the life of Herbert Spencer—the latest synthetic philosopher—offers to us. He was born just a hundred years ago. It occurred to me that while returning to him with reverence on the occasion of his centenary, we might take advantage of our pilgrimage to examine whether the ideal to which he devoted his life was a sensible one and how far he succeeded in attaining it. We are less anxious to know the results he arrived at than to test the value of his method. The problem is then: "Was Spencer right in trying to do what he did? Is it worth trying again?" Of course, from this new angle, his failure becomes just as interesting as his success, because they help us equally to solve the next practical problem: "How can we again do what he did, and do it better?"

The life of a philosopher is generally less exciting than that of a war correspondent or a prima donna. Spencer's life is a very plain one indeed. If one does not insist on quoting the titles of the books and essays, which are the most conspicuous mile-stones of his career, it can be told in a few words. He was born in Derby on April 27, 1820, a thoroughbred Englishman. His father, George Spencer, was a teacher, a man of small means and little imagination, but honest to the core and of an unbending type. His mother, who does not seem to have influenced him to any extent, was very different from her husband, as patient and gentle as he was irritable and aggressively independent. They do not seem to have been very happy together, and their union was not blessed with many children who survived; although nine were born to them, only one, Herbert, the eldest, passed the stage of infancy. It is as if already the parents had been obliged to pay the heavy ransom of genius. The boy was left a great deal to himself, and he followed his bent toward scientific information, learning also a little English and arithmetic. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to his uncle, the Reverend Thomas Spencer, but the discipline of this new home seemed at first so hard to him that he ran away to his father's, walking one hundred and fifteen miles in three days with hardly any sleep or food. However, after a while he returned to his uncle and stayed with him, being tutored by him, chiefly in mathematics, for the next three years. This was the end of his systematic education, which certainly was very incomplete. When he began to earn his living at sixteen, he knew probably less than the average well-to-do boy of his age. It is true he knew considerably more in other ways, and he had also exercised to a greater extent his mother-wit. Then he worked successively as an assistant schoolmaster (for three months), as an engineer, and, after a vain attempt to earn a living as a literary man, he finally became in 1848 sub-editor of the *Economist*. This last position had the advantage of bringing him into touch with many eminent men of his day; men like Huxley, Tyndall, and Lewes. During all these years, he had carried on desultory reading, he had made quite a number of trivial inventions, he had done some writing and a considerable amount of solitary thinking.

The editing of the *Economist* left him time enough to complete his first book, "Social Statics," which appeared early in 1851. In 1853, having inherited five hundred pounds from his uncle, he abandoned this position and determined to support himself by his own literary work. Such is always a very hazardous decision, never more, however, than in the case of a man who is less a writer than a thinker, a slow and hard thinker, whose ability to express himself is constantly inhibited by the fear of error. Shortly afterward, after a holiday in Switzerland, his health began to break down. Yet he resolutely pursued the self-imposed task of which he

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became more and more conscious, and after many years of work and meditation, of suffering and disappointment, on March 27, 1860, he published the programme of "A System of Philosophy," the outline of the work to which the best part of his life was to be devoted. This is to me the culminating date in Spencer's life. It is then that he reveals for the first time his dominant personality.

Think of it! Here we have a man, whose systematic knowledge is rather small, whom many scientists (not the greatest, however) would have regarded as ignorant—and such he was in many respects—a man handicapped by lack of means and of health, but one who has been thinking hard and fast for a number of years, who has measured the world around him and himself, who knows exactly what he must do, who calmly estimates the immensity of the undertaking and the frailty of the means, who knows that his decision practically involves the surrender of his liberty for the rest of his days and makes of him a slave to his ideal—yet his faith is so great that he does not hesitate. No handicap will stop him and he sends his programme to the world; a programme to the fulfilment of which the rest of his life was faithfully and unrestrictedly given. One should keep in mind that at that time Spencer was already a nervous invalid; he could only work a few hours a day and had to use all sorts of tricks to do so without suffering; in the afternoon he had to forsake not simply work but any excitement or he would lose his night's rest. Yet he went ahead and henceforth his life was one of single-hearted devotion to his self-imposed trust. The first volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy" appeared in 1862, the tenth and last in 1896. It took him thirty-seven years to go over the top.

It is not part of my present purpose to analyze, even briefly, Spencer's works. I will simply limit myself to a few remarks which may refresh the reader's memory and help him to appreciate Spencer's undertaking. Let us remember that his fundamental ideas are the following: First, an earnest belief in the value of philosophy as completely unified knowledge. Of course, without such belief, he could not have carried on his life's work. Secondly, the modern concept of evolution both in its biological and its universal import. Thirdly, the ideal of freedom—the core of his political thought.

I need not consider the first point because my whole essay is really devoted to it. It is remarkable that Spencer's first paper on evolution, one entitled "The Development Hypothesis," appeared as early as 1852, and his system of philosophy, which was essentially based upon the law of progress, was drafted by him for the first time in the early days of 1858. It is in the middle of the same year that Darwin and Wallace announced their theory of natural selection to the Linnæan Society of London. Spencer's merit as a precursor cannot be denied; at the same time it must be said that if his general theory of evolution was right, his conception of its mechanism was wrong. He believed that biologic progress was chiefly determined by the inheritance of characteristics gained by each individual during his lifetime, and although he later admitted the validity of Darwin's explanation, that is, natural selection (it is Spencer, by the way, who coined the popular phrase "struggle for life"), he remained a Lamarckian to the end of his life. Biologists are now generally agreed that acquired characters are *not* inherited, but their agreement on this subject is so recent that it would hardly be fair to blame Spencer on this score. Moreover, he was the first to extend this theory to a general conception of the universe and to retrace in the development not simply of living organisms but of everything an evolution or a progress "from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex, from the incoherent to the coherent, from the indefinite to the definite." Matter-of-fact people may object that such a generalization is equally uncontrollable and useless, but that is to take a very crude view of the subject. Spencer's generalization, his insistence, was a powerful factor in the success of the evolutionary point of view. It helped mightily to create a new scientific and philosophic atmosphere. Is not that very much indeed, and what more could you expect a philosopher to do?

The "Synthetic Philosophy" did not embrace all the sciences. Feeling the necessity of restricting his field, chiefly

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on account of his insufficient scientific training, he made a systematic study only of those branches of knowledge to which the application of scientific methods was relatively new, to wit: biology, ethics, sociology. Biological facts had inspired his theory of evolution, and his biology in turn was dominated by it. On the other hand, in his ethical and social studies he was chiefly guided by the conception that liberty is the greatest good. The industrial and legal development of the last half-century seems to have proceeded in the opposite direction; yet the main difficulties of our moral and social life cannot be solved by artificial regulations, and now, even more than in Spencer's time, the greatest political problem to be solved is the one involved in the antinomy: freedom *versus* red tape, or initiative *versus* automatism, or life *versus* stagnation. Of course we all realize that a great many more regulations and social restrictions are needed than Spencer was prepared to admit, but the wise do not believe that these regulations are real factors of progress. The best that they can do is to prevent us from sliding backward; they cannot help us to go onward. They impede a certain amount of evil and they oblige another amount of it to assume a secret form, which may be on the whole less pernicious. They cannot create any parcel of positive good. Spencer's searching analysis of these subjects is of permanent value, and even if one assents to the temporary necessity of compulsory measures, there is no doubt that social progress lies mainly in the direction which he pointed out, the increase of *voluntary* co-operation.

Spencer has often been reproached that his system is based far more upon preconceived ideas than upon the observation of reality. Yet it must be admitted that he managed to marshal an enormous amount of facts to support his theories. If it be true that the latter were generally ahead of his experience, is not the same true to a certain extent of every scientific hypothesis? Never mind where a man gets his theories if he can establish them on experimental grounds. And Spencer, however biassed and ignorant he may have been, took enormous pains to gather the experimental facts which he needed. Think only of the descriptive sociology whose publication under his direction began in 1873 and is not yet completed. Although he was very poor in the first half of his life and never reached more than a small competence, he spent more than three thousand pounds on this great undertaking. It is a pity, by the way, that the frame of these descriptions is so rigid and their size so awkward, but as they are, the published volumes contain an enormous amount of material and deserve greater recognition than they have ever received.

Spencer's main shortcoming was his dogmatism, his inability to consider the opinions of others. This dogmatism, which naturally increased as he grew older, arose partly from his initial ignorance, partly from his chronic neurasthenia, partly also from his lack of imagination, the singleness of his purpose, the exclusiveness of his thought. He was temperamentally a non-conformist, and although later in life he seemed to become more and more anxious to comply with the external conventions of society, I suppose he did so chiefly to eschew the criticism of fools and to protect his inner freedom.

There is no justification whatever for the statement that Spencer was "all brains and no heart." He was not sentimental, but very sensitive. Of course the accomplishment of his life's work did absorb the greatest part of his energy, including his emotional energy, and a man carrying such a burden on his shoulders could not be expected to run errands for others.

As in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, the predominance of his intellectual concerns partly explains his sexual indifference, which overwhelming interests of another sort could but aggravate, as they became more engrossed in their work. At any rate, Spencer does not seem to have ever experienced love. When he was twenty, he came nearer to it than ever before or afterward, but this little encounter seems very shadowy indeed and would not even be quoted in the biography of a more normal person. Later, while he was editing the *Economist*, he often took to the theatre, to share his free tickets, a young girl (she was a year older than he) who then enjoyed some small notoriety for her translation of Strauss's

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"Life of Jesus." They saw a great deal of one another, but although there is no woman for whom Spencer ever had a higher esteem, there is no warrant for the statement that they ever were in love. Leaving temperament aside, maybe if Spencer had had a little more imagination and pluck, they would have married. And just try to imagine what would have happened if Herbert Spencer and George Eliot had been man and wife! Pity that such experiments are impossible and that each life is definitive. Anyhow, I do not think, as far as I know them both, that Spencer would have made her happy; at least he could not have inspired her as deeply as did, later, George Henry Lewes.

It is very interesting to compare Spencer and Comte, and I love to bring them together in the field of my memory. Spencer did not like allusions to Comte apropos of himself, and he refused to own any indebtedness to his illustrious predecessor. It is true that he never made a formal study of Comte's works, yet he knew more of them than he was himself conscious of, as the result of his conversations with his friends, chiefly George Eliot and George Lewes, who were at one time enthusiastic followers of the French philosopher. They certainly had many opportunities of imparting to Spencer, willy-nilly, the gist of Comte's ideas.

However different the great Frenchman and the great Englishman were, they had very much in common. First of all their encyclopædic ideal, then their heroic faith and tenacity amidst untoward circumstances, their intolerance and dogmatism, their independence, their lack of those softening qualities which make men lovable. They attached a paramount importance to the study of sociology and positive polity, but they clearly saw that no real advance can be made which is not preceded by a moral transformation. They both asserted themselves in a similar way. Auguste Comte wrote the first sketch of his "Course of Positive Philosophy" in 1826, and the course itself was the labor of the next sixteen years; Spencer launched his manifesto in 1860, and working far more slowly, it took him more than double this time to produce the whole of his own synthesis.

Although both saw the importance of historical methods, they still have in common an extraordinary lack of historical sense. I am thinking of Comte, the philosopher—not of the prophet of his latter days, who, jumping to the other extreme, made of history a sort of religion. Before that, he does not seem to have grasped any more clearly than Spencer that genuine synthetic knowledge must comprehend the whole past of knowledge as well as its latest stages. Knowledge indeed is not something fixed and rigid, neither is it perfect; it is an ever-progressing organism whose meaning can only be understood by him who knows its origin and its inner life. Comte saw well enough that the history of intellectual development is the key to social evolution, but he did not see that it is also a master-key to synthetic knowledge. Spencer generously spent considerable sums for the elaboration of his "Descriptive Sociology," wherein the chronological sequence of events is faithfully abided by; yet what one might call his historical blindness was appalling. Nothing is more pitiful, nothing more calculated to make one doubt of his genius, than the meagre notes he wrote while travelling in Egypt and Italy; to him the past was dead.

In my sketch of Spencer's life, I hope I have made it clear how ill prepared he was for the great undertaking upon which he had set his heart. At first view it seems unbelievable that he could do as much as he did with such inadequate equipment. In fact, he was not by any means as ignorant as one would expect such a poor student to be. If he had but few opportunities of systematic research or set studies, he had plenty, in his miscellaneous readings and his talks at the Athenæum or in the streets with the most distinguished of his contemporaries, to gather in a substantial amount of first-class information. His sharp and ready mind could make the most of the vaguest hint. Being endowed with a real genius for synthesis and possessing a complete system of knowledge, he could at the same time keep out all superfluous information, and let in, and classify at once, all that which was pertinent to his purpose.

In short, Spencer's mind was a genuine encyclopædic mind. The relative smallness of his knowledge was largely compensated by its congruity. The contemplation of such a mind helps one better

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than any explanation to understand what synthetic or encyclopædic knowledge actually is. It is not a mere accumulation of disconnected facts and theories. There are men who know thousands of facts, but have no skill in ordering them, no hooks in their brains to hang them on. The disintegrated knowledge of these men, of whom good people often speak as being very learned, is as remote from synthetic knowledge as crass ignorance. Knowledge is synthetic to the extent that it is unified, congruous, and the result of an organic growth. It cannot be obtained by mere juxtaposition of odd bits, but only by a slow digestion and re-elaboration of all the materials which the mind selects and absorbs.

Nevertheless, the lack of a systematic training at the outset of his life was to Spencer a considerable and, to a large extent, an irretrievable handicap. Genius cannot entirely make up for the absence of the fundamental technique which can only be properly acquired when one is young. It is astounding that, barring such as were unavoidable at the time of his writing, there are not more errors in Spencer's philosophy, and that there is so much truth—truth of his day and prophetic truth—in a system resting on such a fragile foundation. Indeed the amount of active substance which his works contain is unusually great; an excellent proof of this is afforded by the extraordinary influence they exerted upon the intellectual development of the end of the nineteenth century.

The unification of knowledge is the more necessary that knowledge becomes more complex and specialized. If nobody had the courage to attempt it, the scientific world would soon become a new Tower of Babel. There are already too many specialists who know what they are doing hardly more than bees do. They work faithfully in their little corner, and their work is very useful. But science is far more than the sum of their fragmentary efforts. The growth of science is essentially an organic growth. That means that at least a few people must take the trouble to digest and assimilate the whole of it, in order to co-ordinate and to unify it. They may err; nay, they are bound to err ever and anon; but where one will err, the next one will go straight. It is so that everything progresses.

If encyclopædic efforts were abandoned, the amount of scientific facts and little theories might go on increasing indefinitely, but science would perish. The same is equally true of every human activity. Everywhere synthetic and centripetal endeavors must counterbalance the more special and centrifugal ones, lest the whole fabric of life be ruined and fall to pieces. Business men, for instance, have a very clear notion of this, and in proportion as they standardize and specialize their industries, they are careful to provide co-ordinating agencies to keep the complete body together.

But many will hasten to object: "Encyclopædic knowledge, however desirable it may be, has become impossible. Science is becoming vaster every day and men do not seem to grow bigger. Indeed they seem smaller than they were in the past. There are no more Aristotles, and if one of these giants were to come back, the immensity of accumulated knowledge would make him feel like a pigmy. However narrow be the field one has chosen, one finds it impossible to encompass and to exhaust it. How then could it be possible to know the whole of science?" Their argument seems peremptory. Yet it is a fallacy based on the assumption that the whole of science is greater than any one of its parts. This is wrong, for when the parts and the whole are infinite, they are of equal size. It is just as difficult to know the history of France, or say the history of Paris, as the history of the world, because both undertakings are equally endless.

It is true that science is becoming more complex every day, but it is also becoming simpler and more harmonious in proportion that synthetic knowledge increases, that is, that more general relations are discovered. It is this very fact which makes encyclopædic efforts still possible. In some respects one might even say that such efforts are easier now than they were before because the very progress of science enables one to contemplate its development from a higher point of view. The synthetic philosopher who has taken the pains to understand the most difficult parts of science and to climb, so to say, to its summit, enjoys the

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same advantage as a traveller who can view a whole country from the top of a mountain. No longer do the fantastically shaped hills, the crooked valleys, the deep and mysterious forests delude him; he sees them all from above in their correct relations. Of course he does not know every plant of every nook as does the plant-hunter, nor every insect as the zoologist, nor every stone of the rocks as the prospector. His knowledge is different. This suggests another reason for the possibility of encyclopædic knowledge. Such knowledge indeed is not necessarily vaster than any specialized knowledge, because he who undertakes to master it does not attempt to know, or at least to store in his memory, facts of the same kind. Many of the generalizations which the special investigator has reached at the cost of enormous pains are only elementary facts to the encyclopædist. It is easy enough for the map-maker to draw on his map a new river, to discover the true course of which many men have spent their lives; it is not more difficult for the encyclopædist to register new scientific facts and ideas, each of which is the fruit of considerable ingenuity and endless toil.

Yet most men prefer to stand on the solid ground of immediate experience. Their habits of work increase their timidity, and before long the most circumspect endeavors to organize empirical knowledge seem to them adventurous. It is perhaps chiefly as a contrast with this timidity that undertakings like Spencer's take heroic proportions.

There *is* a touch of heroism in them, because there is indeed a touch of adventure. Special research is generally less disappointing, for it brings immediate results and moral comfort. The astronomer who sets our clocks right and the chemist who prepares our dyes are just as conscious of their usefulness as the baker is; no doubts will prey on their minds. Again, to put neatly written cards in a drawer, or to classify endless rows of insects or shells, and then to write long memoirs in which every one of them is fastidiously described, will bring peace and happiness to many people. They well know that they are working for eternity, because it is they who bring together the materials of which any scientific synthesis is made. In the course of time many an edifice will be built with these materials; the buildings will pass, the materials will remain. Most scientists do not go beyond this; they prepare and collect material; they do not build. I suppose they obey a true instinct. They are quickly troubled with giddiness. They are right in refusing to go farther; they are wrong when they say that everybody is dizzy when they are.

The proof that synthetic studies are not necessarily more difficult than others, for one who has the proper constitution, is that Spencer, whose systematic training was so poor and who could not work more than two or three hours a day, succeeded so well. He succeeded because of the synthetic power of his mind, but also because of his indomitable will, of his tenacity, of his faith.

And Spencer's relative success gives one much hope, for it is easy to conceive a man having his synthetic grasp, his faith, and far more systematic knowledge and physical endurance. One has only to think of a Spencer endowed with a greater reserve of health and a competence which would have enabled him in his youth to pursue long university studies and to master the rudiments and the technique of many sciences. One may object that Spencer's audacity was partly the result of his ignorance. That is plausible. Ignorance has been more than once a source of inspiration; on the other hand, knowledge is always a heavy burden to bear. Many are so overburdened that they can hardly move. But again we may conceive a man strong enough to accumulate a great deal of experience, and yet to remain imaginative and young and keep a clear vision of his purpose.

In this centenary of Spencer's birthday, let us think of him with gratefulness, not so much for the knowledge which he added to ours, as for the example of moral courage and of faith which he gave us. He helped us to understand the nature and the desirability of synthetic science, to realize its possibility and to keep alive the need and the love of it.

As long as there are men who care not simply for material results, but yearn for unified and harmonious knowledge, the memory of Herbert Spencer will be revered.

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CAN AN EDITOR BE A GENTLEMAN?

By One of Them

"O admirable rare! He cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these excellent gifts."
—*Every Man Out of His Humour.*

A MEMORY of old *Tribune* days persists vivid. The man leaving the editor's room had all the marks upon him of the irate subscriber or the indignant libellee. At the door he turned and said: "Well, Mr. Greeley, I at least expect you to act about this as a gentleman would." Instantly came the reply, in the thin, shrill voice: "Who in —— ever said that I was a gentleman?"

Horace Greeley did not mean by this, or any other outburst, to stamp himself boor or rowdy. It was the conventional idea of "gentleman" at which he exploded. Not for him the correct garments and the fastidious tastes and the formal manners which some wore as a polite mask. Where were such artificial beings when Adam delved and Eve span? Greeley would have heartily agreed with William James in maintaining that, whatever God is, He is "no gentleman." But honor, truth, generosity, considerateness —these and like gentlemanly qualities the editor of the *Tribune* would have asserted to be his, and woe betide the man who challenged his possession of them! Yet his quizzical question somehow bridges the years in its professional suggestions. Editors no longer fight duels, or apply or suffer the horsewhip, but the doubt exists, even in these days of more elegant manners, whether he who controls a newspaper is or can be a gentleman. Only the other day, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stood up in the House of Commons and affirmed of the greatest newspaper proprietor in the world—Lord Northcliffe—that he had acted "not only in a way in which patriotic citizens would not act in war-time, but in a way in which gentlemen did not act at any time."

Let it be understood that no questions are here raised about editors in private life. There their behavior may be beyond reproach. It is only as public characters that they offer a case for moral inquiry. An editor, *qua* editor, may act like a ruffian. He may arrive in New York a journalistic cowboy, and proceed to shoot up Fifth Avenue so as to make people—but, unhappily, not the police—turn to look at him. Yet when he has cashed in his offensive notorieties and brutalities, he may become a philanthropist in a small way, a patron of art, a companion of the cultivated. Even then, however, the newspaper through which he has made his money, and for the conduct of which he is responsible, goes on its shrieking way. The quiet gentleman of private life could not be recognized in the foaming and swashbuckling editor.

Leaving exceptional and offensive cases to one side, the whole newspaper calling is exposed to one weakness, or vice, inconsistent with the instincts of a true gentleman. It is boastfulness. "'E don't advertise," was said of Lord Roberts, but the editor does and must advertise himself, unblushingly, as it were, by the very necessity of his profession. He seeks to make his words carry weight. Therefore he must constantly assume or assert that they do carry immense weight. One laughs at the North Dakota editor of a weekly paper who congratulated his readers, and patted himself on the back, because Lloyd George had taken the exact advice given him in the previous issue. But is this essentially different from the self-praise of great dailies? It is sought to do the thing impersonally. It is the paper, not the editor, that is exalted. Thus *Le Petit Parisien* carries at the head of its first page the announcement that it has "le plus fort tirage des journaux du monde entier." Jump to Chicago and you find the —— of that city calmly proclaiming itself every day "the world's greatest newspaper." The editor would shrink from declaring that he was the

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greatest on earth; yet he unhesitatingly does it by proxy. One editor sees the point and blazons his own personal talents and achievements. He places at the top of the columns of *Il Progresso Italo-Americano* of New York a long list of his titles to fame and to the respect and gratitude of his subscribers. This is at least franker than the slightly veiled bragging of *Le Petit Parisien* and the ——.

The moral needs no arguing. Gentlemen do not boast of their own mighty deeds. They do not go about the streets bearing placards to notify the public that a wonderful man is passing. It is true, doubtless, that complacent thoughts sometimes enter the gentlemanly mind. Carlyle walks in Hyde Park and says to himself that not one of the haughty blue-bloods riding there could do the work that he is doing. But he merely whispers this to himself. He does not shout it from the housetops. So James Russell Lowell strolling in the Prado could pause to think that though he could not speak the Spanish overheard on all sides, he knew more of its history and literature than any of the passers-by. But, being a gentleman, he merely pondered these things and kept them in his own heart; he did not collar the astonished Madrileños and vaunt himself greater than any of them. But an editor, it would seem, must boast or burst.

Thus brutally he, naturally, does not put the thing. He tries to persuade himself that it is only in his public function that he preens his wings in the popular gaze. It is influence that he seeks, and does not the poet say that power clings to him who power asserts? Privately, he would blush to pose before a mirror in self-admiration. But how, if posing and boasting are the surest means to make his newspaper taken as an oracle? That comes pretty near making it a public duty to brag. Only so can an editor command attention to his views, bear his due part in shaping social reform and the policies of parties. It is a subtle and tempting distinction, but it only takes one back to the point made previously, that the question is not of the editor's bearing in private life, but precisely as a man "affected with a public interest." As such, can he be a gentleman? Not if the exigencies of his profession continually call upon him to do what no gentleman, out of it, would think of doing. Gentlemen are not blatant about their own transcendent merits.

Take the matter of pudding and praise. An editor feels compelled to print with gusto every compliment his paper receives. Here, again, an insinuating casuistry is employed to make the excuse. It is not that he would, individually, go smirking down the street and proclaiming in a loud voice to all and sundry that he had just been told by a good authority that he had written the best article that had appeared in ten years. Such blabbing and boasting would be abhorrent to any man of refinement. But the editor hides himself behind his newspaper and repeats with a megaphone every tribute paid to him. To do it is only a commonplace of newspaper editing. But the inference is unavoidable that such editing goes dead against a fundamental gentlemanly instinct.

Are there not, however, newspapers "edited by gentlemen for gentlemen"? That phrase, it is usually forgotten, was only a part of poor Captain Shandon's magnificent "blurb" for the projected *Pall Mall Gazette*. Its author was in a debtor's prison, and by "gentlemen" he meant the English aristocracy whose thoughts and interests, he, the Irish penny-a-liner laid by the heels, was ready nobly to interpret. It is surely a sardonic reflection that this motto of a few higher-grade newspapers had its origin in burlesque and braggadocio. It seems impossible to get away from the mischief. Even the part of the press that is clean and reputable cannot escape. If it is gentlemanly to flaunt one's talents and magnify one's achievements, then an editor can be a gentleman. Otherwise, not. And in this essential quality there is really no difference between Jefferson Brick or Mr. Pott, of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and the editor, whoever he be, who brings himself to herald his own prowess or advertise the "enormous power" of his newspaper.

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The officers' ladies invariably stopped to listen when he blew church call on Sunday mornings.—Page 705.

THE BUGLER

By Gene Markey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

OLD DADDY MELVIN, ranking duty sergeant of F Company of the Nineteenth Infantry, sauntered leisurely down the company street in front of the barracks. An unusual bustle pervaded the place. The up-stairs barrack windows were crowded with men exchanging lively badinage with a little group below them, who had been discharged from the service that afternoon, and who were waiting with their blue barrack-bags for the army truck which was to carry them to the train. Apart from the rest sat old Pumpley, the bugler, enthroned on his stuffed barrack-bag, his disinterested gaze straying out over the dreary expanse of Texas country which lay to the eastward.

Daddy Melvin stopped in front of Pumpley and stared down at him, his hands thrust deep in his breeches' pockets, his wrinkled jaws working silently at a generous portion of Picnic Twist.

"Wa-al," prefaced the sergeant, "all set to go, be ye?"

There are still a few men of the old army left. It is their boast that they were of the old army, and they speak a language all their own, which defies the grammars.

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"All set, sergeant," replied the bugler. "Jest a-waitin' fer the truck now."

Sergeant Melvin regarded him intently. Old Pumpley was a general favorite in the Nineteenth Infantry. He was jealous of Pumpley's popularity, was forced to admit that. You could always tell by the mellowness of the notes when Pumpley was blowing first call of a morning or taps at night, and the officers' ladies invariably stopped to listen when he blew church call on Sunday mornings. Then, too, in his own company Pumpley was universally liked. He was an old-timer with a never-failing supply of army lore. New recruits were wont to listen respectfully when he recounted tales of the early days in the Philippines, and old soldiers listened as well, for they knew that Pumpley had

"This here Texas cold an' damp gits me in the laigs."—Page 706.

was rather short and thin, but he carried himself like a soldier; his face was wrinkled and tanned a deep brown, his eyes close set and faded blue, his hair and mustache a yellowish gray. He had been a bugler since '98; had never wanted to be anything else; perhaps he would not have been a success at anything else, but no one could deny that he was a good bugler. Even the bugler-sergeant, who

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been there, and, too, he was an excellent raconteur. But now old Pumpley, who had never been out of the army a day since '98, had applied for a discharge to go back and help his mother on the farm, and this afternoon he was waiting with the other discharged soldiers for the motor-truck which was to carry them to the train.

"Ye'll be back 'fore long, Pumpley," prophesied Sergeant Melvin sagely, squinting at the descending sun. "Betche an'thing ye wanta bet 'at ye'll be back."

"No, sergeant," drawled Pumpley, "don't think as how I will. Ain't never wanted out b'fore, but reckon I'll stay out this time. Gittin' too old. This here Texas cold an' damp gits me in the laigs. Ain't none too good fer m' rheumatism neither. I ain't as spry as I was the first time I run acrost you." And old Pumpley smiled, a wrinkled smile.

There is something about the service that ages men. It may be the tropics . . . but after a man has been in ten years he begins to regard himself as an old soldier, and you will rarely see an old soldier who doesn't look ten years older than he really is.

"I 'member that," nodded Daddy Melvin. "Yes, sir, I 'member the first time ever I see ye. Down in Luzon, it was, near San Mateo. You was bugler-orderly fer ole Colonel Bullard. See b' the paper they jest made him a loo-tenant gen'ral the other day. Dad-gum! I 'member *him* when he was a captain."

"They sure do go high now'days," observed Pumpley.

"Yes, sir," continued the sergeant, "I 'member him when he was a captain. He was m' comp'ny commander. See 'im one night at retreat a-dressin' the line. 'That fourth man down,' he says, 'shift that there chew o' tobacco from yer right cheek t' yer left. Can't dress the line till ye do!' He was the greatest feller ever I see—allus a-pullin' off somethin' like that."

There was a moment's silence. Old Daddy Melvin hated to see Pumpley go. He had confided as much to First Sergeant Lahey a few minutes before, but he would never in the world have told Pumpley himself.

The screen-door of the kitchen banged violently and Richey, the fat, gray-haired cook, came waddling out, clad in his customary apparel, an issue under-shirt, white trousers, and a not-so-white apron. He was puffing at a short, black corn-cob pipe as he came, and wiping his hands on his apron. Fifteen years before he and Pumpley had soldiered together in the Third Infantry, and there existed a strong bond of friendship between them.

"Wa-al, Richey, I'm a-leavin' ye," said Pumpley with a wrinkled smile.

"Train go thith afthnoon?" lisped old Richey, who was minus most of his front teeth.

"Goes as soon as they git us on 'er," replied the bugler.

Old Richey grinned broadly, displaying his toothless gums.

"Bet ye'll be back with uth thoon," he chuckled, then put out his fat brown hand. "Well, I got to git back. I'll thay g'by to ye, Pumpley." They clasped hands. "An' I wisth ye luck!"

"Luck to you, too, Richey," drawled Pumpley, and shook the fat hand hard. "Luck to you."

"But juth the thame, I bet ye'll be back with uth thoon," chuckled Richey, and waddled off to his kitchen, where he reigned supreme over three other cooks and half a dozen kitchen police.

You will rarely find any display of sentiment in the ranks, but these old soldiers who had been comrades in the days of the old army felt the parting more keenly than they cared to admit.

There was a sudden stir among the crowd of men who were leaving.

"*Shun!*" called one of them loudly. Lieutenant Ross, beloved of every man in F Company, was coming. Old Pumpley got to his feet with alacrity, came to attention and saluted smartly.

"All ready to go, are you, Pumpley?" said the lieutenant, walking up.

"Yes, sir," grinned Pumpley, who adored him. "All ready, I guess, sir."

"I'm sorry to see you leave the company."

"Wa-al, sir," the old bugler looked away, "I figgered it all out, an' I guess it's the thing to do, all right. Ye know, sir, I ain't never see my old mother sence I run away an' 'listed in '98."

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Richey, the fat, gray-haired cook, came waddling out.—Page 706.

"Let's see," said the officer. "Doesn't your mother live on a farm up in Oklahoma some place?"

"Yes, sir, lives on a little place up north of Atoka. I got to thinkin' lately that mebbe I ain't used 'er right . . . ain't never wrote to 'er . . . dunno as she knows I'm livin'. I *ain't* used 'er right, loo-tenant, an' I'm a-goin' back t' try an' make up fer the time I ben away."

"I see," mused the subaltern; then: "Do you think you'll be satisfied out of the service?"

"Jes' whut I was a-tellin' 'im, sir,"

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ventured Sergeant Melvin, shifting his Picnic Twist hastily, "*I* tole 'im I bet he'd be *back!*"

Old Pumpley smiled.

"Wa-al, sir," he drawled, "I ben a-windjammin' fer over twenty year now, an' I figger I'm a-gittin' too old fer it. In the old army a windjammer never done nothin' but blew a bugle, but with this here new style war he's got to *run* all day deliverin' messages. *I* think I c'd do better on the farm. What does the loo-tenant think?"

The lieutenant looked away. He was very fond of old Pumpley, who, like Sergeant Melvin, had been with the company when he had first joined it from West Point.

"I don't like to see you go, Pumpley," he said, "but if you think you'll be happier outside, why, perhaps it's best. Is your mother expecting you?"

"Wa-al, no, sir, she ain't. I thought as how I'd kinda drop in an' s'prise her. Reckon she'll be some s'prised t' see me. . . ."

A rising shout from the barrack windows announced that the truck was coming, and a few seconds later it lumbered up to the F Company street and came to a groaning stop. Already the men were piling in, clutching the blue barrack bags that contained all their earthly possessions.

"Wa-al," said Pumpley, putting out a gnarled, sun-browned hand, "I'll say g'by t' the loo-tenant, I guess."

Lieutenant Ross took the hand and shook it firmly.

"Good-by, Pumpley," he said, "and good luck to you. If you do get tired of the farm, let me know and I'll try to get you back with F Company."

"Thank ye, sir," said the bugler. "Ef I was t' stay in I'd like nothin' better than t' stay with the loo-tenant." Then, a bit embarrassed at his own brazen display of sentiment, he turned hastily and shook Sergeant Melvin's hand. First Sergeant Lahey had come up, with the mess sergeant and two corporals.

"Luck to you, Pumpley," said the first sergeant, who was Irish, and the tallest man in the regiment. "I'll bet you a bottle of Bevo you'll be back before a month is up. I've see 'em go out before, an' they allus come back!"

"Well, it ain't Broad-*way*, but it sure ain't such a hell of a sight worse 'n Oklahoma."—Page 710.

The departing bugler shook his head and forced a smile. Now that the actual moment of leaving F Company had arrived he found it more difficult than he had anticipated. A lump rose in his throat (unheard-of occurrence!) and there was a suspicion of a mist in his eyes as he shook hands silently with the others who had come to bid him good-by, then, with a jerky salute in the direction of Lieutenant Ross, he shouldered his barrack bag and made off toward the truck. They had saved a place for him on the seat beside the driver. He climbed in and the truck roared into motion and down the street, amid a general shouting and waving of hands. You will find that farewells in the army are usually effected in high spirits . . . the sadness and regrets follow later, for there is no comradeship like the comradeship of the barracks.

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II

As the troop-train rumbled along through desolate stretches of Oklahoma country, past wind-whipped fields of last year's cotton, past sordid little villages with muddy streets, old Pumpley, the bugler, had a world of time for introspection.

The other men in his coach were riotously happy at the prospect of freedom. In the centre of the car a large and scarcely quiet game of blackjack was in progress; at the far end a crowd was gathered around a lanky Arkansas mule-skinner, who entertained with a banjo and sang many verses of "The Hesitation Blues," some of them not quite puritanical in content but apparently highly popular. The coach reeked with stale tobacco-smoke and those indefinable odors which prevail in restricted spaces where men have remained overnight without removing their clothes.

For the past twenty years troop-trains had offered no novelty to Pumpley. Playing blackjack on a train no longer appealed to him, and he was distinctly annoyed by the man with the banjo. He felt that he must be getting old. These men had not travelled on troop-trains as often as he had. Indeed, many of them had never been off their own farms until the war called, or—worse—until the draft hauled. As for Pumpley, *he* had travelled. He was far more at home in Manila or Honolulu than he would have been on his own mother's farm; he had been all over the United States; had been to Alaska twice, twice to the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands; had been stationed two years in the Canal Zone; had been through the Suez Canal and was acquainted with the famed wickedness of Port Said; four times he had spent a week in Japan when the Philippines-bound transports had touched at Nagasaki; in short, he was a cosmopolite of the old army.

The men from F Company hung out of the windows of their coach shouting farewells to him.—Page 711.

The old army . . . it had been his home, his life . . . but now he was through with it. It might have been different had the Nineteenth gotten to France, but the signing of the armistice had found the historic old regiment still wasting away in Texas. Pumpley had

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One of the kitchen police, paring potatoes, saw him first. "It's Pumpley," he shouted. "He's back agin."—Page 713.

once heard Lieutenant Ross say jokingly that Texas was the graveyard of a military career, and Pumpley firmly believed it.

"Ef they'd only move us," he had told First Sergeant Lahey, "I wouldn't mind it so much, but it gits my goat to see 'em a-sendin' all these here drafted ay-rabs t' France, an' me, with twenty years' service an' three campaigns, still in *Texas!* I ain't ben outa Texas sence nineteen an' fourteen, when they stuck us in that there Second Division at Gal*ves*-ton."

"Well, it ain't Broad-*way*," the first sergeant had replied, "but it sure ain't such a hell of a sight worse 'n Oklahoma, Pumpley!"

But the old bugler had made up his mind that he wanted a change, and now he was on his way home. . . . To the old farm, with its unpainted buildings, its meagre patch of cotton, its weedy garden and general aspect of dreariness. . . .

Pumpley sighed. In his heart he had a vague feeling that he was doing something noble in returning to care for his mother during her declining years—felt that he was making a laudable sacrifice. But Daddy Melvin and the first sergeant and Richey, the cook, had apparently failed to see anything noble in his mo-

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tive for getting out; they had prophesied that he would not be able to stay away from the army.

Pumpley wondered if they could be right, wondered if he *would* be able to stay away, and his thoughts danced back through the memories of his twenty years of soldiering . . . nights under the tropic stars on outpost duty in the far-away Philippines, with enough excitement to keep you awake, for you never knew when the little brown men with naked bolos were creeping up on you through the bamboo; the lazy pleasures of garrison life at different posts in the States—before they took beer away from the soldiers; the sumptuous company dinners every Thanksgiving, the jolly Christmases at Honolulu, Colon, Fort Sheridan, Vancouver Barracks—wherever the regiment happened to be stationed; the care-free life, with good pals all around you—this was the army: he loved it all. It was in his blood.

Now that the excitement of leaving had passed, he felt a distinct sensation of emptiness in his heart, a vague longing for something that was gone.

III

THE troop-train slowly gathered momentum and drew out of the station, leaving Pumpley standing with his blue barrack bag on the platform, waving half-heartedly back at the men from F Company who hung out of the windows of their coach shouting farewells to him. A moment later the train was gone, and Pumpley turned slowly, shouldered his barrack bag and trudged up the hill.

There it was, the same little town he had left twenty years before. There were a few changes, of course. Jed Farrell's harness-shop, for instance, had given way to a brick drug store with a glittering front. Pumpley paused and looked in the window. Of the people at the counters he recognized no one, so he continued on his way.

The sun had set, and it was growing dark as he turned down the main street, searching every face that passed for a glimpse of a boyhood friend, until slowly the realization came to him that he was a stranger here. He walked along. Ahead of him stood the old hotel on its familiar corner, and he turned in, mounted the rickety wooden steps, and entered the dim office. There were a few loungers sitting around the stove, but Pumpley recognized none of them. He approached the desk. Old Mr. Barnes, the proprietor, grayer and more stooped, but the same Mr. Barnes, looked up as Pumpley set down his barrack bag.

"Reckon ye don't recollect me, Mr. Barnes," he said, extending his hand.

The hotel man scrutinized his features keenly through his spectacles, a toothpick moving rapidly in his tobacco-stained beard.

"Ye got the best o' me, m' friend."

"George Pumpley. Used t' live here. M' mother's Letty Viners—lives on the old Whipple place north o' here. 'Member me now, Mr. Barnes? Ain't ben here sence 'ninety-eight. Went in the army."

There was a pause, then the hotel man smiled recognition.

"O-oh, ye-as—George Pumpley. Ye-as, 'member ye now. Glad t' see ye." They shook hands again. "You ain't ben here in nigh on t' twenty year!"

"I was a-thinkin' as how I c'd git a rig from you t' drive out t' the place to-night," said the bugler, leaning on the desk.

"To-night?" repeated Mr. Barnes, removing the toothpick. "Know the folks 'at live there now, do ye?"

"Somebody live with m' mother?"

The loungers by the stove were listening attentively.

"Yer mother?" with surprise.

"Why—yes," said old Pumpley, with a vague sense of uneasiness.

The innkeeper straightened up.

"Mean t' tell me ye don't know?"

"Know what?"

Mr. Barnes looked away, squinting through his spectacles.

"Why . . . yer mother," he said huskily, "yer mother's ben dead six year!"

Pumpley stared at him.

"Dead?" he echoed.

The old man behind the desk nodded silently.

"Dead," repeated Pumpley, looking at the floor. "Well. . . ."

"Never heard?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"Nobody never wrote me. Reckon

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nobody knew where I was at. Ain't never wrote home m'self. Well. . . ."

But Pumpley of the old army was not an emotionalist. His years of knocking about the world had tarnished the gentler side of his nature, but in his little close-set eyes there was a dumb look, as if something had happened which he could not understand. He looked up at the hotel man.

"Reckon I won't need that rig," he said slowly, and walked over to the big chair in the window. The loungers by the stove resumed their conversation and Mr. Barnes selected a fresh tooth-pick from a little glass by the register.

The street outside was quite dark now. Occasionally a hurrying figure passed the hotel window, glanced in and passed on. These people had homes to go to. The bugler sat staring out into the darkness. He had been a wanderer for twenty years —a veritable outcast from his home, and now he had returned to find that the home had ceased to exist. That was all. . . .

Over the desk a garrulous clock gossiped of the passing minutes, until at length the loungers by the stove rose and took themselves off. Mr. Barnes began to write with a very scratchy pen.

A great loneliness surged up in Pumpley's heart. The home that he had expected to find was not here and the realization of it brought bitter regret. His thoughts strayed back to the Nineteenth Infantry and centred about F Company's barracks. He found himself wondering what the men would be doing about this time. Six-thirty. Supper was over, and the fellows who were going down to San Antonio for the evening would have borrowed the necessary funds and departed; Daddy Melvin and his other cronies would, no doubt, be gathered about the victrola in the lower squad-room, while Sergeant O'Mera played one of his favorite Irish records; in the orderly-room First Sergeant Lahey and Roberts, the company clerk, would be smoking cigars and listening with tolerance to little Corporal Merritt's version of the loveliness of a certain young lady from Port Arthur, Texas; old Richey, the cook, would be smoking his black corn-cob pipe in his little bedroom off the kitchen, while the floor of the upper squad-room echoed with the rattle of dice to the accompaniment of raucous voices. . . .

Pumpley the bugler stirred uneasily in his chair, and the gregarious instinct of the old army rose strong within him. These men were his pals, this barrack life was *his* life. He realized keenly now that he could never be happy away from it—never in the world!

Very slowly he rose and adjusted his battered campaign hat at the proper angle, then crossed to the desk. His mind was fully made up now.

"Is there a train outa here fer San Anton-ya to-night, Mr. Barnes?"

"Why, ye-as," said Mr. Barnes, tooth-pick a-dance in his beard. "There's an accommodation at eight-fifty. You pull-in' out agin?"

"Wa-al," said Pumpley slowly and with a smile, "think I'll take a run down there jest t' see how the boys is a-gittin' on!"

IV

It was Friday afternoon, and the barracks of F Company of the Nineteenth Infantry were in a state of laconic preparation for the regular Saturday morning inspection. Windows were being washed up stairs and down, bunks and bedding were arranged in neat rows outside to get the sun, and splashy sounds from inside indicated that floors were being mopped. By the kitchen steps three men in fatigue clothes were engaged in paring potatoes, but never so industriously that their labors interfered with their conversation.

Old Richey, the cook, came to the door to observe their progress.

"Hain't you fellerth got them p'tatoeths done yet?" he lisped gruffly, for Richey always affected gruffness to the helpers in his kitchen. "Hellths bellths, one cookths polith in the old army wath worth a dothen like you!" and inside he went again, banging the screen door violently after him.

On the barrack steps sat Sergeant Melvin, cleaning his rifle with great care and precision. Occasionally he would spit tobacco juice with unerring aim at some distant object. In the window of the orderly-room First Sergeant Lahey leaned against the casement smoking a cigar and thinking of nothing in par-

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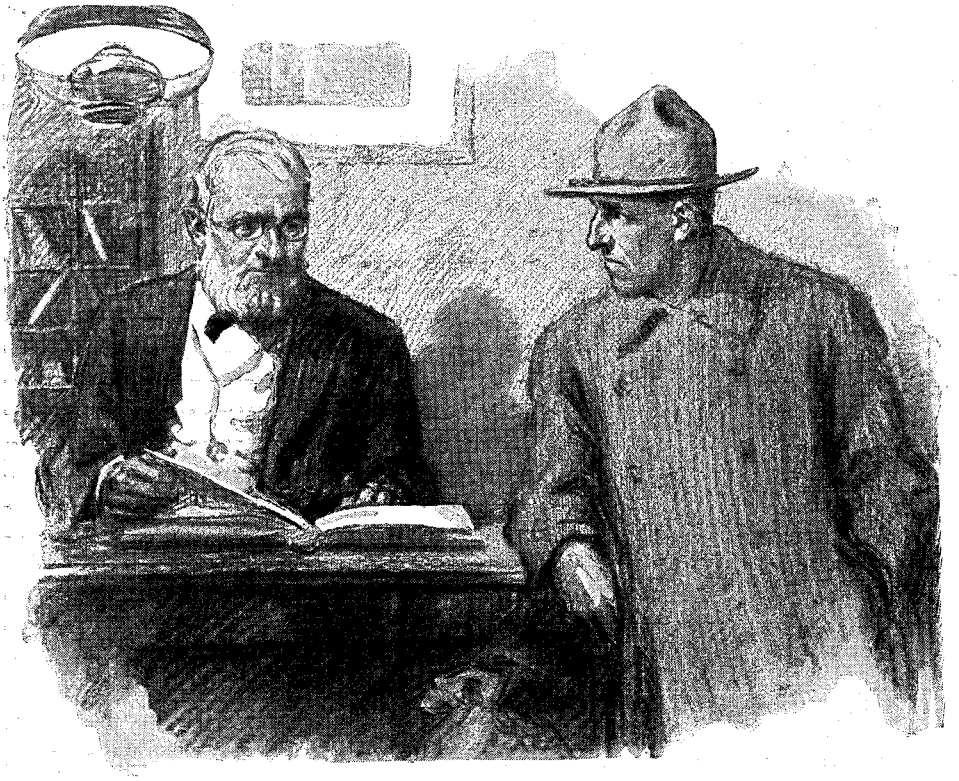

"Is there a train outa here fer San Anton-ya to-night, Mr. Barnes?"—Page 712.

ticular. Below him on the ground knelt Roberts, the company clerk, scrubbing a canvas legging with a brush and soapsuds.

Suddenly around the corner of G Company's barrack came a soldier. He was an old soldier—you could tell that from the way he wore his clothes, and he carried over his shoulder a blue barrack-bag.

One of the kitchen police, paring potatoes, saw him first.

"It's Pumpley," he shouted. "He's back agin! A-a-ay, Pumpley!"

The men washing the up-stairs windows turned to stare, and the shout was taken up by others. Richey, the cook, came waddling from his kitchen and Daddy Melvin put down his rifle and rose with a wrinkled smile. From out of the orderly-room stalked the first sergeant. The company clerk left off scrubbing his canvas legging and rose with a whoop.

For it was indeed Pumpley, their beloved bugler. He had come back.

"I knew you couldn't keep away," shouted old Richey.

"Wa-al, dad-gum!" beamed Sergeant Melvin, gripping the bugler's hand. "Dad-gum! Glad t' see ye back, Pumpley!"

"What did I tell ye?" roared the first sergeant heartily. "*I* knew ye'd never stay away. I've see 'em go out before, an' they allus come back!"

"All you got to do," grinned the company clerk, "is t' draw yer blankets 'n' 'quipment over agin from the supply-room. Loo-tenant Ross said if you come back he could git you back 'n the comp'ny."

Old Pumpley the bugler put down his barrack-bag with a happy sigh. After all, this was his home. On his wrinkled brown face there was an incandescent smile.

"Wa-al, boys," he drawled, accepting with a trembling hand one of the first sergeant's cigars, "I ain't ben away such a hell of a long time, but I'm so glad t' git back 'at I'm glad I went! How long till mess call?"

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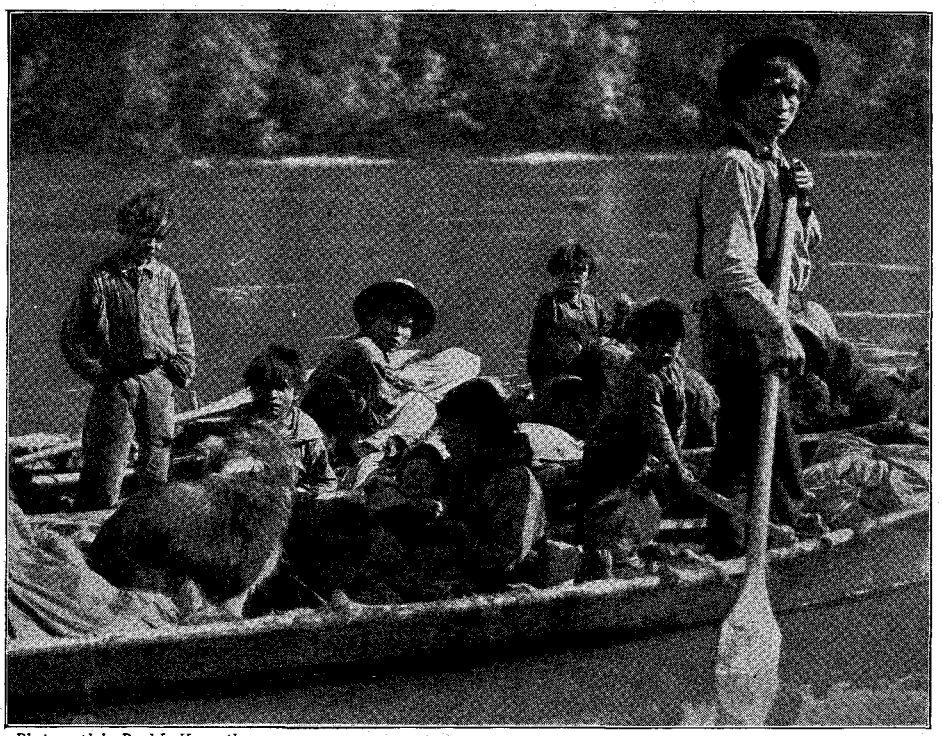

Photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

We met two moose-hide boats.—Page 719.

TO THE QUADACHA COUNTRY AND MOUNT LLOYD GEORGE

By Paul L. Haworth

Author of "On the Headwaters of Peace River," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN 1916, with a French Canadian helper named Lavoie, I penetrated for several days into an unexplored region on the northern headwaters of Peace River, and saw but did not reach a great mountain and an immense ice-field, both of which I named after Premier Lloyd George.* The trip was a long and hard one, the country is harsh and forbidding, but the memory of that magnificent mountain and glittering ice-field filled my thoughts by day and my dreams by night until the call proved too strong to be resisted. One day last August found me alighting from a Grand Trunk Pacific train on the upper Fraser River prepared to set out once more on the quest.

The river route to the goal was to be the same as in 1916, that is, down the Fraser to Giscome Portage, across the divide to Summit Lake, down the Crooked, Pack, and Parsnip Rivers to Finlay Forks, up Finlay River to the mouth of the Quadacha, or Whitewater, and up the last-mentioned stream into the unexplored region.

My companion was Doctor Alban P. Chesterfield, a young Detroit surgeon,

* See my book, "On the Headwaters of Peace River" (Scribners, 1917), and articles in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for June and July, 1917.

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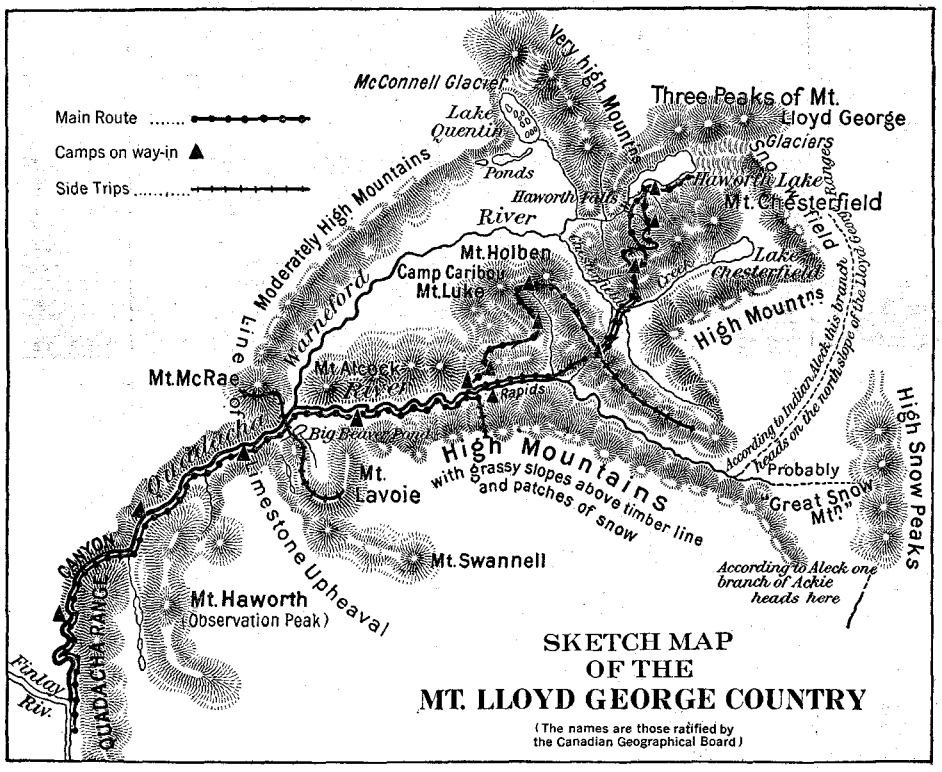
who had had considerable experience in the wilds of Ontario but who was making his first trip amid high mountains. At Summit Lake we had the good fortune to secure the services of George Holben, a husky young trapper, prospector, and Indian trader whom I had met at McLeod Lake on the previous trip. From Summit Lake as far as Finlay Forks we also had the company of a character well-known in the Hudson's Hope region, namely, "Dad" soon had the misfortune to wet the magneto, after which the thing was altogether useless, so we left it at Summit Lake. This was unfortunate, for not only was the trip rendered much more laborious but we moved more slowly and lost valuable time.

We floated rather leisurely down delectable Crooked River, catching many rainbow and Dolly Varden trout and adding an occasional grouse or duck to the



Brennan, formerly a cook in the cow country of Montana but hailing originally from the Ozark hills. As Brennan had lost one eye and could not see any too well out of the other, he was glad to have one of us ride in his canoe and read the water for him; an arrangement that was also helpful to us, for our eighteen-foot canvas-covered canoe was heavily laden with food and other impedimenta.

We had started with an outboard motor, which we expected would prove very helpful on the long river trip, but it did not run right from the beginning, and we larder. It was vitally necessary thus to supplement our commissariat, for the distance to be travelled was so great that it was impossible to take with us sufficient food for the trip. In fact, it may be said that we fished and shot our way to Mount Lloyd George.

Late one afternoon on Parsnip River, while riding in the bow of the foremost canoe, I happened to spy on a low-cut bank ahead a black object that presently resolved itself into a bear. Luckily the wind was favorable, and Bruin was busily engrossed in the pleasant work of raking

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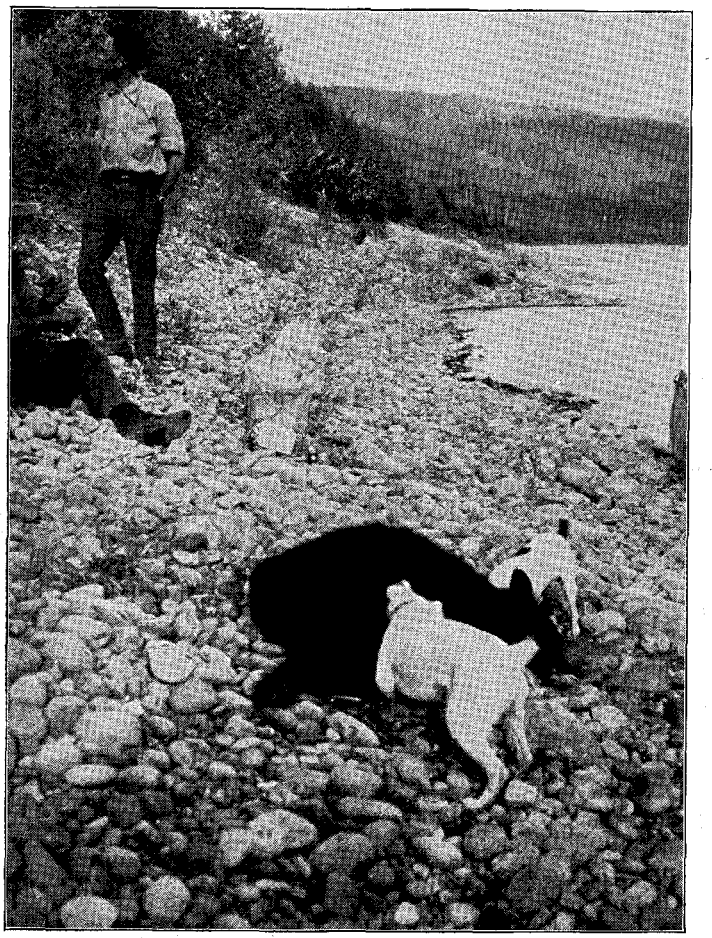
open ant-hills and licking up the inmates as they crawled over the ruins of their homes. Holben steered the canoe close inshore, and we drifted quietly down upon the unsuspecting plantigrade.

Doodle, who was only a pup, was wildly excited. It was his first opportunity to chew up and shake a bear, and he joyously made the most of it! Holben and I dragged the animal down on the beach,



For half an hour those little dogs kept biting and gnawing away.—Page 717.

When we were within seventy yards the bear suddenly looked up. There was a thicket of willows only a jump away from him, and, knowing that in a moment he would bolt out of sight, I instantly let drive with my sporting Springfield. The bullet landed, but the bear half fell, half sprang, into the thicket. In a few moments Doodle, Holben's little twelve-pound fox-terrier, and I were ashore, but the soft-point bullet had done its work well and another shot was not required. and just then the second canoe arrived. Kinky, Brennan's little fox-terrier, which was also a pup, at once sprang ashore and came running madly up to see what Doodle was barking at. But when she saw the bear and got a whiff of his wind, her stump of a tail went down and she hastily took refuge at the farther end of her master's canoe. However, we managed to convince her that there was no danger, and ultimately she joined Doodle in the exciting work of shaking the bear.

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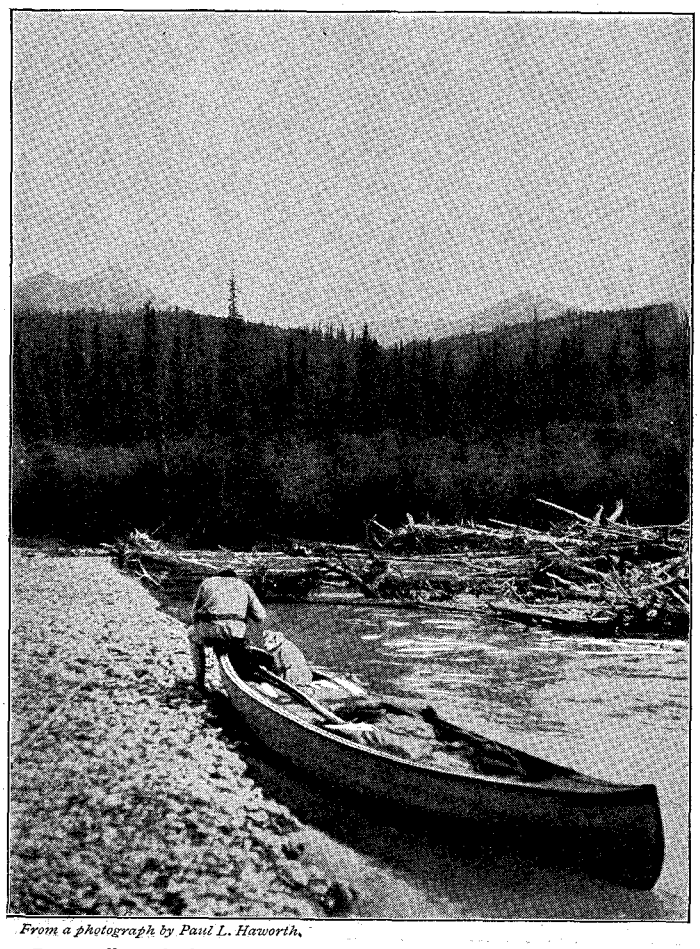
For half an hour those little dogs kept biting and gnawing away, while their shrill ki-yi-ing resounded over the river and up through the spruce-covered hills. Finally, with tongues lolling out, they lay down beside the kill, with satisfaction written over their eager little faces.

When we reached Finlay River we found it in flood, which meant that what would have been a hard task at best would be doubly difficult. But we cut down our load, and for fourteen days, through a changing panorama of high mountains, we bucked the current with paddles, poles, and tracking-line. As Holben and the doctor were both better canoemen than I, most of the tracking fell to me. When not pulling on the rope, I often trudged along the shore, and, with a little "game-getter," which had both a rifle and a shot-barrel, managed to kill many of the willow-grouse and fool-hens which Doodle and I flushed.



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

Repeatedly we had to carry around great log-jams or cut our way through them.—Page 719.

On the fifth day up the Finlay the doctor had a splendid shot at only sixty yards at a brown bear, but missed it completely. Overeagerness, failure to take into account the way the animal was standing, and the fact that he was shooting at a bear for the first time probably accounted for the miss, but Holben, who was inclined to be facetious, declared it was because the hunter did not take into account the size of the bank around the mark. The doctor did not hear the last of that bear until he duplicated the per-

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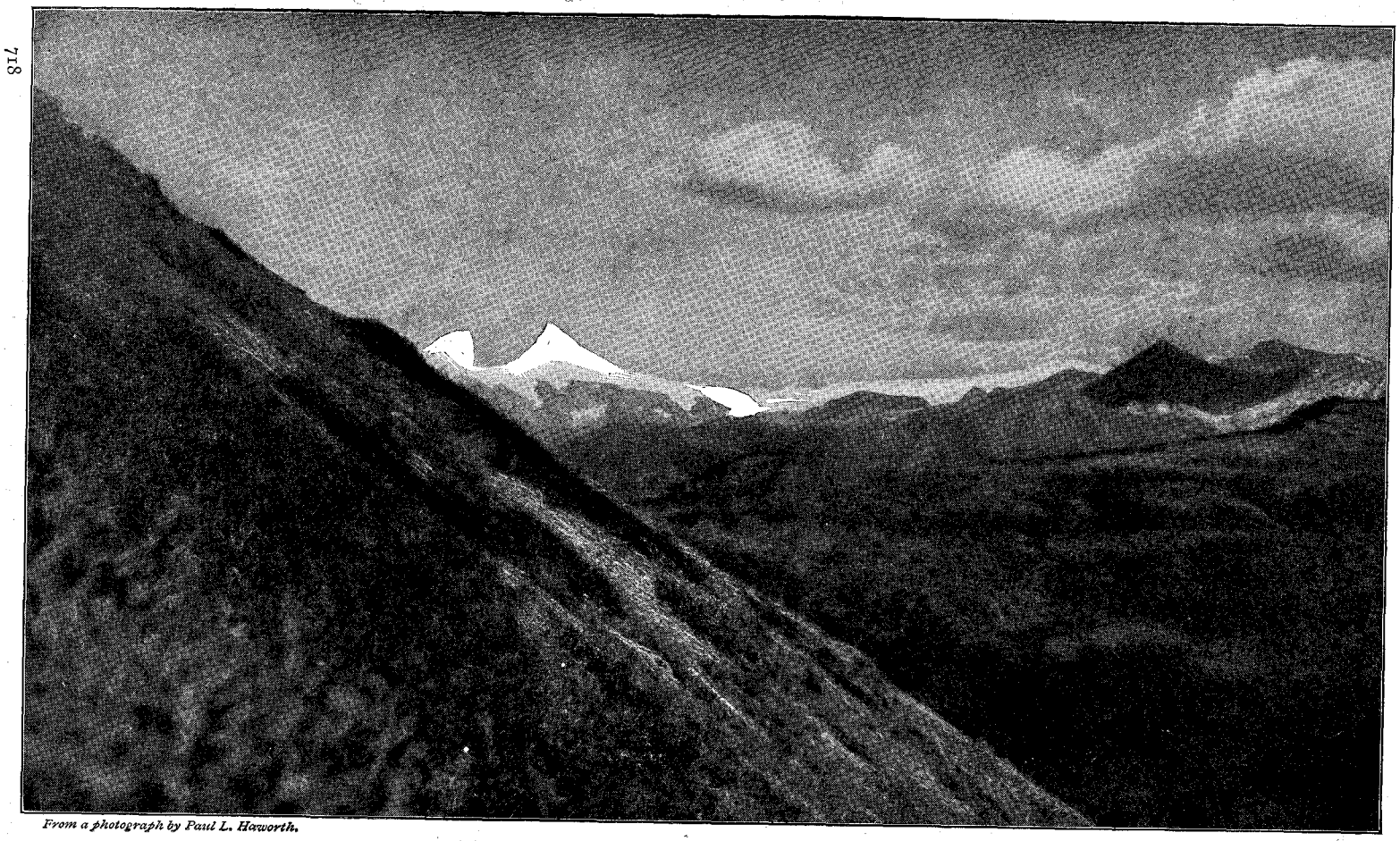

From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

Distant view of Mount Lloyd George and the great snow-field.

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formance on the return trip. After that the subject became too tragic to be referred to lightly.

At Fort Grahame, the little Hudson's Bay post sixty miles up the river, I renewed my acquaintance with Fox, the half-breed trader in charge, and also with a number of Indians I had met three years before. Among the Indians was the old squaw whose picture I had taken surreptitiously at Fox River on the previous trip. I had sent the picture to her through Fox and had also sent the trader a copy of SCRIBNER'S, in which the picture was reproduced. Fox had shown the magazine to her son and had said: "Your mother's picture will now be seen by the people of all the world." This had seemed very fine to the aboriginal mind, and I now found everybody ready to pose with the utmost willingness.

These Indians are so remote from civilization that they had escaped an epidemic of measles which the winter before had wiped out half the tribe at McLeod Lake, and the influenza which had killed most of the bucks among the Beaver Indians in the Hudson's Hope district.

A few days later, a little below the mouth of Paul's Branch, we met two moose-hide boats loaded down with sixteen or seventeen Indians of all ages and sexes, all being members of Chief Pierre's family. Aleck and Dan, whom I had met three years before, recognized me when afar off and greeted me as an old friend. Both are intelligent, energetic fellows and splendid moose-hunters, about the highest type of Indian I have met. We had a friendly powwow of an hour or so on the beach, and there was more picture-taking.

When I was in the country before, all these Indians lived in tents winter and summer, but Aleck told us proudly that he had built a cabin at the mouth of the Ackié. His brother Dan was anxious to be the first of his people to visit the outside world and see steamboats, railroads, and automobiles, of which he had heard wonderful tales. But there was one thing that troubled him.

"When I get in white man's country," said he, "must I carry grub, and when I get hungry stop, build a fire, and cook a feed?"

At noon of the fourteenth day from the forks and the twenty-fourth from the railroad we at last came in sight of the milky water of the Quadacha, and here, in a sense, the trip really began. Three years before the river had looked so forbidding that Lavoie and I had cached our stuff a few hundred yards up the stream and had struck off into the unexplored region with pack-sacks. But I was determined this time to work the canoe up the Quadacha as far as possible and to get our base of supplies as close to the goal as was practicable. I knew from observation that some of the stream was navigable, but there were other stretches I had not seen, in which there might be all kinds of obstacles. So far as I am aware no white man had ever attempted to ascend the stream, but Aleck had told us that the Indians sometimes came down it on rafts.

Navigation proved bad enough but better than I feared. At the point where the stream issues from the mountains it flows between high rocky walls, but in this canyon the current, though very swift, was not impossible. By dint of paddling, poling, and almost constant tracking we managed after a little less than three days' work to reach the forks, which had marked the limit of my progress overland in 1916. On the way we had skirted for many miles the base of the mountain called by me "Observation Peak," but renamed by the Canadian Geographical Board "Mount Haworth." It is one of the ugliest, most God-forsaken peaks in all Canada!

As before, the east fork was the whiter stream, and up it we turned our canoe, for I then supposed that at its headwaters we would find Mount Lloyd George and the big ice-field. The stream soon proved very bad indeed. Repeatedly we had to carry around great log-jams or cut our way through them, but still we made steady progress. However, late in the afternoon of September 8, our fifth day on the Quadacha, the mountains pinched in on the river, the current grew swifter, and we heard ahead the roar of rapids.

As we had ascended the Quadacha game signs had become more and more abundant, due to the fact that we were getting out of the range of the Indians.

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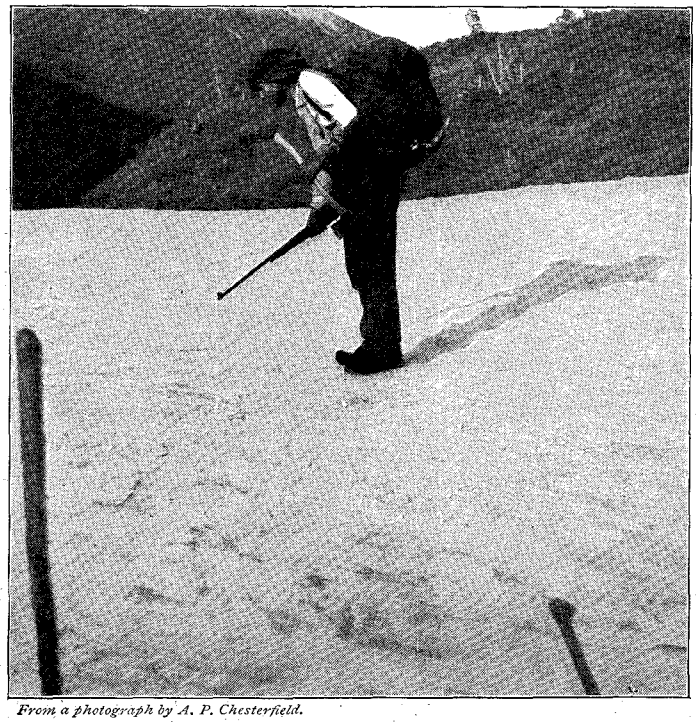
The bars were covered with moose, caribou, and bear tracks, and beneath the great limestone cliff at the forks we had seen goat tracks. On one bar I had seen where a big wolf had pulled down and eaten a calf moose that had wandered too far from his mother's protecting care.



From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

The author crossing small glacier on the way to Lloyd George.

And now, just as it was coming time to camp, I discovered a great muddy hole in the river-bank that had been dug out by moose which came there to drink a sort of mineral water that trickled out. This water smelled and tasted much like the lithia water at the famous French Lick Springs in Indiana. Whatever its mineral properties were, the moose were very fond of it. Their trails, in places worn two feet deep, converged toward it from both sides of the river like highways toward a city.

We had been making heavy inroads of late into our provisions, and it was highly desirable to obtain meat. We camped a few hundred yards above the lick, and I sent the doctor to keep watch, with instructions to shoot anything eatable that might appear. I then set out to climb the mountainside behind camp in order to get a look ahead, while Holben walked up the river to examine the rapids.

After climbing several hundred feet I made the unpleasant discovery that the river, which above the fork had been following an almost east-and-west course, turned southeastward a few miles ahead, instead of northeastward as I had expected. While I was cogitating on this unwelcome discovery there resounded from down in the valley four thunderous reports from the doctor's high-power .35 calibre Newton. As it was already growing dusk, nothing could be gained by climbing higher, so I descended to camp, and there Holben presently appeared with the discouraging word that he believed we had reached the head of navigation. Soon the doctor came in through the darkness with news that he had shot a young moose, so we were assured of an ample supply of fresh meat.

Holben's report on the river ahead was so unfavorable that we decided to take

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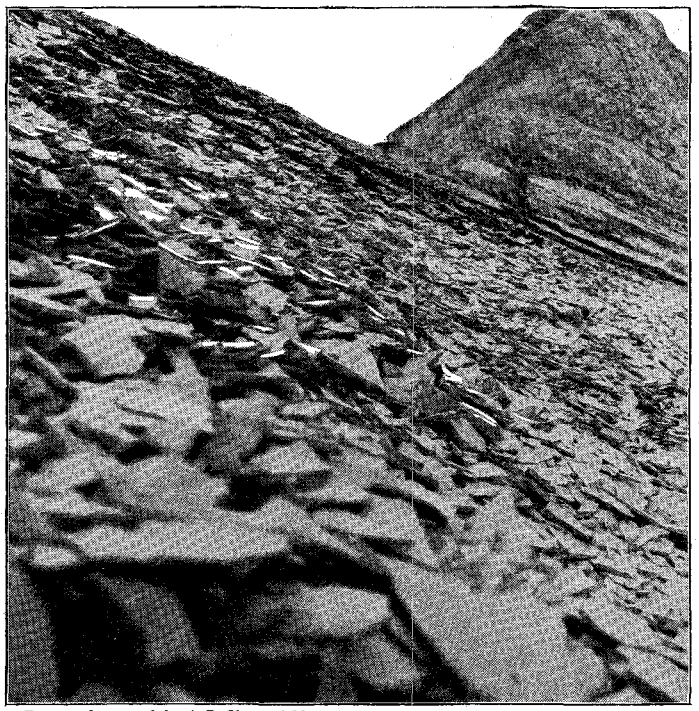
to the hills. Next morning we made a cache in the woods some distance below the moose lick. We pitched the larger tent and put some of our belongings in it, but all of the food we put on a platform fastened between two spruce-trees. The canoe we also put in the woods in a place where no tree would be likely to fall on it.



From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

We attempted to follow the ridge.—Page 727.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we struck off into the mountains with pack-sacks. We took with us a double blanket apiece, a meagre cooking-outfit, a four and a half pound forester tent of balloon silk, a strip of canvas, and provisions for about eight days. Each man had a rifle, and George carried a "half-ax."

As those who have tried it know, back-packing in the mountains is as hard work as any that can be found. I was out of practice, while it was the doctor's first experience, and bitter he found it. But we made eleven hundred feet by aneroid before camping, and as many more the next morning, and by noon topped the first ridge, which had an altitude of 5,100 feet. So far good, but when we had moved northeastward along a grassy alpine valley for a couple of miles we came to a deep cleft which reached down almost to the level of the river, and it was clear that we had left the river too soon. Here we flushed a covey of big blue grouse which alighted in a clump of balsam-trees, and the doctor shot three with a little .22 pistol.

While the doctor plucked the birds I climbed several hundred feet to the top of a ridge on the left and thence obtained at last a view of our long-sought goal. Before me, above the next range, towered the three snow-capped peaks of Mount Lloyd George, while for miles to right and left of them stretched away the great white ice-field of my dreams. It was truly a sublime spectacle, well worth the weeks of bitter effort its attainment had cost me, and yet doubts mingled with my exaltation. The mountain was farther away than I had expected, and the range between ran parallel with, not

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toward, the Lloyd George range. Clearly much hard work still lay before us. Holben's enthusiasm for the search was already visibly evaporating, the doctor's determination was stronger than his ability as a packer, and I was myself beginning to feel worn out. I realized that even yet we might have to turn back without reaching the goal.

I noticed that the valley ahead rose rapidly to westward, and in the hope that it would reach such an elevation that we would not have to descend far we followed along its rim until nearly sunset. We made camp in a little grassy glade, where dwarfed balsam-trees were handy for firewood and to supply boughs for our beds. Owing to the presence of slide rock, water was scarce, but I finally found a tiny rill and obtained a scanty supply. The rill ran through a dense willow thicket, and while I was waiting for the water to collect in a hole I had dug in the gravel I heard a noise in the thicket. Thinking it was one of my companions, I called out; as there was no answer, I realized that the noise was made by an animal of some sort. But the willows were so thick I could not see a dozen feet through. I never caught even a glimpse of the beast, but subsequently I found, about sixty feet away, the fresh tracks of a big grizzly bear.

Three hours of travel next morning found us still on the first range. Behind and far above us towered the black, craggy peaks of the culminating summit, while four hundred feet beneath us lay the barrier valley, which had, as we had hoped, risen to timber-line. Beyond this valley rose another peak, its middle slopes covered with grass and dwarf balsam, its summit a rugged mass of crumbling slate. It was an ideal game country, and, even as we sat feasting our eyes on the prospect, Chesterfield noticed a bull caribou walking along the mountain slope opposite. The animal caught sight of us almost at the same time, and when the doctor moved to obtain a better position from which to shoot, the bull turned and ran up the mountainside. But after going twenty or thirty yards his fatal curiosity got the better of him and he turned broadside on for another look. Both of us let drive but without result. The bull ran a few yards and again stopped. Quickly raising the Lyman sight on my breech-bolt from three hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty yards, I took steady aim, resting my elbows on my knees, and fired again. The Springfield bullet told with a resounding smack, and the bull went down. Soon he was up again, but it was clear that he was disabled, and we all thought from his behavior that he was hit in the lungs.

Descending into the valley, we left our packs there and climbed up to the game. We found the bull lying in some dwarf balsam. He stood up as we approached, and then we saw that he was shot through the windpipe. He was of the Osborn species, still young and with rather small antlers, from which a few strips of "velvet" were still hanging. He looked ugly and displayed a disposition to charge, but by keeping above him we managed to take a number of pictures at close range. Doodle was too venturesome. He rushed in on the bull and began snapping at his heels, whereupon the caribou charged him with surprising agility, and, striking a lightning blow with his big front feet, landed on the terrier's back. Luckily it was a glancing blow, else it would have been the end of Doodle. The terrier gave an agonized yelp and took refuge in some bushes. Thereafter he was much more wary in his demonstrations.

"We don't want to skin the bull here," said Holben presently. "We'll just drive him down into the valley."

By much shouting and throwing of sticks and stones we finally did get the bull down into the grassy pass, and there the doctor administered the *coup de grâce* with his .22 pistol. The antlers seemed hardly worth the labor of carrying out, but we took the skin, and I used it most of the rest of the trip for a bed, a purpose it served admirably. We also took as much meat as we could carry. Holben cut off the ribs on one side and roasted them before the fire. That night we ate unbelievable quantities of caribou meat, which is the best game meat I know with the exception of mountain mutton.

By noon next day, after a hard and dangerous climb over rotten slate ledges, we topped the next range and beheld a magnificent panorama. Four thousand feet beneath us lay the valley of the

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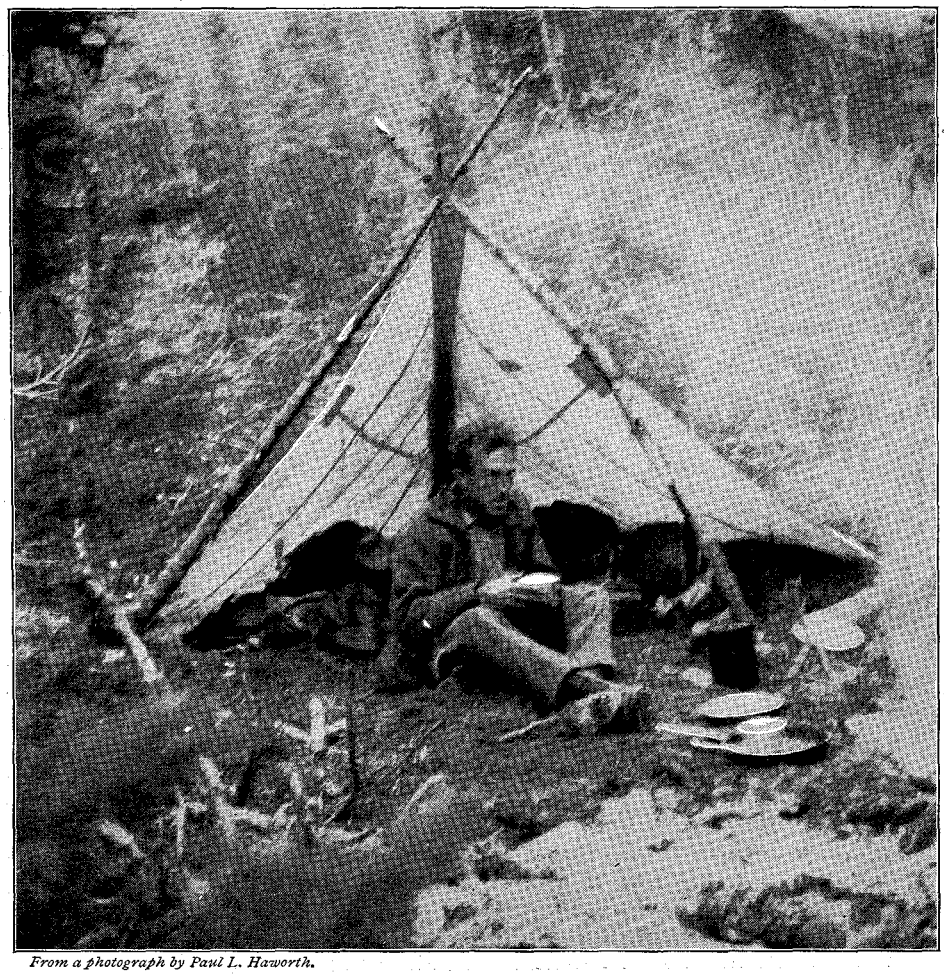

From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

The farthest camp.

North Fork, or Warneford River, while beyond towered range after range of rugged peaks. Most conspicuous, of course, were Mount Lloyd George and the great ice-field. We could see the upper part of three glacier snouts descending from the field, but their lower portions were cut off from view. Far to the northwest along the same range was another large glacier, distant perhaps twenty miles. Below it lay an emerald-green lake, probably seven or eight miles long and studded with a dozen rocky islands. This, beyond question, is the lake of which vague accounts were given by the Indians to McConnell and other earlier travellers up the Finlay. Somewhat farther down the valley were a number of large ponds, while southeast of Lloyd George lay another lake, only slightly smaller than the first and surrounded on three sides by tall mountains.

The scene held for me one big surprise. Ever since the 1916 trip I had believed that the Lloyd George glaciers drained into the East Fork, and that it was they that made "the Quadacha white." But now I saw that those before us formed the main source of Warneford River and that the white water of the East Fork must come from some other source.

Steep cliffs made any descent into the valley at that place impossible, so we moved eastward along the top of the range. Not until late in the afternoon did we reach a place where a descent seemed

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practicable, and by that time we were back to a point near but far above the East Fork of the Quadacha. For more than three days we had been travelling in a vast semicircle, and our camp that night was not more than eight miles in a direct line from our canoe and cache. It was clear that if we had ascended the river a few miles more—and we later found that this could have been done—and had then climbed the range we were now on we would have saved an immense amount of effort. But it is often so when travelling in an unexplored country.

It was evident that the task of reaching Lloyd George would still be long and difficult. We were badly worn out, so we spent the next day pottering about the camp and along the range. Next morning Holben set out for the cache to bring up more food. The doctor and I spent the two days while Holben was gone in hunting along the range to eastward. We found many old caribou tracks and droppings, and it was clear that a month earlier the animals had been there in large numbers, but they had migrated elsewhere and we saw no game larger than a ptarmigan.

We were able, however, to study the problem ahead at leisure and to obtain some fine views of Lloyd George. Two of the peaks appeared to be almost perfect cones, while the third and nearest was a rough block. When all other mountains in the region were in plain sight, the peaks of Lloyd George were often veiled in clouds. I realized that the mountain was taller than I had supposed and that the task of climbing it would be a serious one. Its height could hardly be less than 10,000 feet, which would make it considerably taller than any peak in the Rockies north of the Robson region. However, the snow-field was the biggest spectacle, even though it seemed certain that the larger part of it was out of sight on the northern slope of the range.

We were also able to obtain fairly good views of the upper Quadacha and of a fine range of snow-capped mountains in which part of it seemed to head. There are four of these peaks, and I have little doubt that the largest is the "Great Snow Mountain," seen by Frederick K. Vreeland from the Laurier Pass country in 1912. It seemed to us that one branch of the East Fork swung in behind the Lloyd George range, and I think it probable that this stream drains still greater glaciers on the north slope. But whence comes the white water of the East Fork will have to be determined by a later expedition. I may add here that on the return journey Indian Aleck, whose hunting country is the Ackié region, told me that one branch rises not far from the headwaters of the Ackié while the other heads behind Lloyd George as we surmised.

Late in the afternoon of the second day after his departure Holben returned to camp with a small load of food and with some disquieting news. He said that our last fire in the valley had caught in the peat-like soil and had burned a great hole eight or ten feet across and three or four feet deep. He had arrived just in time to save the tent and its contents, and he said that in a few hours more the fire would probably have begun running through the forest and would inevitably have destroyed both our canoe and cache. He had spent hours putting out the fire and on leaving supposed he had done so, but on the way to join us he had grown fearful that some sparks might still be smouldering and that these would start the conflagration afresh. It was greatly to our discredit as woodsmen that we had not thrown water on the fire when we left it, but only a few embers had remained, and the soil was so damp that, though Holben and I had both thought of doing so, we had each decided it to be needless.

After a consultation it was decided that Holben should return to camp and make sure while the doctor and I should go on to Lloyd George alone. I was loath to lose Holben's aid as a packer, and I knew that his help in case an accident should befall either of us would be sorely needed, but the possibility of being left five hundred and forty miles by river from railhead without either canoe or food was too serious to be contemplated lightly.

Next morning, taking our rifles, the little ax, the forester tent, a single blanket apiece, and what food we could carry, the doctor and I plunged down into the valley on our way to Lloyd George.

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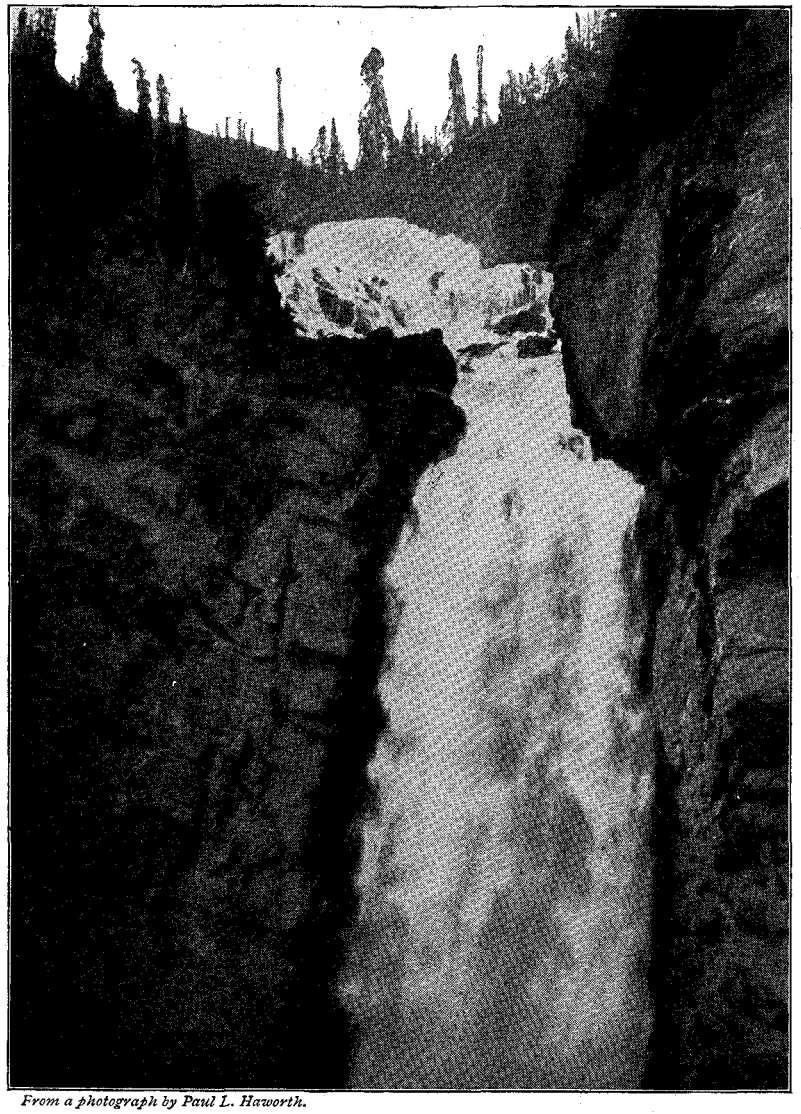
The goal we had set for that day was a small glacier on the opposite range. By a little before sunset we reached the glacier and crossed it. We had seen many caribou tracks on the way, and the snow on the ice was trampled down and in places was crimsoned with blood from the animals' soft horns, but of the caribou themselves we caught no glimpse. However, as I was selecting the site for the tent in a little glade among some balsam-trees a big cock blue grouse walked out of the grass and stood staring at us until I decapitated him with a bullet from the Springfield. Surely he was a most obliging bird! His weight was certainly not less than five pounds, and he formed the main ingredient in a toothsome mulligan that lasted for three meals.



From a photograph by Paul L. Haworth.

The top half of the falls.

Just below these the river lets go all holds and drops sheer almost two hundred feet.—Page 728.

I went to sleep that night believing that

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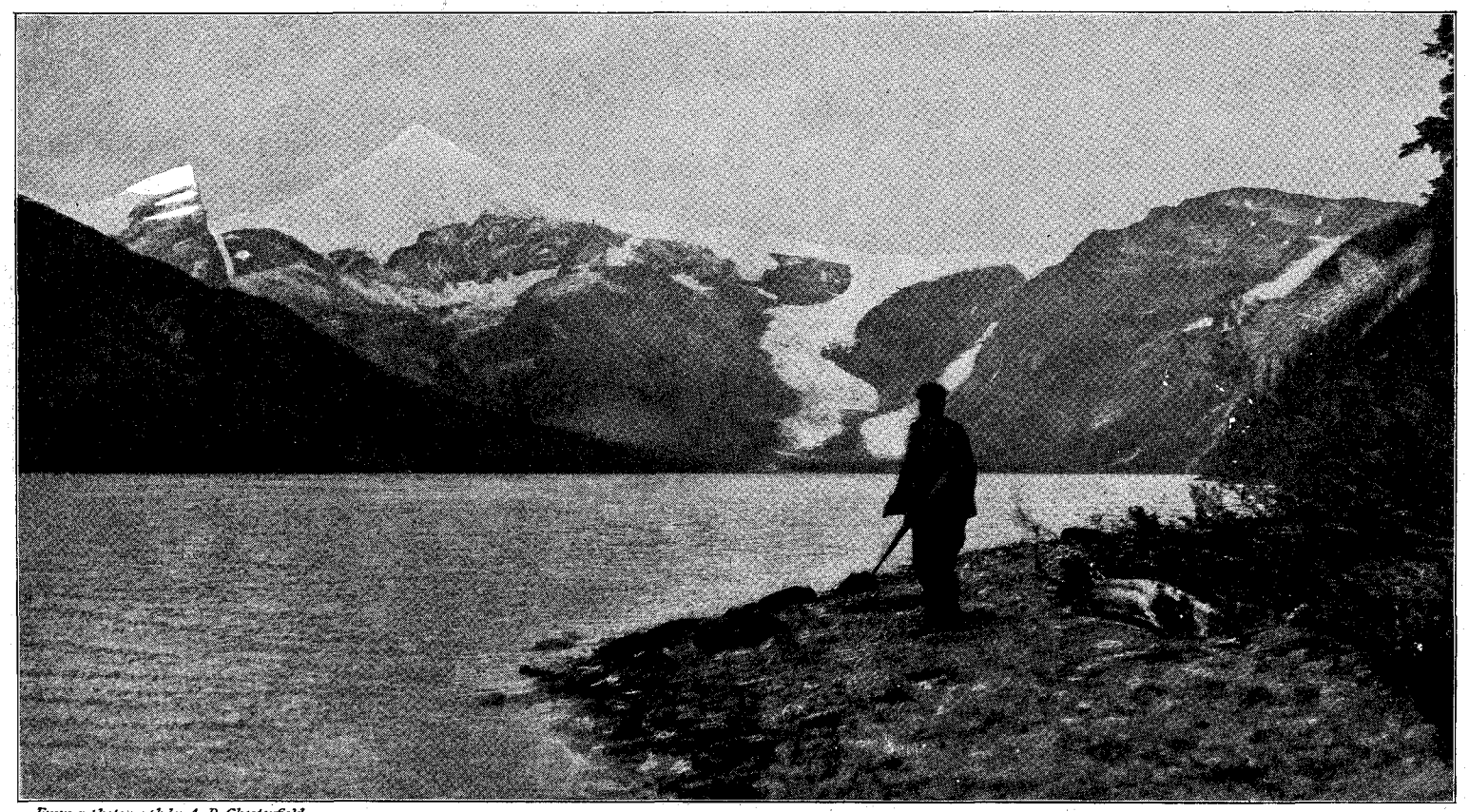

From a photograph by A. P. Chesterfield.

Mount Lloyd George taken from a point on the lake shore about two miles from the end of the glaciers. (Retouched somewhat to bring out the main peak more distinctly.)

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next day would be the crucial one of the whole trip. A high barrier ridge still lay between us and our goal, and I was not sure we would be able to pass it. Reaching a big mountain is, in fact, not unlike securing an interview with a great man: one must pass all sorts of obstacles before finally attaining the inner sanctum.

Next morning we climbed the barrier ridge, only to find that on the other side it broke down in steep precipices. We attempted to follow the ridge but speedily became involved in a tangle of impassable cliffs. Turning down into the glacial valley again, we made our way slowly over slide rock to the mountain that rose at the head of the valley, and attempted to climb round its left shoulder.

This mountain is absolutely the most barren peak it has ever been my lot to see. From the summit, on every side, down to timber-line its steep slopes are covered with slide rock, ranging from stones the size of one's fist up to huge boulders as big as a house. For hours we picked a perilous way around this peak, rarely sure of our footing and often becoming involved in frightful difficulties. But happily the slip that would have proved fatal never occurred, and about two o'clock in the afternoon we finally reached a long ridge which presently brought us in sight of what we were seeking.

Once more Lloyd George and the great ice-field loomed up before us, and we had a clear view of the three glaciers, rippling down for two thousand feet or more into the valley. In the valley itself an unexpected spectacle met our eyes: a gorgeous alpine lake, green as emerald, six or seven miles long, a mile or more wide. As usual the peaks of Lloyd George were partly veiled in clouds.

We made a miserable camp that night on a rocky shelf just at timber-line and had a hard time keeping our fire going because of shifting wind and gusts of snow and rain. By noon next day we reached the shore of the lake but rather the worse for wear. I myself was very weary, and the doctor was so exhausted that on the way down he had a sort of mental lapse. He left his rifle lying on the mountainside where we stopped for a rest, and we had gone several hundred yards before I noticed that it was missing.

"Where is your gun?" I asked him.

He held up his camera by its strap and answered in a sort of dazed way: "Isn't this it?" But presently he came to himself, and together we went back and recovered the weapon.

After lunch he had a fit of vomiting, but he insisted on accompanying me up the lake shore toward the glaciers. Leaving our pack-sacks under some spruce-trees, we set out.

Rarely have men walked amid grander surroundings, and, despite his illness, the doctor's spirits rose, while I forgot my stiffened muscles and felt only the exaltation of success. Furthermore, nature relented and furnished us a smooth, level beach on which we walked almost as upon a pavement, except that now and then we came to a bushy slide through which we must pick our way. The beach was covered with game sign, including the tracks of big grizzlies, while saplings on the slides were scarred by bull caribou and moose cleaning the velvet from their horns and testing their newly grown weapons. In the two days we were about the lake we saw six moose, all cows or calves. It was truly a virgin spot, one that seemingly never had been profaned even by the Indians.

Three hours of walking brought us within a few hundred yards of the glaciers, but here our way was barred by a limestone precipice that reached down to the water's edge. The afternoon was already nearly spent, so reluctantly we turned back toward our packs. Thus far the peaks of Lloyd George had been veiled in clouds, but for a few minutes they were revealed, and from some distance down the lake we obtained pictures that showed them in dim outline. The closer-up pictures of the glaciers unfortunately proved failures. Two of the glaciers, I may say here, descend to the lake; the third ends at a cliff hundreds of feet up, and the water from it comes tumbling down in a fine feathery cascade. The smallest is hundreds of yards wide.

It had been my hope, when I undertook the trip, to reach the top of the mountain, but I realized now that I must give up the thought. Only a larger party, well

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equipped with an alpine outfit, could safely climb those rugged slopes of ice. In our present weakened state such an attempt would have been little short of madness. For a time I considered building a raft and actually going to the foot of the glaciers, but there was little to be gained by doing so, as we had already been very close up. Furthermore, the effort would have taken a couple of days, the weather was threatening, the season was late, there was danger that we might be snowed in. So in the afternoon of the next day we took the homeward way.

I had noticed from the heights that the outlet of the lake takes a very big drop, and I had resolved to investigate this on the way back. Near the foot of the lake we passed an enormous beaver house, one of the largest I ever saw, though not quite so big as one we saw later near Quadacha Forks. We found the outlet to be a stream about eighty feet wide with a good volume of water. This little river has a descent of over a thousand feet in less than a mile. Right at the outlet there is a considerable cascade. Around a bend we came upon two more. Just below these the river lets go all holds and drops sheer almost two hundred feet, by aneroid measurement, in one of the prettiest falls one could wish to see. This final discovery formed the climax of the trip, and, needless to say, we were happy men.

The great mountain, the immense snow-field, the three rippling rivers of ice, the emerald-green lake, the superb falls, form, all in all, a combination scarcely equalled in America. But it will be many years before tourists will visit the place. Personally I am glad of it. I should hate to think of that virgin wilderness being littered with discarded lunch-boxes and the landscape scarred with automobile trails!

Four days of hard labor brought us back once more to the canoe and cache, where we found all safe. We had been absent thirteen days. The rest of our stay in the Quadacha country was devoted to hunting, and we had numerous interesting experiences. In the twilight one evening I had the good fortune to kill a bull moose that was six feet eight inches high at the shoulders and that had a fine, symmetrical spread of antlers. But of this and of a startling adventure that befell us on our way down Peace River there is not space to tell here.

We had failed to climb Mount Lloyd George, but we had reached and photographed it, had mapped Warneford River, had discovered two new lakes and definitely located a third that was known only by Indian report, and had found one of the finest falls in the world. Doubtless we should have had time and energy to do more had we not had the misfortune with our motor. As it was, we got out of the Finlay country just in time to escape the freeze-up.

There still remains a big summer's work in the Quadacha region. Some party should trace the upper reaches of the East Fork, should climb Lloyd George, and should ascertain the exact dimensions of the snow-field. Such a party should start at least a month earlier than we were able to do. I have little doubt that on the northern slope of the Lloyd George range they will find glaciers even bigger than those we saw and photographed.

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

XIX

WITH the head of that column of stalwart backwoodsmen went Dave Yandell and Erskine Dale. A hunting party of four Shawnees heard their coming through the woods, and, lying like snakes in the undergrowth, peered out and saw them pass. Then they rose, and Crooked Lightning looked at Black Wolf and, with a grunt of angry satisfaction, led the way homeward. And to the village they bore the news that White Arrow had made good his word and, side by side with the big chief of the Long Knives, was leading a war party against his tribe and kinsmen. And Early Morn carried the news to her mother, who lay sick in a wigwam.

The miracle went swiftly, and Kaskaskia fell. Stealthily a cordon of hunters surrounded the little town. The rest stole to the walls of the fort. Lights flickered from within, the sounds of violins and dancing feet came through crevice and window. Clarke's tall figure stole noiselessly into the great hall, where the Creoles were making merry and leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking on at the revels with a grave smile. The light from the torches flickered across his face, and an Indian lying on the floor sprang to his feet with a curdling war-whoop. Women screamed and men rushed toward the door. The stranger stood motionless and his grim smile was unchanged:

"Dance on!" he commanded courteously, "but remember," he added sternly, "you dance under Virginia and not Great Britain!"

There was a great noise behind him. Men dashed into the fort, and Rocheblave and his officers were prisoners. By daylight Clarke had the town disarmed. The French, Clarke said next day, could take the oath of allegiance to the Republic, or depart with their families in peace. As for their church, he had nothing to do with any church save to protect it from insult. So that the people who had heard terrible stories of the wild woodsmen and who expected to be killed or made slaves, joyfully became Americans. They even gave Clarke a volunteer company to march with him upon Cahokia, and that village, too, soon became American. Father Gibault volunteered to go to Vincennes. Vincennes gathered in the church to hear him, and then flung the Stars and Stripes to the winds of freedom above the fort. Clarke sent one captain there to take command. With a handful of hardy men who could have been controlled only by him, the dauntless one had conquered a land as big as any European kingdom. Now he had to govern and protect it. He had to keep loyal an alien race and hold his own against the British and numerous tribes of Indians, bloodthirsty, treacherous, and deeply embittered against all Americans. He was hundreds of miles from any American troops; farther still from the seat of government, and could get no advice or help for perhaps a year.

And those Indians poured into Cahokia—a horde of them from every tribe between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi—chiefs and warriors of every importance; but not before Clarke had formed and drilled four companies of volunteer Creoles.

"Watch him!" said Dave, and Erskine did, marvelling at the man's knowledge of the Indian. He did not live in the fort, but always on guard, always seemingly confident, stayed openly in town while the savages, sullen and grotesque, strutted in full war panoply through the straggling streets, inquisitive and insolent, their eyes burning with the lust of plunder and murder. For days he sat in the

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midst of the ringed warriors and listened. On the second day Erskine saw Kahtoo in the throng and Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf. After dusk that day he felt the fringe of his hunting shirt plucked, and an Indian, with face hidden in a blanket, whispered as he passed:

"Tell the big chief," he said in Shawnee, "to be on guard to-morrow night." He knew it was some kindly tribesman, and he wheeled and went to Clarke, who smiled. Already the big chief had guards concealed in his little house, who seized the attacking Indians, while two minutes later the townspeople were under arms. The captives were put in irons, and Erskine saw among them the crestfallen faces of Black Wolf and Crooked Lightning. The Indians pleaded that they were trying to test the friendship of the French for Clarke, but Clarke, refusing all requests for their release, remained silent, haughty, indifferent, fearless. He still refused to take refuge in the fort, and called in a number of ladies and gentlemen to his house, where they danced all night amid the council fires of the bewildered savages. Next morning he stood in the centre of their ringed warriors with the tasselled shirts of his riflemen massed behind him, released the captive chiefs and handed them the bloody war belt of wampum.

"I scorn your hostility and treachery. You deserve death but you shall leave in safety. In three days I shall begin war on you. If you Indians do not want your women and children killed—stop killing ours. We shall see who can make that war belt the most bloody. While you have been in my camp you have had food and fire-water, but now that I have finished, you must depart speedily."

The captive chief spoke and so did old Kahtoo, with his eyes fixed sadly but proudly on his adopted son. They had listened to bad birds and been led astray by the British—henceforth they would be friendly with the Americans. But Clarke was not satisfied:

"I come as a warrior," he said haughtily; "I shall be a friend to the friendly. If you choose war I shall send so many warriors from the Thirteen Council Fires that your land shall be darkened and you shall hear no sounds but that of the birds who live on blood." And then he handed forth two belts of peace and war, and they eagerly took the belt of peace. The treaty followed next day and Clarke insisted that two of the prisoners should be put to death; and as the two selected came forward Erskine saw Black Wolf was one. He whispered with Clarke and Kahtoo, and Crooked Lightning saw the big chief with his hand on Erskine's shoulder and heard him forgive the two and tell them to depart. And thus peace was won.

Straightway old Kahtoo pushed through the warriors and, plucking the big chief by the sleeve, pointed to Erskine:

"That is my son," he said, "and I want him to go home with me."

"He shall go," said Clarke quickly, "but he shall return, whenever it pleases him, to me."

And so Erskine went forth one morning at dawn, and his coming into the Shawnee camp was like the coming of a king. Early Morn greeted him with glowing eyes, his foster-mother brought him food, looking proudly upon him, and old Kahtoo harangued his braves around the council pole, while the prophet and Crooked Lightning sulked in their tents:

"My son spoke words of truth," he proclaimed sonorously. "He warned us against the king over the waters and told us to make friends with the Americans. We did not heed his words, and so he brought the great chief of the Long Knives, who stood without fear among warriors more numerous than leaves and spoke the same words to all. We are friends of the Long Knives. My son is the true prophet. Bring out the false one and Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf, whose life my son saved though the two were enemies. My son shall do with them as he pleases."

Many young braves sprang willingly forward and the three were haled before Erskine. Old Kahtoo waved his hand toward them and sat down. Erskine rose and fixed his eyes sternly on the cowering prophet:

"He shall go forth from the village and shall never return. For his words work mischief, he does foolish things, and his drumming frightens the game. He is a false prophet and he must go." He turned to Crooked Lightning:

"The Indians have made peace with

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the Long Knives and White Arrow would make peace with any Indian, though an enemy. Crooked Lightning shall go or stay as he pleases. Black Wolf shall stay, for the tribe will need him as a hunter and a warrior against the English foes of the Long Knives. White Arrow does not ask another to spare an enemy's life and then take it away himself."

The braves grunted approval. Black Wolf and Crooked Lightning averted their faces and the prophet shambled uneasily away. Again old Kahtoo proclaimed sonorously: "It is well!" and went back with Erskine to his tent. There he sank wearily on a buffalo skin and plead with the boy to stay with them as chief in his stead. He was very old, and now that peace was made with the Long Knives he was willing to die. If Erskine would but give his promise, he would never rise from where he lay again.

Erskine shook his head and the old man sorrowfully turned his face.

XX

And yet Erskine lingered on and on at the village. Of the white woman he had learned little other than that she had been bought from another tribe and adopted by old Kahtoo; but it was plain that since the threatened burning of her she had been held in high respect by the whole tribe. He began to wonder about her and whether she might not wish to go back to her own people. He had never talked with her, but he never moved about the camp that he did not feel her eyes upon him. And Early Morn's big soft eyes, too, never seemed to leave him. She brought him food, she sat at the door of his tent, she followed him about the village and bore herself openly as his slave. At last old Kahtoo, who would not give up his great hope, plead with him to marry her, and while he was talking the girl stood at the door of the tent and interrupted them. Her mother's eyes were growing dim, she said. Her mother wanted to talk with White Arrow and look upon his face before her sight should altogether pass. Nor could Erskine know that the white woman wanted to look into the eyes of the man she hoped would become her daughter's husband, but Kahtoo did, and he bade Erskine go. His foster-mother, coming upon the scene, scowled, but Erskine rose and went to the white woman's tent. She sat just inside the opening, with a blanket across the lower half of her face, nor did she look at him. Instead she plied him with questions, and listened eagerly to his every word, and drew from him every detail of his life as far back as he could remember. Poor soul, it was the first opportunity for many years that she had had to talk with any white person who had been in the Eastern world, and freely and frankly he held nothing back. She had drawn her blanket close across her face while he was telling of his capture by the Indians and his life among them, his escape and the death of his father, and she was crying when he finished. He even told her a little of Barbara, and when in turn he questioned her, she told little, and his own native delicacy made him understand. She, too, had been captured with a son who would have been about Erskine's age, but her boy and her husband had been killed. She had been made a slave and—now she drew the blanket across her eyes—after the birth of her daughter she felt she could never go back to her own people. Then her Indian husband had been killed and old Kahtoo had bought and adopted her, and she had not been forced to marry again. Now it was too late to leave the Indians. She loved her daughter; she would not subject her or herself to humiliation among the whites, and, anyhow, there was no one to whom she could go. And Erskine read deep into the woman's heart and his own was made sad. Her concern was with her daughter—what would become of her? Many a young brave, besides Black Wolf, had put his heart at her little feet, but she would have none of them. And so Erskine was the heaven-sent answer to the mother's prayers—that was the thought behind her mournful eyes.

All the while the girl had crouched near, looking at Erskine with doglike eyes, and when he rose to go the woman dropped the blanket from her face and got to her feet. Shyly she lifted her hands, took his face between them, bent close, and studied it searchingly:

"What is your name?"

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"Erskine Dale."

Without a word she turned back into her tent.

At dusk Erskine stood by the river's brim, with his eyes lifted to a rising moon and his thoughts with Barbara on the bank of the James. Behind him he heard a rustle and, turning, he saw the girl, her breast throbbing and her eyes burning with a light he had never seen before.

"Black Wolf will kill you," she whispered. "Black Wolf wants Early Morn and he knows that Early Morn wants White Arrow." Erskine put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. She trembled, and when his arms went about her she surged closer to him and the touch of her warm, supple body went through him like fire. And then with a triumphant smile she sprang back.

"Black Wolf will see," she whispered, and fled. Erskine sank to the ground, with his head in his hands. The girl ran back to her tent, and the mother, peering at the flushed face and shining eyes, clove to the truth. She said nothing, but when the girl was asleep and faintly smiling, the white woman sat staring out into the moonlit woods, softly beating her breast.

XXI

ERSKINE had given Black Wolf his life, and the young brave had accepted the debt and fretted under it sorely. Erskine knew it and all his kindness had been of little avail, for Black Wolf sulked sullenly by the fire or at his wigwam door. And when Erskine had begun to show some heed to Early Morn a fierce jealousy seized the savage, and his old hatred was reborn a thousandfold more strong—and that, too, Erskine now knew. Meat ran low and a hunting party went abroad. Game was scarce and only after the second day was there a kill. Erskine had sighted a huge buck, had fired quickly and at close range. Wounded, the buck had charged, Erskine's knife was twisted in his belt, and the buck was upon him before he could get it out. He tried to dart for a tree, stumbled, turned, and caught the infuriated beast by the horns. He uttered no cry, but the angry bellow of the stag reached the ears of Black Wolf through the woods, and he darted toward the sound. And he came none too soon. Erskine heard the crack of a rifle, the stag toppled over, and he saw Black Wolf standing over him with a curiously triumphant look on his saturnine face. In Erskine, when he rose, the white man was predominant, and he thrust out his hand, but Black Wolf ignored it.

"White Arrow gave Black Wolf his life. The debt is paid."

Erskine looked at his enemy, nodded, and the two bore the stag away.

Instantly a marked change was plain in Black Wolf. He told the story of the fight with the buck to all. Boldly he threw off the mantle of shame, stalked haughtily through the village and went back to open enmity with Erskine. At dusk a day or two later, when he was coming down the path from the white woman's wigwam, Black Wolf confronted him, scowling:

"Early Morn shall belong to Black Wolf," he said insolently. Erskine met his baleful, half-drunken eyes scornfully:

"We will leave that to Early Morn," he said coolly, and then thundered suddenly:

"Out of my way!"

Black Wolf hesitated and gave way, but ever thereafter Erskine was on guard.

In the white woman, too, Erskine now saw a change. Once she had encouraged him to stay with the Indians; now she lost no opportunity to urge against it. She had heard that Hamilton would try to retake Vincennes, that he was forming a great force with which to march south, sweep through Kentucky, batter down the wooden forts and force the Kentuckians behind the great mountain wall. Erskine would be needed by the whites, who would never understand or trust him if he should stay with the Indians. All this she spoke one day when Erskine came to her tent to talk. Her face had blanched, she had argued passionately that he must go, and Erskine was sorely puzzled. The girl, too, had grown rebellious and disobedient, for the change in her mother was plain also to her, and she could not understand. Moreover, Erskine's stubbornness grew, and he began to flame within at the stalking insolence of Black Wolf, who slipped through

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the shadows of day and the dusk to spy on the two wherever they came together. And one day when the sun was midway, and in the open of the village, the clash came. Black Wolf darted forth from his wigwam, his eyes bloodshot with rage and drink, and his hunting-knife in his hand. A cry from Early Morn warned Erskine and he wheeled. As Black Wolf made a vicious slash at him he sprang aside, and with his fist caught the savage in the jaw. Black Wolf fell heavily and Erskine was upon him with his own knife at his enemy's throat.

"Stop them!" old Kahtoo cried sternly, but it was the terrified shriek of the white woman that stayed Erskine's hand. Two young braves disarmed the fallen Indian, and Kahtoo looked inquiringly at his adopted son.

"Turn him loose!" Erskine scorned. "I have no fear of him. He is a woman and drunk, but next time I shall kill him."

The white woman had run down, caught Early Morn, and was leading her back to her tent. From inside presently came low, passionate pleading from the woman and an occasional sob from the girl. And when an hour later, at dusk, Erskine turned upward toward the tent, the girl gave a horrified cry, flashed from the tent, and darted for the high cliff over the river.

"Catch her!" cried the mother. "Quick!" Erskine fled after her, overtook her with her hands upraised for the plunge on the very edge of the cliff, and half carried her, struggling and sobbing, back to the tent. Within the girl dropped in a weeping heap, and with her face covered,—and the woman turned to Erskine, agonized.

"I told her," she whispered, "and she was going to kill herself. You are my son!"

Still sleepless at dawn, the boy rode Firefly into the woods. At sunset he came in, gaunt with brooding and hunger. His foster-mother brought him food, but he would not touch it. The Indian woman stared at him with keen suspicion and presently old Kahtoo, passing slowly, bent on him the same look, but asked no question. Erskine gave no heed to either, but his mother, watching from her wigwam, understood and grew fearful. Quickly she stepped outside and called him, and he rose and went to her bewildered; she was smiling.

"They are watching," she said, and Erskine, too, understood, and kept his back toward the watchers.

"I have decided," he said. "You and *she* must leave here and go with me." His mother pretended much displeasure. "She will not leave, and I will not leave her"—her lips trembled—"and I would have gone long ago but——"

"I understand," interrupted Erskine, "but you will go now with your son."

The poor woman had to scowl.

"No, and you must not tell them. They will never let me go, and they will use me to keep you here. *You* must go at once. She will never leave this tent as long as you are here, and if you stay she will die, or kill herself. Some day—" She turned abruptly and went back into her tent. Erskine wheeled and went to old Kahtoo.

"You want Early Morn?" asked the old man. "You shall have her."

"No," said the boy, "I am going back to the big chief."

"You are my son and I am old and weak."

"I am a soldier and must obey the big chief's commands, as must you."

"I shall live," said the old man wearily, "until you come again."

Erskine nodded and went for his horse. Black Wolf watched him with malignant satisfaction, but said nothing—nor did Crooked Lightning. Erskine turned once as he rode away. His mother was standing outside her wigwam. Mournfully she waved her hand. Behind her and within the tent he could see Early Morn with both hands at her breast.

XXII

DAWNED 1781.

The war was coming into Virginia at last. Virginia falling would thrust a great wedge through the centre of the Confederacy, feed the British armies and end the fight. Cornwallis was to drive the wedge and never had the opening seemed easier. Virginia was drained of her fighting men, and south of the mountains was

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protected only by a militia, for the most part, of old men and boys. North and South ran despair. The soldiers had no pay, little food, and only old worn-out coats, tattered linen overalls and one blanket between three men, to protect them from drifting snow and icy wind. Even the great Washington was near despair, and in foreign help his sole hope lay. Already the traitor, Arnold, had taken Richmond, burned warehouses, and returned, but little harassed, to Portsmouth.

In April, "the proudest man," as Mr. Jefferson said, "of the proudest nation on earth," one General Phillips, marching northward, paused opposite Richmond, and looked with amaze at the troop-crowned hills north of the river. Up there was a beardless French youth of twenty-three, with the epaulets of a major-general.

"He will not cross—hein?" said the Marquis de Lafayette. "Very well!" And they had a race for Petersburg, which the Britisher reached first and straightway fell ill of a fever at "Bollingbrook." A cannonade from the Appomattox hills saluted him.

"They will not let me die in peace," said General Phillips, but he passed, let us hope, to it, and Benedict Arnold succeeded him.

Cornwallis was coming on. Tarleton's white rangers were bedevilling the land, and it was at this time that Erskine Dale once more rode Firefly to the river James.

The boy had been two years in the wilds. When he left the Shawnee camp winter was setting in, that terrible winter of '79—of deep snow and hunger and cold. When he reached Kaskaskia, Colonel Clarke had gone to Kentucky, and Erskine found bad news. Hamilton and Hay had taken Vincennes. There Captain Helm's Creoles, as soon as they saw the redcoats, slipped away from him to surrender their arms to the British, and thus deserted by all, he and the two or three Americans with him, had to give up the fort. The French re-swore allegiance to Britain. Hamilton confiscated their liquor and broke up their billiard-tables. He let his Indians scatter to their villages, and with his regulars, volunteers, white Indian leaders and red auxiliaries, went into winter quarters. One band of Shawnees he sent to Ohio to scout and take scalps in the settlements. In the spring he would sweep Kentucky and destroy all the settlements west of the Alleghanies. So Erskine and Dave went for Clarke; and that trip neither ever forgot. Storms had followed each other since late November and the snow lay deep. Cattle and horses perished, deer and elk were found dead in the woods, and buffalo came at nightfall to old Jerome Sanders's fort for food and companionship with his starving herd. Corn gave out and no johnny-cakes were baked on long boards in front of the fire. There was no salt or vegetable food; nothing but the flesh of lean wild game. The only fat was with the bears in the hollows of trees, and every hunter was searching hollow trees. The breast of the wild turkey served for bread. Yet, while the frontiersmen remained crowded in the stockades and the men hunted and the women made clothes of tanned deer-hides, buffalo-wool cloth, and nettle-bark linen, and both hollowed "noggins" out of the knot of a tree, Clarke made his amazing march to Vincennes, recaptured it by the end of February, and sent Hamilton to Williamsburg a prisoner. Erskine plead to be allowed to take him there, but Clarke would not let him go. Permanent garrisons were placed at Vincennes and Cahokia, and at Kaskaskia. Erskine stayed to help make peace with the Indians, punish marauders and hunting bands, so that by the end of the year Clarke might sit at the Falls of the Ohio as a shield for the west and a sure guarantee that the whites would never be forced to abandon wild Kentucky.

The two years in the wilderness had left their mark on Erskine. He was tall, lean, swarthy, gaunt, and yet he was not all woodsman, for his born inheritance as gentleman had been more than emphasized by his association with Clarke and certain Creole officers in the Northwest, who had improved his French and gratified one pet wish of his life since his last visit to the James—they had taught him to fence. His mother he had not seen again, but he had learned that she was alive and not yet blind. Of Early Morn he had heard nothing at all. Once a traveller had brought word of Dane Grey.

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Grey was in Philadelphia and prominent in the gay doings of that city. He had taken part in a brilliant pageant called the Mischianza, which was staged by André, and was reported a close friend of that ill-fated young gentleman.

After the fight at Piqua with Clarke, Erskine put forth for old Jerome Sanders's fort. He found the hard days of want over. There was not only corn in plenty but wheat, potatoes, pumpkins, turnips, melons. They tapped maple-trees for sugar and had sown flax. Game was plentiful, and cattle, horses, and hogs had multiplied on cane and buffalo clover. Indeed, it was a comparatively peaceful fall, and though Clarke pled with him, Erskine stubbornly set his face for Virginia.

Honor Sanders and Polly Conrad had married, but Lydia Noe was still firm against the wooing of every young woodsman who came to the fort; and when Erskine bade her good-by and she told him to carry her love to Dave Yandell, he knew for whom she would wait forever if need be.

There were many, many travellers on the Wilderness Road now, and Colonel Dale's prophecy was coming true. The settlers were pouring in and the long, long trail was now no lonesome way.

At Williamsburg Erskine learned many things. Colonel Dale, now a general, was still with Washington and Harry was with him. Hugh was with the Virginia militia and Dave with Lafayette.

Tarleton's legion of rangers in their white uniforms were scourging Virginia as they had scourged the Carolinas. Through the James River country they had gone with fire and sword, burning houses, carrying off horses, destroying crops, burning grain in the mills, laying plantations to waste. Barbara's mother was dead. Her neighbors had moved to safety, but Barbara, he heard, still lived with old Mammy and Ephraim at Red Oaks, unless that, too, had been recently put to the torch. Where, then, would he find her?

XXIII

Down the river Erskine rode with a sad heart. At the place where he had fought with Grey he pulled Firefly to a sudden halt. There was the boundary of Red Oaks and there started a desolation that ran as far as his eye could reach. Red Oaks had not been spared, and he put Firefly to a fast gallop, with eyes strained far ahead and his heart beating with agonized foreboding and savage rage. Soon over a distant clump of trees he could see the chimneys of Barbara's home —his home, he thought helplessly—and perhaps those chimneys were all that was left. And then he saw the roof and the upper windows and the cap of the big columns unharmed, untouched, and he pulled Firefly in again, with overwhelming relief and wondered at the miracle. Again he started and again pulled in when he caught sight of three horses hitched near the stiles. Turning quickly from the road, he hid Firefly in the underbrush. Very quietly he slipped along the path by the river, and, pushing aside through the rose-bushes, lay down where unseen he could peer through the closely matted hedge. He had not long to wait. A white uniform issued from the great hall door and another and another—and after them Barbara—smiling. The boy's blood ran hot—smiling at her enemies. Two officers bowed, Barbara courtesied, and they wheeled on their heels and descended the steps. The third stayed behind a moment, bowed over her hand and kissed it. The watcher's blood turned then to liquid fire. Great God, at what price was that noble old house left standing? Grimly, swiftly Erskine turned, sliding through the bushes like a snake to the edge of the road along which they must pass. He would fight the three, for his life was worth nothing now. He heard them laughing, talking at the stiles. He heard them speak Barbara's name, and two seemed to be bantering the third, whose answering laugh seemed acquiescent and triumphant. They were coming now. The boy had his pistols out, primed and cocked. He was rising on his knees, just about to leap to his feet and out into the road, when he fell back into a startled, paralyzed, inactive heap. Glimpsed through an opening in the bushes, the leading trooper in the uniform of Tarleton's legion was none other than Dane Grey, and Erskine's brain had worked quicker than his angry heart. This was

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a mystery that must be solved before his pistols spoke. He rose crouching as the troopers rode away. At the bend of the road he saw Grey turn with a gallant sweep of his tri-cornered hat, and, swerving his head cautiously, he saw Barbara answer with a wave of her handkerchief. If Tarleton's men were around he would better leave Firefly where he was in the woods for a while. A jaybird gave out a flutelike note above his head; Erskine never saw a jaybird perched cockily on a branch that he did not think of Grey; but Grey was brave—so, too, was a jaybird. A startled gasp behind him made him wheel, pistol once more in hand, to find a negro, mouth wide open, and staring at him from the road.

"Marse Erskine!" he gasped. It was Ephraim, the boy who had led Barbara's white ponies out long, long ago, now a tall, muscular lad with an ebony face and dazzling teeth. "Whut you doin' hyeh, suh? Whar' yo' hoss? Gawd, I'se sutninly glad to see yuh." Erskine pointed to an oak.

"Right by that tree. Put him in the stable and feed him."

The negro shook his head.

"No, suh. I'll take de feed down to him. Too many redcoats messin' round heah. You bettah go in de back way—dey might see yuh."

"How is Miss Barbara?"

The negro's eyes shifted.

"She's well. Yassuh, she's well as common."

"Wasn't one of those soldiers who just rode away Mr. Dane Grey?"

The negro hesitated.

"Yassuh."

"What's he doing in a British uniform?"

The boy shifted his great shoulders uneasily and looked aside.

"I don't know, suh—I don't know nuttin."

Erskine knew he was lying, but respected his loyalty.

"Go tell Miss Barbara I'm here and then feed my horse."

"Yassuh."

Ephraim went swiftly and Erskine followed along the hedge and through the rose-bushes to the kitchen door, where Barbara's faithful old Mammy was waiting for him with a smile of welcome but with deep trouble in her eyes.

"I done tol' Miss Barbary, suh. She's waitin' fer yuh in de hall."

Barbara, standing in the hall doorway, heard his step.

"Erskine!" she cried softly, and she came to meet him, with both hands outstretched, and raised her lovely face to be kissed. "What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way to join General Lafayette."

"But you will be captured. It is dangerous. The country is full of British soldiers."

"So I know," Erskine said dryly.

"When did you get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago. I would not have been welcome just then. I waited in the hedge. I saw you had company."

"Did you see them?" she faltered.

"I even recognized one of them." Barbara sank into a chair, her elbow on one arm, her chin in her hand, her face turned, her eyes looking outdoors. She said nothing, but the toe of her slipper began to tap the floor gently. There was no further use for further indirection or concealment.

"Barbara," Erskine said with some sternness, and his tone quickened the tapping of the slipper and made her little mouth tighten, "what does all this mean?"

"Did you see," she answered, without looking at him, "that the crops were all destroyed and the cattle and horses were all gone?"

"Why did they spare the house?" The girl's bosom rose with one quick, defiant intake of breath, and for a moment she held it.

"Dane Grey saved our home."

"How?"

"He had known Colonel Tarleton in London and had done something for him over there."

"How did he get in communication with Colonel Tarleton when he was an officer in the American army?" The girl would not answer.

"Was he taken prisoner?" Still she was silent, for the sarcasm in Erskine's voice was angering her.

"He fought once under Benedict Arnold—perhaps he is fighting with him now."

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"No!" she cried hotly.

"Then he must be a——"

She did not allow him to utter the word.

"Why Mr. Grey is in British uniform is his secret—not mine."

"And why he is here is—yours."

"Exactly!" she flamed. "You are a soldier. Learn what you want to know from him. You are my cousin, but you are going beyond the rights of blood. I won't stand it—I won't stand it—from anybody."

"I don't understand you, Barbara—I don't know you. That last time it was Grey, you—and now—" he paused and, in spite of herself, her eyes flashed toward the door. Erskine saw it, drew himself erect, bowed and strode straight out. Nor did the irony of the situation so much as cross his mind—that he should be turned from his own home by the woman he loved and to whom he had given that home. Nor did he look back—else he might have seen her sink, sobbing, to the floor.

When he turned the corner of the house old Mammy and Ephraim were waiting for him at the kitchen door.

"Get Firefly, Ephraim!" he said sharply.

"Yassuh!"

At the first sight of his face Mammy had caught her hands together at her breast.

"You ain't gwine, Marse Erskine," she said tremulously. "You ain't gwine away?"

"Yes, Mammy—I must."

"You an' Miss Barbara been quoilin', Marse Erskine—you been quoilin'"—and without waiting for an answer she went on passionately: "Ole Marse an' young Marse an' Marse Hugh done gone, de niggahs all gone an' nobody lef' but me an' Ephraim—nobody lef' but me an' Ephraim to give dat little chile one crumb o' comfort. Nobody come to de house but de redcoats an' dat mean Dane Grey, an' ev'y time he come he leave Miss Barbary cryin' her little heart out. 'Tain't Miss Barbary in dar—hit's some other pusson. She ain't de same pusson—no, suh. An' lemme tell yu, lemme tell yu—ef some o' de men folks doan come back heah somehow an' look out fer dat little gal—she's a-gwine to run away wid dat mean low-down man whut just rid away from heah in a white uniform." She had startled Erskine now and she knew it.

"Dat man has got little Missus plum' witched, I tell ye—plum' witched. Hit's jes like a snake wid a catbird."

"Men have to fight, Mammy——"

"I doan keer nothin' 'bout de war."

"I'd be captured if I stayed here——"

"All I keer 'bout is my chile in dar——"

"But we'll drive out the redcoats and the whitecoats and I'll come straight here——"

"An' all de men folks leavin' her heah wid nobody but black Ephraim an' her ole Mammy." The old woman stopped her fiery harangue to listen:

"Dar now, heah dat? My chile hollerin' fer her ole Mammy." She turned her unwieldy body toward the faint cry that Erskine's heart heard better than his ears, and Erskine hurried away.

"Ephraim," he said as he swung upon Firefly, "you and Mammy keep a close watch, and if I'm needed here, come for me yourself and come fast."

"Yassuh. Marse Grey is sutn'ly up to some devilmint no which side he fightin' fer. I got a gal oveh on the aige o' de Grey plantation an' she tel' me dat Marse Dane Grey don't wear dat white uniform all de time."

"What's that—what's that?" asked Erskine.

"No, suh. She say he got an udder uniform, same as yose, an' he keeps it at her Uncle Sam's cabin an' she's seed him go dar in white an' come out in our uniform, an' al'ays at night, Marse Erskine—al'ays at night."

The negro cocked his ear suddenly.

"Take to de woods quick, Marse Erskine. Horses comin' down the road."

But the sound of coming hoof-beats had reached the woodsman's ears some seconds before the black man heard them, and already Erskine had wheeled away. And Ephraim saw Firefly skim along the edge of a blackened meadow behind its hedge of low trees.

"Gawd!" said the black boy, and he stood watching the road. A band of white-coated troopers was coming in a

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cloud of dust, and at the head of them rode Dane Grey.

"Has Captain Erskine Dale been here?" he demanded.

Ephraim had his own reason for being on the good side of the questioner, and did not even hesitate.

"Yassuh—he jes' lef'! Dar he goes now!" With a curse Grey wheeled his troopers. At that moment Firefly, with something like the waving flight of a bluebird, was leaping the meadow fence into the woods. The black boy looked after the troopers' dust.

"Gawd!" he said again, with a grin that showed every magnificent tooth in his head. "Jest as well try to ketch a streak o' lightning." And quite undisturbed he turned to tell the news to old Mammy.

(To be concluded.)

FILIPINO FEMINISM

By Emma Sarepta Yule

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN an off-hand calculation the average American would place the Oriental woman's value as a factor in the body politic very close to zero. Indeed, for him the phrase, "Oriental woman," conjures up only a weird sort of mental tapestry on which vague figures appear, some in mysterious veils through which gleam lustrous eyes, others with pitiful "lily-feet" showing below mannish trouser legs, flower like, others wearing absurd girdles, kneel on flat cushions, or stand with modest mien. To attempt to transform this fantastic picture into something more vital is not the purpose of this article. It deals, however, with a woman of the East; but one who has not been presented to the Western world by artist's brush, poet's pen, opera libretto, or suffragette fervor, nevertheless, a woman not without interest, individuality, and even picturesqueness.

Lying midway between the dainty kimono maiden of Japan and the veiled lady of India, and alongside of the "lily-footed" dame of China is the woman of the Philippines, a type of feminism unique in the Orient. A woman in whose development there has been neither seclusion, nor oppression, nor servitude. A woman who is not, and never has been, in the category of Oriental woman as popularly, and in many phases, correctly conceived.

As a point of evidence that the Filipino woman is a new type of the feminine in the East, literally the "New Woman," is the fact that during last year's session of the Philippine Congress a woman's suffrage bill was a measure which received considerable popular attention. That the measure died a committee death is no matter. The live fact remains that the first proposition pertaining to granting woman the right of the ballot, considered in a legislative body in the Orient, was in the youngest nation and through the efforts of the women of that nation.

That Filipino feminism is not in accordance with accepted ideas of Eastern women does not mean that the Filipino woman is Amazonian, militant, or even unfeminine. As a proof of her feminine characteristics, is the fact that she is a bundle of such decided contradictions, such anomalies, that the pet aphorism, "woman is unexplainable," can be applied to her with exceptional aptness.

The question of why the Filipino woman is a unique Oriental type cannot be answered with completeness at present, the ground is too new. However, some reasons obvious even to the casual observer may be given. It is a truism that the position and freedom of Western woman as compared with her Eastern sister is

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largely the result of the influence of the Christian religion. We may call St. Paul a crusty old bachelor, but we cannot deny that the home and not the harem has gone with the gospel he preached; and

Filipino Co-eds.

though he commanded that talking in meeting should be left to man, he did not forbid woman the wind-cleansed air, the golden sunlight, the great out-doors; he left her free to travel the open road of life with the "jolly heaven above and the by-way nigh." So the peculiar position of the Filipino woman among the women of the Orient, in that she walks side by side, not a pace to the rear of her man, and enjoys a freedom from hampering conventionalities, inner court, and purdah seclusion, may be largely attributed to the fact that she is the only Eastern mother who teaches "Our Father" to her little ones. It must not be overlooked, however, that the Spaniards found woman in the Philippines sharing equally with her husband the rights and duties of the home, and in case of his death inheriting half of their joint property. Respect and consideration was accorded her, and she exercised authority in the tribal community. If a chief official died and there were no male heirs, the position fell to his widow. Still, under foreign influence other than Western, religious teachings other than

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Christian, this position might have been radically changed. But during Spain's rule for three and a half centuries, it was strengthened and developed by the doctrines of Christianity.

Naturally, with the passing of the decades, the wider and closer intercourse with the lady of the fan and the mantilla and the gentleman from the land of the chivalrous Don Quixote, and the intermarrying between the two races, the customs, as to what were proper conventionalities regarding woman, became in outward form that of the Spanish. In dress, many of the accessories were adopted, but not the fundamentals. The costume of the Filipino woman is individual, her own. These acquired habits of life filtered in varying degrees from the relatively small group directly influenced down through all the strata of society. That is, society that lived "under the bells." The term Filipino, unmodified, always means the Christian part of the population.

In the twenty years of American control in the islands, prepared as she was by racial tendency and religion, the Filipino woman has responded in a remarkable degree in thought and aspiration to the new influence. In all classes the personal diameter has lengthened amazingly. The establishment of the public school system with co-education the rule from the primary through the university has had an awakening effect that increases tremendously each year. There are, of course, many who still prefer the convent or private school for their daughters, but the illuminating point is, that in no other Eastern country is co-education even among the possibilities.

Considered, practically, as an asset in the material progress of the archipelago, the Filipino woman is no negligible quantity. In the economic problem her value does not lie in proximity to zero, not by any means. The Philippine Census of 1903, the only official census of the islands, states that "the proportion of women engaged in gainful occupations in the Philippines is more than double that of the United States and three times that of Porto Rico, and more than three times that of Cuba." As statistics have a habit of doing, these figures do not tell the exact truth. The Filipino women are not such industrious bees as might be gathered from the above. The following explanation may modify conclusions drawn from the figures. The economy of the Filipino household may be compared with the European in the eighteenth century with this difference. The European household was self-subsisting, manufacturing largely all needs of both household and family, but the women were not counted as wage-earners. In the Philippines, because of distribution of raw material, which is rarely cultivated, and often because of some freak of chance, each little community has its special products manufactured by woman's hands. These products, through the channels of trade, are exchanged. Hence the women are engaged in gainful occupations. This division of labor which exists in all parts of the country and the stage of household economy explains the unusually large proportion of women wage-earners given not only in the census report, but also by other authorities.

In this same census report the number of women given as engaged in trade and transportation is greater than in the other named regions. These figures so far as trade is concerned speak truth, and with proper interpretation, in transportation also. The town market and the little *tienda*, or shop, are the marts of exchange in the Philippines. The Filipino woman is the *tiendera* and the stall proprietor in the market. A man in such business is the exception, not the rule. Though not in any sense a beast of burden, the quantity of commodities that woman transports from place to place in baskets balanced on top of her head, is no small amount. But a woman is never seen driving any sort of vehicle. This is one of the peculiarities of Filipino feminism. Women ride to market with the produce, unless they carry it, and are in every way in charge, the men are mere supers. On market days, the little box-like *carretelas* are piled full of products, garden and manufactured, and women of all ages are perilously perched on top, but the driver is of the masculine gender. And as for a girl or woman on horseback or on a bicycle either for pleasure or business, it simply is not done, and never has been done, nor

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does the most ultra drive her motor-car. Why not? "It is not *costumbre*."

Among the bulk of the population, the masses, one cannot use the term middle class in its accurate sense, as that class is only evolving, or rather under American influence is beginning to evolve, the wife is usually more than the home-keeper, she is a definite wage-earner, literally the helpmeet of her husband. She has time to aid in getting the living for the family as her housekeeping duties are light, exceedingly light, and not very well performed according to our Western ideas.

If the husband be a farmer, and that is the leading occupation of the Filipino, the wife helps in many parts of the work. She aids in transplanting the rice, in harvesting it, and in threshing when this is done by stamping the grain out with the feet. Husking, or hulling the rice by pounding it in a mortar, winnowing it by means of hand-woven baskets and mats are tasks of the wife and daughters, though at times the whole family work together. It may be remarked that the farmer's wife does not work for, but with her husband in pleasant comradeship. If the crop be cocoanut, sugar, or hemp, here again her hands give willing aid in the lighter parts of the work. In tobacco-growing more than in any other crop the work of woman is of value. One thing is noticeable, that the Filipino woman is rarely seen performing heavy work; carrying burdensome loads fit only for animals as may be seen in China and Japan, and in some countries in Europe. She is not seen working on roads, around docks, neither does she dig or plough the soil on the farm. In these bucolic phases of feminine endeavor one is struck again by what seems a contradiction or, at least, singular. Filipino women no matter of what class, farmer's wife, laborer's wife, or wife of lawyer or merchant, do no gardening, they do not even make flower-gardens. They are not even interested. Nor do they pay much attention to poultry-raising. In fact they are engaged in none of the lighter, thrifty, healthful outdoor occupations which the world considers as woman's almost exclusive province.

As a shopkeeper and in the market stall the Filipino woman excels. To quote a man: "Women are the best merchants as they are great talkers and have such winning ways and captivating manners, that people cannot help buying."

The Filipino woman's productive industries carried on at home are varied. The cloth-weaving, whether the gossamer *piña* of the Visayan Islands, or the heavy, colored cotton blankets of the Ilocano Provinces, is done by her skilful hands. The fine embroidery and lace making, the mat and hat weaving, in some places the pottery making, are woman's special products. To this list might be added some food products which have a limited market. An old industry, that in recent years has developed into an item of financial importance, is the tying of fibres of abaca, or hemp, with a weaver's knot, forming a continuous strand ready for use in making hat braids and textiles. This tied, or knotted abaca is becoming an export of considerable value.

In Manila, the only factory centre, an average proportion of the employees are women. The needlework in the embroidery firms is done by women, but the Filipino designers and pattern-makers are young men.

As with the pattern-making the division by sex of employment in other lines is unusual. Successful in merchandizing in accustomed spheres women are not good saleswomen in larger shops with a cosmopolitan trade. Of the Shylocks in the country, and they are numerous, probably the majority are of the feminine gender. On the new jitney line in Manila the conductors are young women. Next to teaching and nursing the most popular profession among young women is pharmacy. Instances could be multiplied which show that occupations so far as sex is concerned are not filled according to accepted rule. As children's nurses the women are good, but boys and men are better, more reliable, more patient. Girls and women are seldom employed as household or hotel servants. This work is done almost entirely by men and boys. One cannot even conceive of training a girl for such service. She appears lacking in all the qualities which one is accustomed to believe inherent in woman in relation to household service. The Martha spirit seems strikingly absent in the make-

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up of the Filipino woman. One is at times forced to the belief that the men are more "cumbered about much serving."

In the days of Spanish control the women of the Philippines engaged in almost no occupation that took them away from home. Educational opportunities were far, far more limited for girls than for boys. Even at present if there must be a choice, the boy is given the preference by the family in the matter of education. It goes farther than a preference. There is a decided opinion, even among girls themselves, that anything beyond intermediate education is folly. For, as they and their parents say, what is the use, the girl will marry and then she will not need book education. Consequently, in the high schools and colleges the boys far outnumber the girls. It is the American attitude of the middle nineteenth century, only very much narrowed. In Spanish times the only profession open to women was teaching. True, very few were so employed, but the custom was established in those past days, yet at the present, the men in the profession are more than one hundred per cent in the majority.

The girls who follow the lure of learning walk with no hesitating shy steps.

Red Cross parade in a provincial town in December drive, 1918.

Though passing through the wide-open doors of high schools and the colleges of the university in relatively small numbers, the Filipino "Co-ed" is emphatically present in all the activities of school life. Man may be in the majority, but woman is not a passive minority. She meets him on the tennis-court, plays his game of volley ball, indoor baseball, and basket-ball, and roots with enthusiasm, though not wildly, for her favorites on the diamond. In the classroom she stands in fairly good alignment with her brothers. She throws down the gantlet on the debating forum. She foxtrots,

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and she flirts according to ritual. She is one hundred per cent "Co-ed."

To-day, in the world's broad field of battle no sphere is closed to her. The inherent independence and vigor of character which the Filipino "lesser man" possesses is evidenced in the fact that, with so short a period of opportunity and preparation, she is found at work in so many lines. Outside the occupations of production and distribution of commodities women are extensively and satisfactorily employed in clerical work, particularly stenography. The nurse's white cap is familiar in all larger towns. In teaching, woman is in the ranks from primary grade to college instructor. Several follow the profession of healing, and Manila boasts a small group of Portias.

In business, it is the verdict of foreigners in the islands, that they would rather deal with the Filipino women than the men. It is conceded that they are keener, far more to be relied upon to keep their word as to time, materials, and other essentials. That is, they do business more nearly on Western principles. There are many Filipino women who are property holders, and who manage their holdings and business with shrewdness and decided ability. Marriage does not mean the yielding of the management of inherited or acquired property to the control of the husband. Not at all. The typical Filipino woman would never think of such a thing. On the contrary, more than one case could be cited where the husband having brought the family property to the abyss of bankruptcy, the wife assumed control and by economy and keenness not only saved the business, but extended it, and on a sound basis. The most prosperous contractor for gravel and sand in Manila is a woman. Her success is partly due to her promptness in filling orders and her square dealing. The best paying iron-mine (until the Japanese recently bought one) in the islands is owned and managed by a woman. Local history tells that in the eighteenth century the placer gold-mining industry at Paracale, the largest placer-mining region in the Philippines, was managed by a woman. The industry suffered from the depredations of pirates. Did she give up the job? No, indeed. She petitioned the King of Spain, so runs the tale, for better means of protection. The ruins of the protection secured still stand at Paracale and the gold hen and chickens which she sent with her petition as a gift to the Queen are in the museum at Madrid.

It is so common a thing that it does not cause the comment that it would in the United States to find a woman managing a rice farm, a cocoanut, or sugar plantation. Frequently women are sole or part owners in rice mills, oil mills, and similar enterprises. The equal inheritance law which obtained even in ante-Spanish days accounts partially for the rather unusual business activity among the women of the islands. Sisters share equally with their brothers the property left them by their parents, so this often throws the care and management of business directly into woman's hands, and she has proven equal to the task. The following case is in no way extraordinary. In a rich valley of northern Luzon is a large rice plantation. The owner, a widow, has managed the estate for some years, and educated two sons and a daughter. The thing that amazes is, that the boys are being well fitted, one for clerical work, the other for the occupation of a civil engineer, while the daughter, though the youngest of the three and still in college, has always had it impressed upon her that her career will be the managing of the estate, and she has been by actual experience trained in the trading and bartering with the mountain people that is a part of the business. The Filipino wonders at the foreigner's surprise and interest in such cases. To him they are the natural ordinary conditions of life.

In view of the industrial value of the Filipino woman the logical query is: What sort of a woman is she? Has she charm of personality; is she feminine? Or is she that human hybrid, a mannish woman? Assuredly the Filipino woman has much feminine charm. The matron as well as the maiden has natural grace, particularly in movement of head, arms, and hands. She is usually vivacious, but seldom appealing in manner. Even when driving a hard bargain she is affable, gracious. Assurance she does not lack,

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every movement, from the poise of her head to the not particularly graceful swing of her body, expresses self-confidence and not infrequently aggressiveness. She looks the whole world in the face with a fearlessness of expression born of an inner consciousness of being perfectly able to cope with anything that offers. The lack of hesitancy, the matter-of-course assumption of capability is almost disconcerting to a stranger. Yet she is not noisy or bold in manner, simply confident, the woman unafraid.

From the masculine sex, the woman of the Philippines demands and receives courtesy of the drawing-room species tinctured with an almost slavish consideration. There is none of the give-and-take equality and frank comradeship that exists in America. The men, especially the young men, are abject and the girls selfishly absurd in their demands. And the chivalry is saturated with a perfervid sentimentality admitted and expressed with a delightful frankness, the result of grafting a Latin scion on a tropical Asiatic stock.

The Filipino woman has all the love of personal adornment that belongs to a normal daughter of Eve. Jewelled hairpins, perfume, and powder-puff are essentials in an every-day toilette. After one becomes accustomed to the native dress it is realized that the dame of the Philippines is neat and particular about her attire. The stiff transparent, wing-like sleeves, and carefully folded huge bertha-shaped collar, also of thin stiff material, the most individual features of her costume, are always fresh, never mussed, nor wrinkled. The same may be said of her long sweeping starched skirt. Her straight smooth hair is, as a rule, simply dressed, and is invariably neat.

That the Filipino woman cannot be classed as an economic parasite is evident. But what about her worth in things not so material, but yet of tremendous value in the scheme of things?

Socially, she ranks equal with man. As a factor in society usually she is less prominent after marriage than before. Here the tinge of the East is visible. Her instinct, created by custom, is to sink into the background in the social life of her home and of the community when she assumes the dignity of matron. Another incongruity with her wonted attitude. When her husband has guests she hies to the kitchen to superintend the preparation of food which is so important a part in Filipino hospitality. Frequently, a daughter in early teens will act as hostess when her father has guests. This is not due to want of admiration or respect for the mother nor is she a household drudge. It is just a custom which is more nearly allied to the custom in Japanese homes than to that followed in Western homes. Were the guests friends of the son or daughter the mother would probably not appear. But these little customs aside, woman collectively and individually is of influence and wields power in the part of the community life that comes under the head of social.

As a moral force in the family, one may make the assertion and be far within the truth, that woman outranks man in *las Islas Filipinas*. To quote a Filipino youth: "Much can be said in pro of her in this connection, and little can be mentioned in con of her." She is the guiding, moulding influence in her son's life as well as in her daughter's. One cannot talk with a Filipino youth for long and not be impressed with the value he places on his mother and her judgment. This impression is given indirectly for he probably will speak of her seldom, but the esteem in which he holds her is revealed in many ways. The friends and family of a wayward and extravagant young man often feel relief and shift responsibility when he marries. The right of the wife to hold a good firm check-rein on her husband is recognized, and very often she holds it with skill as well as strength. Ambition to stand well, to accumulate, to give the children opportunities is generally greater in the wife than in the husband. "Ruined by his wife's extravagance" is a verdict never heard in the Philippines. Custom as well as character gives the wife the right to be dictator on the home "ways and means" committee. She is *de facto* family treasurer. All family revenue is given to her, and she it is who has the final say as to how it will be spent. The custom is rigid. It must not be inferred, however, that family finances are never

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squandered at the cockpit or in other forms of gambling or useless extravagance. Some men, like Sentimental Tommy, always "find a way" to provide a sinking fund of their own for such diversions. But it is markedly true that the thought of the "wife Kate" at home "nursing her wrath"—and the Filipino Kate has a tongue as well as wrath—sends even forehanded gaming Tam O'Shanter homeward often when he fain would stay a bit longer with unattached "Souter Johnnies." It must in fairness be told that the votaries of the god of Chance are not all of the sterner sex. Not a few *señoras* love to "sit in" at a game, but, being canny, they do not greatly deplete their exchequers.

Some power has created a remarkably strong love for home in the Filipino. It is one of his beautiful characteristics. Looking at the little cramped, cheerless shack, that is "home" for the majority, one wonders at this love. The house and surroundings do not speak of comfort, beauty, or anything that means homelike. One can but conclude that the occult attraction is love—and the greatest is mother love. The attraction cannot be aught that is material, for the house is

"Close up" of some of the Filipino women who took an active part in Fourth Liberty Loan drive and parade in Manila.

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usually a temporary affair, family possessions are so few and ephemeral in nature, that the heart-strings could really find nothing to twine about. There is not even an old oaken bucket. And strangely, one rarely hears a Filipino refer to any natural feature near his home.

"Woodman spare that tree
In youth it sheltered me"

has no meaning for him. Apparently, he has no old "Swimmin' hole," no chattering brook, no green hill. Consequently, his love for home, warm though it is, cannot at all signify or include what it does to many other people; love of house, some particular chair; a remembered vista from a doorway; a tree, or vine from the "little window where the sun came peeping in at morn," an old swing, an apple-tree, a brook, a blush-rose bush. His tie is human affection alone. And that the Filipino's love for home should be so strong testifies to the tenderness, the sheltering strength of the love that surrounded his youthful years.

Definite organized efforts in social service, civic improvement, and all allied lines of endeavor are not within the Filipino woman's sphere of influence, or rather were not. Under the tutelage of, and in co-operation with, American women, in Food Campaign, and Red Cross work she is making a start that promises success. The Fourth Liberty Loan drive in the Philippines was called the Woman's Drive, so prominent a part did women take in it, and the Filipino women nobly did their share. Food Campaign work was the impelling force or opportunity for starting a Woman's Club movement. Many clubs were organized in the provinces. Various kinds of co-operative associations among women exist in the islands, some of them old, almost ancient, but an honest-to-goodness civic club is brand-new, hence the significance of the spread of the movement. May, 1919, will be an historic date in the annals of women's clubs in the Philippines, for it marked the meeting of the first insular woman's club convention in the country. Considering her brief experience as a modern public worker, the Filipino woman shows ability and enthusiasm. As in other things she has demonstrated her persistence, one logically believes she will in this. She is a campaigner of no mean order, and possesses forensic eloquence that makes her no weak adversary. When on the platform she is free from self-consciousness, a characteristic noticeable also in Filipino men, in fact in all Orientals, even when inexperienced in oratorical aviation. At the big rally in Manila for the Fourth Liberty Loan one of the most forceful speakers was a Filipino woman. The present suffrage movement is undoubtedly an indirect result of the war activities among the women. Another bit of Hun work adverse man might say.

What of the future? Is the Filipino woman as a militant in advance of her country's onward march? With popular education each year sweeping more girls out of the home into all kinds of productive occupations, with the more than usual share of responsibility already resting on her shoulders, with her imperious demands upon and from man, it would seem well, not for the Filipino woman, but for the man to cry: "Watchman what of the night?" What sort of a nation will evolve where man supinely shifts so much of his normal responsibility as bread-winner, home builder? Tamely surrenders authority, submits to absurd demands, for with all her capability the Filipino woman is femininely or *femininshly* capricious. It is not in the industrial competition alone that the danger-signal flies, but in the mental attitude that accords to woman an exceptional homage and accepts smilingly her anomalous assumption of burdens that should rest on man's shoulders.

Who knows? It may be written in the book of destiny that on these lovely isles where the "lisp of the split banana-frond talks us to sleep," where the lotos tempts to dreamy contemplation, and the hibiscus sways its bell of flame; but the modest violet does not bloom, nor the element-defying pine point straight to heaven, nor the sturdy oak find sustenance—here will be the Altruria of feminism. A land of perfect sex equality with apathetic chivalry tipping the scale a trifle in favor of gentle woman.

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A NECESSARY DEPENDENT

By Sarah Atherton

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

ANDREAS MICKALAVITCH wakened, bewildered. The mists of sleep still dimmed his eyes, but the faint streaks of coming dawn revealed unmistakably strange and unaccustomed things—lofty ceilings, tall windows with dark shades and iron bars. The bed in which he lay was one of a long row. He felt strangely faint and bodiless.

Was he dead, and this purgatory? Had he been drafted, though a miner, sent to the war and wounded? Perhaps there had been an accident at the mine. He held up his hands. Their blue powder-marks, every line and muscle of their swart strength reassured him of his own reality. They proved he was not dead. He took a long breath, and tightened the muscles of his legs. Cautiously he shifted his feet. No pain resulted. Then he was not injured.

Beyond the iron bars at the windows he saw mountains, familiar, but not precisely known—wooded mountains in the fresh green of spring. By sitting up in bed, he saw the tops of the elms which sentinelled the river. Beyond lay the bridge, a group of houses, and the hacked-out roof line of Colliery Number Four. That must be Plymouth, but where was he on the opposite side of the river?

"Retreat!" The idea caught him in the ribs. He could not get his breath. He was in the County Poorhouse and Insane Asylum. He remembered its brick, many-eyed façade, grim and self-righteous. The establishment itself was adequate, however its individual inmates may have failed in their journey through life. Andreas felt the desolation expressed in the hushed tone in which men and women of the valley speak of "Retreat." The vicissitudes of life in the coal regions sometimes make it necessary for highly respected families to mention it. However gallantly they begin, as though they spoke of a vacation at the shore, their voices invariably grow hushed at the word itself.

He pushed the upstanding black hair flat against his head. This situation needed clear thinking, and his had been along different lines. He was a good miner, but something unaccounted for had happened to him. The thought of laying a charge, setting the fuse, and awaiting that hollow boom suddenly appeared impossible. He could not do it again. What if he killed his laborer? Had he blown some one to pieces? Was that why he was here? He could not tell. How long had he been here? Where were Martha and the boy? A sense of distress and misfortune hung over the past which he could not clear.

He buried his face in the pillow in his effort to remember. If some accident had happened through his fault, it would be better to stay hidden where he was, if it were not for Martha. His life seemed to him now to have been drudgery, with no promise of change—cycles of effort punctuated by pay-days, a feeling of security for a day or so, then that pressing sense that he was laying up nothing for the future. What would happen when any of the wheels in their three lives missed a cog? Even the leisure hour after supper at the saloon, with pipe and friends and a drink, was flat and empty.

The only reason for him to get well was his wife's inability to get along without him. She was more dependent than other women. She spoke practically no English, and at certain times in her career had refused to speak even her native tongue. What would happen to her, and almost as problematical, what would happen to the authorities in case one of her baffling silences descended upon them?

Even if she could find her way to the big houses where beggars go, he knew

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that she would never beg. Martha could be persuaded to take the trolley only about twice a winter, and then after weeks of due consideration, buttressed on one side by her husband, on the other by her little son. When they walked along the crowded Public Square she always kept tight hold of her husband's hand, quite as though they were alone, walking up the Hunlock Gorge. He would have preferred not to walk that way, yet even through his embarrassment he realized that Martha did not look silly as one might imagine.

The fog in his brain began to clear. His last memory of her was in her blue gingham dress. She had brought his supper to him as he lay on the bed. She had put a newspaper between him and the lamp. With his heavy mine boots still on, he had thrown himself down, careless of her patchwork quilt. He could not touch his supper. That night he had felt as though everything were tumbling in upon him. He remembered his wife saying, gently apologetic, with an intimation that anything so wide-spread somewhat lost its tragedy: "Everybody sick, Andreas, but better soon."

He had heard a woman crying in the next room, and had recognized the broken tones of their neighbor, Therese, saying over and over: "David, my little David."

He had thought "How terrible!" Then, as the cries continued: "Must she go on crying in my house?"

Martha's face, so all of one tone as a rule, that night had shown darker on her cheek-bones, and her eyes were very bright. It was all clear to him now. It was the "flu."

That mysterious visitant had stalked along the unpaved gutters of Daisy Lane with terrible impartiality. (The preceding angel who marked door posts for plague exemption for the first-born had naturally found her way first along the broad avenues. Even the most modern agencies had never attempted to include the outlying districts in their surveys. What could one expect of an old-fashioned angel?) Had his wife been sick too? and the boy? He straightened his shoulders. This was no time for idle thought. If the authorities would let him, he would start to walk to Daisy Lane this very day. If not, he would go during the night. He ought to get there with six hours' walking. "Plymouth, Breslau, Larksville, Swoyerville, and Maltby," he tolled over on his fingers. His ability to do this increased his self-possession.

The step of a nurse who might divine his thought made him put his hands suddenly under the covers. She passed down the ward with serene and appraising look. He found his rumbling voice in time to call, "High, ma'am."

She turned and came to his side. He looked up at her and found her an unfamiliar creature. Her regular features, erect carriage, the transcendental folds of her stiff uniform increased his sense of her detachment and self-adequacy.

"Ma'am," he continued, "how long I been here?"

She leaned as though to look at the top of his bed, then replied: "Eight weeks."

Did the bed tell her? He wondered how. Later, after she had gone, he discovered a paper, with red tracings like the map of a coal vein, hung by little hooks to the head of his bed. This, he had a distinct feeling, had had some connection with her glib knowledge.

"Me much sick, then?" He continued.

"You are a great deal better," she added in a firm heartening voice.

He cleared his throat, then said: "An' my woman? She aw' right?"

"She is well of the flu and at work in a lace mill. A boy named Stephen came on Sunday to ask about you. He said everything was all right. They do not want you to worry or feel hurried. She likes her work."

Martha was going to have a new baby in four months. He longed to ask about that, but the nurse looked as though she would not understand, so he added: "Me go home pretty soon?"

"Quite soon," she replied; "as soon as the doctor says you may."

Andreas bit his lip, for it trembled. "She too damn good," he muttered at her retreating back.

Then the strength ebbed from his spine. He put his face behind his arm. From the moment of the receipt of that cheering news of wife and home he took a turn for the worse. His memory and wits had returned to him, apparently,

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only to make him a more susceptible victim of the blues.

Often through the next two weeks the doctor would look at his eagle-like profile, becoming more clear-cut against the pillow. Under his swarthy skin the blue pallor below his eyes widened. At the end of the ward the doctor asked: "Is Number Eight worrying about anything? He seems hopeless. Has he a family in this country?"

Diana-like Miss Adams replied: "Yes, doctor. I was able to give him good news of them only two weeks ago."

"I can't account for his turn for the worse," thought the doctor; what he said was, "An interesting case," but looked as though he knew more than he would tell.

Miss Adams thought, "Wonder if he has any idea of what can be the matter?" but said, "Yes, sir," and bowed with the time-worn nonchalance that the most careless Indians give to the great god Budd.

On the following Tuesday afternoon, a steady rain was falling on the slate roofs. The rattle of water leaking from a gutter was the only sound in the ward. Andreas lay motionless, his eyes fixed upon the cracks in the ceiling.

"Mill not so hard as housework," he was repeating over to himself. He had been blind to believe that she could not get on without him. Yet his present vision left him nothing to live for. For the first time he had visualized her working day in their kitchen. At dawn she crept down-stairs to shake the fire and put on the kettle. At four in the afternoon she heard his heavy boots on the step, when he came in as grotesquely black as a minstrel, otherwise looking more like a day's work than an evening's entertainment. He found always waiting for him the wash-tub and the water, hot, for his scrub. Never once in the four years they had lived together had he waited for the water to be heated, and yet her day's work varied with the season, and from one day to another in the week. He thought of much that had never occurred to him before. Women not only worked ten hours a day, but they had children. They took care of them on top of a day's work. Union men would strike under such a condition. His former idea of her, little helpless one, being dependent upon him, the worker, now made a mirthless smile flicker under his mustache. Yet the discovery of her strength kept him weak.

The sound of footsteps now made him turn toward the door. A timid, cloaked figure, preceded by the nurse, was making her way toward his bed. By his side stood Martha, his wife, unchanged.

The nurse departed. The crackling starch of her uniform gave precise bulletins on the speed of her retreat. His wife took his hand. They looked at one another.

The oval of her face, her quiet hazel eyes with full lids, her indeterminate hair, even the droop of her shoulders, were reminiscent of an early madonna *in tempora*. She was of that singularly pure type of the rain-worn women on the early Gothic churches in France. Andreas only realized that there was no one quite like her. He looked up at her as the healing madonna at Lourdes is gazed upon.

Her yellow-brimmed straw hat had lost its American tendencies before it went to the second-hand store. On Martha it had taken on the exact line of a low-set halo. The pink ribbon and single daisy which had been her idea of adequacy without sensationalism were not visible to him from where he lay. He kept turning her wedding-ring about her finger. They were in a ward, so he must ask about the mill and such things.

In a cheerful voice, which nevertheless broke on the word "housework," he inquired: "You like the mill better than housework?"

She looked at him, then raised those heavy lids and shook her head. Leaning closer, she whispered in their native tongue: "I can't get on any longer without you. I have come to take you back or I will stay here with you. I can't go on alone. It's no use. I have tried."

Warmth surged up into his throat. He managed to say: "How did you come all this way by yourself?"

She sighed. Martha did everything to a slower rhythm than other people in America. It rested him. She had had to wait until Therese's brother could take

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Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

At four in the afternoon she heard his heavy boots on the step.—Page 749.

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a day off from the mines, when he could bring her.

And the mill? She sighed again. Gradually she unfolded to Andreas the facts which filled in the blank period in his past. He had been so sick that he had not known her for a long time. She had protested in vain when they had put him into the ambulance. The man had on a blue uniform and silver badge. Then she had waited days and days for him to come back. At last the money was all gone. She gave up the house, and then went to his stepmother's. There she had stayed five weeks. But the floods of objections from her sister-in-law kept her miserable. Many times she would not go to meals unless they asked her. Everything was so dear now. At length her sister-in-law, glitteringly efficient in the English language, had announced that she was going to take her to "Uncivil Relief Committee for Poor Peoples in tall bank building." Martha, exhausted after this lone attempt to speak English, lapsed back into Polish.

They had gone. Andreas had a vision of the two women stepping into the bronze elevator, that sister-in-law in her cheap American splendor, majenta areas on her high cheek-bones, wide ankles in transparent lace stockings, wide feet in pointed slippers, and strong perfume. Andreas was not insensible to these things, but his eyes turned loyally toward his wife as she sat by his side. The poor in Bible times, or the Middle Ages, might indeed have worn her clothes. They were annual, international sort of garments, worn by the poor of all time.

Andreas had had no previous experience to enable him to visualize what took place after the women went into the office. Martha only gave him the salient points as they appeared to her. They had seated themselves humbly before the relief agent. She had turned upon them that clear look, so restful to the world-worn—the look which comes from the unity of purpose based on the incontrovertible fact that "life is real, life is earnest." The agent questioned them, consulted cards, telephoned, and at length turned and said, "Red Cross will pay rent, you can be searcher in lace mill," in the touching faith, shared by many of her co-workers in the coal regions, that foreigners can understand the English tongue, if only it is expurgated of its articles—all the "the's" and "a's." She repeated her generous ultimatum without obtaining the slightest response from Martha. Had she not understood? The sister-in-law was asked again to repeat everything in Polish. This she did, with vociferous wags of her yellow head. Martha remained as immovable as a Gothic figure. Opposition would have been less baffling than her terrifying non-resistance which withheld all acquiescence. The sister-in-law explained that she was often like that. The adviser, with an institutional leniency in her voice, reminded her that she had better like her suggestion, as it was the only opening for her except, of course, "Retreat." After she had been there for the three months the law allowed, she would again be a charge on the town.

At the word "Retreat," Martha brightened perceptibly, like the intimations of coming dawn in a heavy mist. She would go there. Her adviser looked at the cards in her hand, and replied: "If you went there, you know, you could not be with your husband. He is in the other building."

The sister-in-law agreed that Martha should go to the mill, while she remained impassive. With a tardy realization that an apology was due, on leaving Martha put her hand against the buttons of her coat and said, "Sick here, all time, eat, no good," and thus she had departed.

This recitation had made Andreas's long-worn expression of apathy change to one of alert and intelligent misery. He must hear it all. What next?

Martha was a woman of smiles and action. Such a long recitation of events, even in her own language, wearied her. She had gone to the mill and worked for one week, then the forewoman had reported to the relief committee that she was too slow. The latter had written Martha to come to her office that very Tuesday, this day of days, which she had chosen instead for her trip to "Retreat." She had the air of one who had made a lucky get-away. She would not be there to get good advice and another job. A smile of beatific peace flickered beneath

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Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

"I can't get on any longer without you. . . . I can't go on alone. It's no use. I have tried."
—Page 749.

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her halo. The facts having been safely given, she returned to the point of her departure, and her voice became more modulated and persuasive—she was again settled in their old house. It was made ready for his return. They would go back together or not at all. She could not get on without him. But how could he know, as he had never left her before?

She fumbled in her waist for her handkerchief. Unknotting its bullet end, she poured a stream of coins into his hands, and straightway smiled the identical smile she used to give him when he turned over his wages. How could he have been so untrue to imagine that her making money would change her, or that she could ever need him less?

The sun, low in the sky, flooded the elms with gold and filled the wooded hills with purple shade. The thousand windows of Colliery Number Four across the river shone like fire. The encircling culm heaps stood out with sharp shadows like ancient battlements.

Martha looked about the ward. Their neighbors were asleep, or no longer heeded them. She slipped her hand once more into his. She felt all of him flow into, and unite in, his hand. He, a bit of wreck, aground in a workhouse ward, felt that inner rhythm which is the intimation of the vast harmony to which all created things are tuned, from insects in the grass to the stars that sing in their courses—no time, no world, she was reality.

She had to leave the ward at seven o'clock that night. The next morning the uncharted emptiness of bed Number Eight caused a mild flurry. In due time the authorities reported that the case had returned to work, and so the matter was dropped. They were short of beds anyway.

THE ROAD TO BABYLON

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

"How far is it to Babylon?
—Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again."
And while nurse hummed the old, old rhyme,
Tucking him in at evening time,
He dreamed how when he grew a man
And travelled free, as big men can,
He'd slip out through the garden gate
To roads where high adventures wait
And find the way to Babylon,
Babylon, far Babylon,
All silver-towered in the sun!

He's travelled free, a man with men;
(Bitter the scores of miles and ten!)
And now face down by Babylon's wall
He sleeps, nor any more at all
By morning, noon or candle-light
Or in the wistful summer night
To his own garden gate he'll come.
—Young feet that fretted so to roam
Have missed the road returning home.

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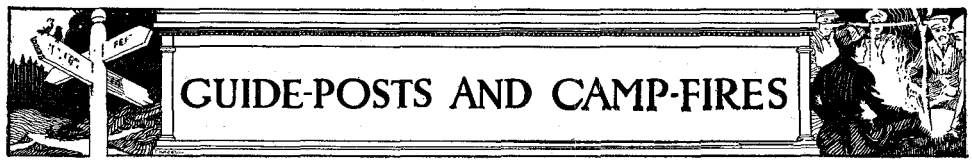

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

FIRELIGHT VIEWS

[THE SIXTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

CIVILIZATION began with a wood-fire. 'Tis the coal-fire that has carried it on,—and, some think, too far.

The warmth diffused by burning wood is assuredly the oldest of "creature comforts." Doubtless Adam and Eve knew the joy of it when they started from Eden on the long adventure. The nights are sometimes biting cold in Mesopotamia, however hot the days, and the gentle calefaction of a few blazing sticks must have been grateful to the shivering pair, —especially in the fig-leafy period of their attire, before they had received the heavenly gift of fur-coats.

Certainly their great-grandson Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ," and his half-brother Tubal-Cain, "the instructer of every artificer in brass and iron," had fires of wood, perhaps also of charcoal, for their work. And so, or in some such fashion, all human arts and crafts, inventions and contrivances, have sprung from the red seed of fire, planted in the bodies of trees, the ancient friends of man.

Greek poetry tells the same tale otherwise. Prometheus, the foresighted, stole a spark from the hearth of the great hall of Olympus, and brought it to earth hidden in a stalk of fennel. For this the jealous Olympians were enraged at him, and condemned him to undying torture.

But the tribes of the Orient say that the benevolent fire-thief was a bird; and the North American Indians hold that it was a coyote,—a beast which has kept the trick of theft without a trace of benevolence. Tell the tale as you will, the meaning is identical. It was the mastery of fire that gave man the advantage over the lower animals in all material things. It built Memphis, Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and many other cities of renown. But at first, and through innumerable centuries thereafter, it was only and always *wood-fire*.

Possibly, now and then petroleum was added (after the manner of the rash and indolent housemaid) to hasten and augment the blaze. Does not Job, that early capitalist, boast that "the rocks poured me out rivers of oil"?

But the amorphous mineral, coal,—the mummy of wood,—the latent heat of fallen forests laid up in cold storage for our use,—who can tell when it was first discovered? At what time and by what chance, happy or unhappy, did man find out that those dusky rocks would burn? Was it when some cave-dweller made his fireplace on a vein of lignite passing through the floor of his den, and suddenly saw it all aglow? Was it when some primitive cottager took a fancy to those smooth blocks of black stone for the building of his hearth, and found that his fire laid hold upon its foundations? In cave or cottage, that must have been a surprise. No doubt the news of it spread quickly as a dire portent. Perhaps the legends of fire-and-smoke-breathing dragons, inhabiting caverns among the hills, had their source in some such accident.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the use of coal for heating purposes was late to begin and slow to progress. The British apparently led the way, somewhere in the twelfth century, and by the sixteenth century the practice had so increased in London that the Brewers Company petitioned Queen Elizabeth to forbid it, alleging "Hersealfe greatley greved and anoyed with the taste and smoke of the sea cooles." In Paris it went the same way. The dainty Parisians maintained that the burning of coal poisoned the air, dirtied the wash, injured the lungs, and spoiled the complexion of the ladies.

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Horrible! This barbarous practice must terminate itself. Accordingly it was forbidden in 1714, and again as late as 1769.

Yet somehow or other it continued, and grew, and spread upon the face of earth, and diffused its sulphurous fumes in air, piling above our monstrous cities what Ruskin has called "the storm-cloud of the nineteenth century." Tall chimneys, vomiting gloom, broke the sky-line. Forges blazed and flared. Factories sprang like exhalations from the ground. Railway-trains ran roaring up and down the continents. Steamships wove their spider-web of crossing lines and lanes over the sea. Man's power to make things and to move things increased tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold. And of this new world,—civilized, we call it,—coal-fire is king.

For this reason, some say, Germany attacked France in 1870 to gain possession of the coal-fields of Lorraine, and again in 1914 to grab the Briey Basin and the mines around Lens. For this reason, some say, the empire of Britain is founded on a coal-pit, and when that is exhausted it will fall. For this reason, some say, the present prosperity of mankind is illusory and transient, and some coalless day we shall all freeze or starve to death. An imitator of Rudyard Kipling puts it thus:

When the ultimate coal-mine is empty and the miners' last labor is done,
When the pick and the drill are silent and the furnaces die, one by one,
Then the trains will stall on the railway, and the factories all grow dumb,
And shivering man will cover his head and wait for The End to come.

Perhaps,—perhaps! Yet the prophecy does not curdle my marrow. As the Kingship of Coal was not primeval, so its perpetuity is not assured. Nor would the dethronement of the present monarch necessarily be final and fatal. A competent Regent has been discovered in Oil. Behind him, like a sturdy heir-apparent, we see the rising head of Electric Power. In the dim distance we discern various heirs presumptive,—Sun-heat yet unexploited; Tide-force yet unharnessed. That embryonic wonder, of whom Sir Oliver Lodge tells us, Atomic Explosion, still slumbers in the womb of nature, waiting the day of delivery. Who knows but what The Coming Man, having taken the needful precautions, may gently insert a spoonful of atoms into a safety-exploder and generate power enough to run the world's machines for a year?

Meantime there is no present reason, moral or economic, why we should not come back, after our day's work, and sit down beside the old wood-fire, and get the good of it.

Once a power, it is still a friend. With a moderate and variable heat, it gives out light and cheer. It talks a little, and sings a little, and makes a solitary room less lonely. Old-fashioned it certainly is; wasteful it may be,—extravagant, if you like to call it so, with fire-wood at its present price; but for me it answers precisely to the French philosopher's definition of a luxury,—*chose très nécessaire.*

Indeed it is the last of the luxuries that I would forego under duress of the High Cost of Living. If need be, as the poet says,

I can do without sugar and butter and eggs;
I can give up my carriage and trust to my legs;
The dream of a motor, or even a Ford
I renounce, while my plumber rolls by like a lord;
I can cut out my tailor, and wear my old shoes,
And resign from the club to escape the high dues;
I abstain from the movie, the opera, the play,
The lure of the bookshop, the florist's display;
All, all, I surrender that Hard Times require;
But leave me, ah leave me, my bonny wood-fire.

My fireplace is not a splendiferous one, with huge, carven mantel, brought (or copied) from some Italian palace or Bavarian castle. I like not these gigantic intruders in modest American rooms. The fire smokes or smoulders discouraged in their cavernous depths. A plain, useful hearth, by preference of red bricks or tiles, and a chimney that draws well, are worth more than all the decorated chimneypieces in the world.

In andirons I would admit a little fancy, but no ostentation. Mine are twin near-bronze figures of Indian maidens that used to stand, long ago, on top of the newel-posts at the foot of the stairway in an ancient New York hostelry. These I found by chance in a junk-shop, and had low steel bars fitted to them, to hold the

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wood. Goldilocks calls them Pocahontas and Minnehaha. They are not beautiful, nor ugly, but they seem to fit the place, smiling as they warm their backs at the blaze. They appear to be dressed, let me hasten to say, in decorous deerskin garments with fringes.

Behind these proper and benignant figures the fire is kindled every morning from the first of October to the first of May, and later if need be. Is the day warm? The windows are easily opened. Is it bitter cold? Then pile on the wood,—as Horace says,

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens.

That is, in modern American, beat the cold by boosting the fire.

Do you want to know how to light it? I can tell you a trick that is worth learning in these days of costly kindling.

You must have a bed of ashes to begin with. This is difficult to secure and protect if you are married. But it can be done by making concessions on other points. Now pull out your fire-dogs a little and put the round backlog behind them, resting on the ashes. Stuff a few sheets of dry newspaper, (old copies of the *Social Uplifter* are best,) under its curving side. Above this place just four,—no more,—sticks of kindling-wood, not horizontally mind you, but perpendicularly, or rather "slantendicularly," leaning against the backlog. In front of this, lying on the andirons and close against the kindlings, place your forelog. Then apply the match to the paper. In two minutes you will have a beautiful little blaze. Now you can lay on your third log,—but gently, gently,—and your fire is well started for the day.

Reader, you may think that paragraph meticulous and trifling. But really and truly it is an invaluable GUIDE-POST. If you will follow it, in a year it will save you the price of a subscription to the magazine, to say nothing of the profanity which you would have expended in trying to light *choked fires*.

Air is the great thing, remember,—free circulation, a good draft,—both for fire-building and for thought-kindling. We smother our poor minds by piling on ideas and theories. We choke our high-school and college education with a preposterous overload of "courses." We encumber our social programme with vast heaps of universal reform, and complain that "we can't get anything done," because we fail in the fool's effort to do everything at once.

Why try to do good things in a silly way? Why waste matches by applying them immediately to the backlog? Take the little sticks first. And above all let the fresh air of open discussion, practical experiment, illustration, comparison of experiences, criticism, humor, and enthusiasm play freely through the fire of your theories and plans.

In education, for example, I would sweep away half of the "courses" and two-thirds of the "examinations," and concentrate attention on teaching boys and girls to use their powers of observation accurately, their powers of reasoning intelligently, their powers of imagination and sympathy vividly, and their powers of will sanely and strongly,—in short, to know things as they are, to conceive them as they might be, and to help make them as they ought to be. That is the real purpose of education. And I think it may be reached, or at least approached, better through a few studies well chosen than through a mass of studies piled on at random.

But these are only "firelight views," reader; they are not systematic, sharp-cut, unalterable theories. To such the magical light of the dancing, flickering flames, the mystical glow of the orange-red embers, are not favorable. They lend themselves rather to the inspiration of dreams, and hopes, and fancies. They are friendly to memories and visions, without which indeed the journey of life would be dull and cheerless.

Yet I cannot agree with that good British essayist, E. V. Lucas, when he suggests that the wood-fire harmonizes with spiritualistic experiments, and goes on to say, "If England were warmed wholly by hot-water pipes or gas-stoves, the Society for Psychical Research would soon be dissolved." On the contrary it is precisely in that stale-heated, stuffy, musky atmosphere that mediums flourish and perform their most marvellous feats with their feet. The frankly blazing wood-fire is too healthy for them.

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I have heard of only one successful *séance* that was held beside an open hearth. The story was told me by the Reverend Doctor Wonderman, a delightful comrade and a firm believer. He was sitting with a mediumistic couple, and they had produced for his benefit during the evening various "manifestations" of knocks and scratchings and movements of furniture. The "control" was supposed to be the soul of a departed Indian Chief,—Bumbagoostook, or some such name as that,—a penetrating spirit, but wayward, and of rude, boisterous humor. As a final and conclusive proof the Doctor asked that Bumbagoostook should hand him his favorite pipe, which was then lying on the mantelpiece. Instantly the pipe leaped from the shelf, hurtled through the air, and struck the good Doctor violently in the midriff. Whether he laughed or not, I do not know, but it seems to me likely. Nothing of that kind has ever happened by my wood-fire. I prefer to get my pipes for myself, rather than have to do with unrefined spirits.

Plenty of good things have been written about wood-fires,—whole books, in fact, like Hamilton Mabie's "My Study Fire," and Charles Dudley Warner's "Backlog Studies." There are also little fragments scattered here and there, which are worth picking up and remembering.

Horace has an excellent bit in his second epode, where he describes the honest farmer's wife,—modest, merry, sunburned woman, glad to play her part in keeping house and bearing children,—who lays the dry fagots on the hearth, ready to welcome the homecoming of her tired husband.

Cicero in his dialogue "*De Senectute*" gives a graphic picture of old Manius Curius sitting quietly by his country fireside and refusing the conquered Samnites who brought him a heap of gold. He said that he did not think it as fine to have gold as to be superior to those who had it.

Tibullus, the so-called bucolic poet, breathes a true fireside wish in his first elegy:

> Let lowly fortune lead my life
> In quiet ways, remote from strife,
> If only on this hearth of mine
> A constant fire may brightly shine.

But there is nothing better on this subject than the lines of Robert Messinger, an American, writing on the familiar theme of "old wine, old wood, old books, and old friends." Here is the second stanza:

> Old wood to burn!
> Ay, bring the hill-side beech
> From where the owlets meet and screech
> And ravens croak;
> The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
> Bring too a lump of fragrant peat,
> Dug 'neath the fern;
> The knotted oak;
> A fagot too, perhap,
> Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
> Shall light us at our drinking;
> While the oozing sap
> Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

On the Maine coast I have always been able to keep the home-fires burning with white birch and snapping spruce from the strip of woodland around my shack. But that is quite a different thing from feeding the hearth with fuel from the home-lot here in Princeton. Every now and then one of the trees that my own hands have planted and tended here is smitten in its lusty youth and must come down; and sometimes there are deaths among the older trees, and they are brought to the funeral pyre. From such sad events I draw what comfort I can, and remember by the hearth the joy that the trees gave while they were living.

There was a pair of silver cut-leaf birches that succumbed one after the other, to some mysterious malady; a massy rock-maple that grew too great and blocked the sunlight from the windows; a trio of tall Norway firs that died at the top; some cherry-trees fallen into barren decrepitude, and mulberries rent and crippled beyond repair by a beautiful, cruel ice-storm. Once a giant pine-tree was struck by lightning, and we gave him a splendid, long-drawn flame-burial, with rattling crackling accompaniments, like salvoes of musketry over the ashes of a fallen hero. Once there was the remnant of an ancient orchard that went the way of all wood and passed into fire. That was the best of all.

Old apple-wood burns cleanly, brightly, serenely, with a delicate and spicy fragrance. The flames bloom softly over the logs; they play around them and

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dance above them with shifting colors of canary yellow, and pale blue, and saffron; they send up wavering pennons of pure golden light, which sink down again into fringes of mellow radiance. Deeper and deeper the transforming element sinks into the heart of the log, which still keeps its shape, an incandescent round, silvered with a fine white ash; until at last the stick breaks and crumbles into glowing coals, of a color which no words can describe. It is like the petals of a certain rose, whose tint I remember, but whose name I have forgotten. (Tell me its name, reader, if you are sending a letter this way.) So the lovely ruins of the old apple-tree lie heaped upon the hearth, and over them flow tiny ripples of azure and mauve and violet flame, lower and lower, fainter and fainter, till all dies down into gray, and the tree has rendered its last offering of beauty and service to man.

One of the practical merits of an open wood-fire is its convenience for destroying rubbish. Old pamphlets and letters, dusty manuscripts that you once thought would be worth touching up for publication, scraps and fragments of all kinds that have cluttered your shelves and drawers for years, even new books that you have tried in vain to read,—how easy it is to drop them into the blaze and press them down with the poker!

But the habit is a bad one, for three reasons: first, because it dishonors the hearth with black ashes; second, because you may set the chimney on fire; third, because you never can tell what *is* rubbish.

You remember how King Jehoiakim made a mistake in that respect when Jehudi came into his presence to read from a little manuscript an extremely disagreeable prophecy of Jeremiah. There was a fire on the hearth burning before him. And it came to pass, that when Jehudi had read three or four leaves, he cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire. "So," thought the king, "we have done with that rubbish." But neither was it rubbish nor had he done with it. For Jeremiah caused another little roll to be written with the same unpleasant words in it, and there were added besides unto them many like words, and they were all true, and it was worse for Jehoiakim in the end than if he had preserved and heeded the first book.

Many a man burns what he wishes later he had kept.

Another use of a wood-fire, though you can hardly call it a practical one, is its power of begetting fantasies, some romantic and some grotesque, in the mind of him that gazeth into it. Here I often sit, when the day's task is done, and indulge my vagrant fancy with improbable adventures and impossible labors. To go a-hunting in the Caucasus, and a-fishing in New Zealand; to complete either my long-planned book on "Wild Animals that Have Refused to Meet Me," or that much needed treatise on "The Moral Effects of Chewing Gum"; to get out a serious edition of *The New Republic*,—think what it would mean to the world if that journal, with all its natural gifts of omniscience, omnipresence, and omnipotence, only had the added grace of ethical earnestness! But these are vain visions. Let us return to the realities.

The very best thing about a real wood-fire is its power of drawing friends around it. Here comes the new Herodotus, not to discuss the problems of antiquity which he has already settled, but to tell the most absorbing tales and anecdotes of the people that you know or have known, and to dispute your most cherished opinions in a way that makes you love him. Here comes Fra Paolo, the happy controversialist, ready for a friendly bicker on any subject under heaven, and full of projects for rescuing the most maligned characters of history. Here comes the lean young Literary Rancher with tales of the once wild West; and the wonderful Writer of Sad Stories, who is herself always cheerful. Here come Goldilocks and Brownie to sit on the rug, tuck up their skirts and toast their shins, while they talk of their joyous plans and propound deep simple questions that no one can answer. Here come travellers and professors and poets and ambassadors, not reserved and stately, but thawed and relaxed to a delightful companionship by the magic of the wood-fire.

Well, they have all gone their way now, and while the logs burn down, I sit alone in the book-room, pencilling these lines. But you, reader,—if your eyes glance over

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them at all, it will be in the happy season when your fire is kindled out of doors. In the deep, green woods, on the mountain-side, by the seashore, on the bank of some quiet lake or flowing stream;—"the camp-fire, the cooking-fire, the smudge-fire, the little friendship-fire";—but that is an old story, of which I have written in another book. I will not repeat it now, though the theme is one upon which I could play new variations forever. Let me rather wish you good-luck in the lighting of your fire in the open, and leave with you a saying from old Plutarch.

He says that when his guests have departed he would leave one flame burning as a symbol of his reverence for fire. No other thing is so like a creature alive. It is moved and nourished from within; and by its brightness, like the soul, reveals and illuminates things around it; and even in dying resembles a vital principle, sighing and trembling ere it departs.

This, then, is what the Greek philosopher has to say about the firelight. But he says it, mark you, only of fire indoors, tamed and tended on the hearthstone.

Outdoors the case is different. There the fire, though lovelier, must never be left alone. Fold your tents and march on; but first put out the embers, lest a single spark, running wild in the woods, make you the careless father of a great disaster.

EVERY vigorous nation produces from time to time words not easily transferred to another tongue. Sometimes they embalm a subtle combination of thought and feeling that smacks so much of its native soil that one cannot find foreign equivalents. For example, it requires a genre picture to translate the German word *Gemüthlichkeit* to an Englishman or an Italian. Sometimes a nation takes a word common to several neighbors, and out of peculiar experience or special ideals fills it with a meaning it lacks in other tongues. The men of the Italian Renascence put into the word Virtu a meaning entirely different from the English virtue. And every one who is well read in the two languages, feels that the French *honneur* is often feebly reproduced by the English honor.

Alma Mater

Such a word is Alma Mater on the lips of an American college man. One evening, during the war, I sat in my room in Paris, finding consolation for a bad cigar in the good conversation of a friend who was professor in the University of Paris; mother of learning for Europe and the world. I asked him, "Do you use the word 'Alma Mater' as often in France as we do in America?"

"Probably not as often, but we use it."

"And just what do you mean by it?"

"Well," he replied after a moment's reflection, "I think it usually has with us a slightly ironical tinge, as who should say *commune bellemère*."

To the Englishman, Alma Mater suggests happy memories of the beautiful ivied college where he lived, in an atmosphere of scholarship and good taste. Oxford or Cambridge is for him a collection of such homes, and he cares but little for any but his own. Even to his own college he does not give his heart, for he left it at Eton or Harrow or Rugby. To the German a university is a necessary halting place on the journey toward a degree and a career. He is a nomad and shifts easily from one to another, making, wherever he stops, a pleasant life for himself among books or friends or evenings with beer and music. The Italian remembers his university as a place where he heard lectures, brilliant or dull, stimulating or boring. But to the American the thought of Alma Mater remains, like the memory of

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some strong and gracious personality known in early years, an inspiring and strengthening influence to the end of life.

No class of our population responded as strongly and unanimously to the call to arms, without waiting for the draft, as the sons of our most typical American colleges, ancient or modern. One who could read the inmost hearts, they are wont to hide always behind stock phrases and attitudes, could see how the love of Alma Mater and the desire to be sons worthy of her worked with the love of country to make so many of them eager to get their "one-way ticket to France." Here is a part of a letter received from a student at the front in reply to the notice of a Princeton dinner to be held at Paris. "I cannot be with you in flesh and blood, but I will be there in spirit, because the best years of my life were passed under the orange and black, and my dearest memories, the memories of my days on the campus, fill my heart always with longing to do something that will bring honor to the dear old college which has meant so much in my life."

This attitude is something distinctively American, and it is one of the most beautiful products of our civilization. No one knows better than the men who have spent many years in its midst what are the faults and failings of American college life. But the institutions which have grown out of the eight pre-revolutionary colleges, and those since planted which have stayed true to type, are a sturdy native growth. If their fruit is to be improved, it must be by pruning and grafting, and not by planting exotics on the good old American soil of the campus.

The typical American university is not a knowledge factory with the motto "Efficiency first." Nor a bureau for furnishing classified information which may be useful to its clients in after-life. It is a vital organism. Its origin was in the personal sacrifice of those who loved truth and had an ideal for character, and it has never become purely scholastic, but has remained intensely human. The sons of American universities are now responding with open-handed generosity to the voice of Alma Mater's distress because, to an extent which is not true of the typical universities of any other nation or any other age, they have won the heart of their students.

WILD strawberries on the Boulevard Montparnasse. There are many things that make me anxious to amend Lowell to read, "What is so rare as a day in June, in Paris?" and wild strawberries are among the most pressing. I eat them at a little restaurant just where the Boulevard Montparnasse joins the Boulevard Raspail. It has one of those "gardens" which the French, with their wonderful ability for making bricks without straw, construct with an awning, four tables, eight chairs, and some privet in a tub. It is much simpler than a roof-garden and much more fun. You have the same agreeable sensation of being in the street but not of it which you experience on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Outside the green hedge pass *bonnes* with the salad for dinner in their string bags and long loaves of bread under their arms; a priest, perhaps, his rusty black cassock flapping gently as he walks with head bent over his breviary and lips moving softly; a group of poilus laughing and singing, their coats of horizon blue, stained and faded but beautiful, making a splendid splash of color against the creamy browns and grays of the street. I see them all, I catch snatches of their talk, and yet I am separated from them by the privet hedge and the fact that I am engaged in the sacred rite of dining. No wonder no one in Paris thinks of eating indoors in summer-time.

Wild Strawberries on the Boulevard Montparnasse

By the time I have finished my soup, my *rognons sautés* and my *pommes frites avec*—for though I am now sufficiently French to enjoy green vegetables as a separate course, I still find unadulterated potatoes distinctly dull—it is eight o'clock, which is the ideal hour for dinner. Eight o'clock in Paris under the daylight-saving law means the long, level lights of five in the afternoon at home. And you have in addition the peace of a day's work over and forgotten; the pleasant glow all about you of good dinners in prospect, process, or retrospect; the sense of luxury and well-being always engendered by a demi-tasse, even though it be served in thick china and flavored with saccharine; the pure joy of talk with congenial companions, than which there is nothing better in this world. Darkness will not fall for another two hours. I know that at home, up my five pair of stairs, is waiting my dream view of Sacre Cœur, floating, like a magic

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temple in the "Arabian Nights," milk-white against a pale-pink sky, but still I am in no hurry to go to it. I finish the last *pomme frite*. Leisurely I pick up the *carte de jour* and study the cabalistic blue-ink marks. If I did not know the menu by heart I might find difficulty in deciphering them, but with little cakes quite extinct and sugar for desserts *défendu*, or, which is much more important, improcurable, the desserts at all Paris restaurants are strangely alike, except in price. There is cheese, of course; there are the eternal small white grapes, served with a goblet of water in which you dip each cluster before devouring it; there are various confitures and conserves—in particular a rich and syrupy one of figs which lures me for a moment; there are those delightful things which I am always tempted to order for their name—*mendiants*—the raisins, figs, walnuts, and almonds, whose four shades of brown correspond to the brown robes of the four orders of begging friars. But all these are winter desserts. I have eaten them night after night for months and months and months. There are only two items over which I really linger: *framboises* and *fraises des bois*. The raspberries are delicious, but there is something about the wild strawberries which draws me like a magic spell. There is magic in the French cast of their name: strawberries of the woods. There is the magic of memory, the recollection of afternoons when I plucked and ate them, warm in the sun, on New Hampshire hillsides. So I look at the waitress and say it like an open-sesame: "*Fraises des bois.*" "*Fraises des bois,*" she repeats the rune, and then, in a moment of utter recklessness, I can economize on lunch to-morrow: I add, "*avec crême.*"

They come very quickly, for she has known all along that I would order them. They are small, soft, crimson things with a delicate faint perfume and a sweet, elusive, fascinating flavor which confirms my belief in the transmigration of souls, for it calls to me from some dim, delightful past, a past which I cannot quite remember. I think it is this subtle, suggestive quality in wild strawberries which makes them the loveliest of all fruits. Apples, to be sure, bring memories, but they are wholesome, substantial, solid memories of definite times and places. Bananas, of course, have romantic pasts, but by the time they reach us they are so utterly prosaic, and filling, that they leave no room for dreams. But strawberries, wild strawberries, are fanciful, faëry things. I am inclined to believe that Pegasus was fed on *fraises des bois*. At any rate I know they feed him with wild strawberries along the Paris boulevards on summer evenings.

And the cream, the thick and sour *crême de Signy*—more like Devonshire cream than anything we know at home. It comes to you in a fat, little brown stone pot with a cover and bumpy embryo handles. Only to look at the pot and to see the smooth whiteness of the cream against its deep, rich brown is an epicurean treat. There is no way to pour it elegantly. Either you dip it out a spoonful at a time or else you stand it on its head over your plate and let it descend in sudden rich blobs. I gaze a moment at the berries, swimming in the white sea, staining it here and there a delicate, soft crimson, then I lift my spoon—and am in paradise.

Young America and Milton

MY purpose is to comment briefly on some of the ludicrous, pathetic, gyratory, vacuous reactions of the immature American mind to the works of John Milton. He has been through many years my chief source of diversion as a teacher; a fact which would assuredly horrify the great Puritan's staid and splendid complacence. If it be asked why the immature American mind should be brought into contact with Milton, let it be understood that certain works of this poet are required for entrance to college. I think I am safe in saying that the general effect of this cramming a classic merely for the somewhat specious purpose of passing an examination seldom fails to have a stultifying effect on the young mind. But perhaps this effect is due less to the system of instruction than it is to the average boy's astonishingly vague and sterile literary background. In no manner is this misfortune more plainly shown than in the lack of knowledge of mythology. And I risk the assertion that such a mental hiatus concerning the classic myths is rather typically American.

The average boy of our country, of fair training and of common intelligence, approaches Milton with no conception of that

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great world of nymphs, dryads, satyrs, and all other supernatural forms with which the ancients peopled the earth, the sky, and the sea. Even the somewhat decided difference between Plato and Pluto is a source of endless confusion. The Muses are unknown; although I once had a student to jump out of his chair in wild excitement when he discovered that he had heard before of the name Calliope. But, alas, his conception of her was of the snorting, asthmatic, circus, steam variety. Reading the paragraph in "Lycidas" appealing to the goddesses of inspiration, one typical student stolidly declared, "Milton commanded *Moses* to help him write this thing." Another, reading the line from "L'Allegro,"

"How Faery Mab the junkets eat,"

hastily conceived junkets to be little fairies (the diminutive of "junk" perhaps), thus making Mab a cannibal. For all her mischief, I doubt if she ever went to that extreme. Even Apollo, whose rising and setting are indubitably matters of daily occurrence, finds the ordinary lad entirely conceptionless of his identity. I think he might be chagrined to hear the following descriptions of himself: "Apollo was an old rich Greek who loved horse-racing." "He was the god of shininess." "Apollo was the fellow who won the race in 'Ben Hur.'" We learn, too, that "woody Ida" was "an ancient goddess"—which explains with some commendable delicacy that Ida's age had not softened her physical charms. There is, it will be recalled, in "Comus," a reference to "the Cynic tub." Young America thus shrewdly guesses its way to the solution of the riddle: "Cynic tub is the abdomen of a famous Grecian." "It means a Roman household necessity." "Cynic tub is nothing but the Mediterranean Sea."

A further reaction of the young American mind to the works of the author of "Paradise Lost" is the positively zealous delight that the average boy takes in putting the character of Il Penseroso in the pillory of his dis-esteem. Speciously schooled by much loose newspaper talk concerning optimists and pessimists, he has long since assumed that the thoughtful mind is the gloomy, the melancholy, and therefore the distinctly disagreeable mind. To youth, apparently, to be thoughtful is to be uninteresting and unattractive; to be really engaging, one must be thoughtless, careless, perhaps dutyless, possibly heartless—but above all things else, immediately entertaining. Indeed, to be thoughtful appears to Young America sure proof of failing health. Milton's scholarly recluse is, we learn, "A bunch of gloom." "He loves bats and owls and churches and things like that," is the disgusted comment of an overworn student. "This thoughtful man likes to study," writes another with unconscious self-betrayal; "therefore he must be a pessimist." "He is all the while reading and thinking deep thoughts, which would make him a most undesirable companion." "The Thoughtful Man is surely a 'dead one.'"

From some of these views thus expressed it appears that we have developed in America a hearty aversion to the character of the thoughtful man; at least our young people are not attracted to the contemplative temperament. Our lads want to be amused. And their minds will take only what they want. They expect literature at least to keep some sort of respectable pace with the movies. The calm, meditative, poised, and lucid life has no allurements. In the old days boys went to school because they wanted to be scholars; now, most of them go because they are sent, wherefore perhaps it is expecting too much to hope that the average student should be serious-minded. Indeed, the boy of to-day is far less inclined to look grave when he attempts to fathom some of Milton's thought than when he hears that a prominent athlete has "pulled a tendon." Little things are great to little minds; and to such minds, I often wonder whether great things have any existence at all.

Out of the modern world, we know, the divinities of the field and forest and wild seashore have passed. Passing, too, are the "antique fables, beautiful and bright." The world is more with us to-day than it was when Wordsworth sang so poignantly of its contact. Without dreams, visions, and poets to sing of these, life is indeed a sordid and an arid thing, staled with objectiveness. The high-noon of assertive knowledge is intolerable; better far the twilight land of wonder, of mystery, with distant vague horizons, and with the reticences of fear and surprise and young delight upon

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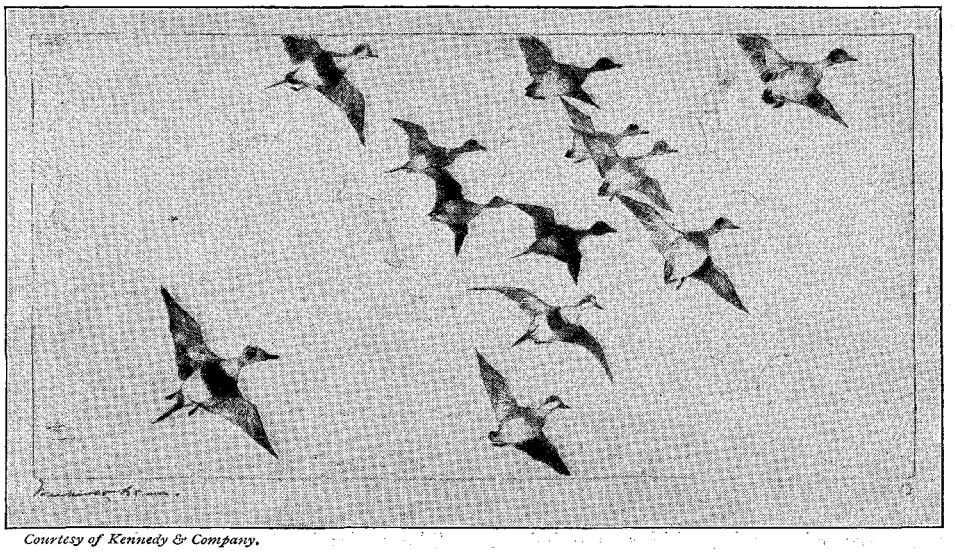
us. Our boys and girls of to-day, who will make the world of to-morrow, have urgent need to have opened to them the portals of that fragrant sweet old garden where dwell innocent joy, the glamour of the unknown, the alluring, the romantic.

Occasionally one finds a student beginning Milton whose father or mother has opened for him the gates of this garden; such a one is rare, and he is most fortunate. For not only has he the only true equipment for life—the highest capacity for understanding and enjoyment—but he will never declare that Thomas Chatterton was the "Attic boy," because he committed suicide in an attic; nor will he be likely to say, "Euphrosyne was a mythical dog." "*Eikonoklastes* is the name of a Greek fruit merchant." "The Rialto is a large stone bridge that crossed Venus."

THE FIELD OF ART



Courtesy of Kennedy & Company.

Flying Ducks. By Frank W. Benson.

AMERICAN SPORTING PRINTS

By F. Weitenkampf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PRINTS

THE term "sporting prints" brings to memory those British colored aquatints which glorified the field sports dear to the heart of the British gentleman. In the United States, in those early nineteenth-century days, there was not the artistic talent nor the tradition of the sport. Riding to hounds was known in Virginia, less in the North. Of pictorial records there were only the colored lithographs by Nathaniel Currier (later Currier & Ives), evidently based on British originals. These told in their cruder way of the hunt of Renard, and went into pundom in such titles as "Despatched to Headquarters" (the rider coming a cropper over his mount's head).

Our people would naturally be drawn more to shooting, to which some of our most interesting sporting prints were devoted. When the country was more sparsely set-

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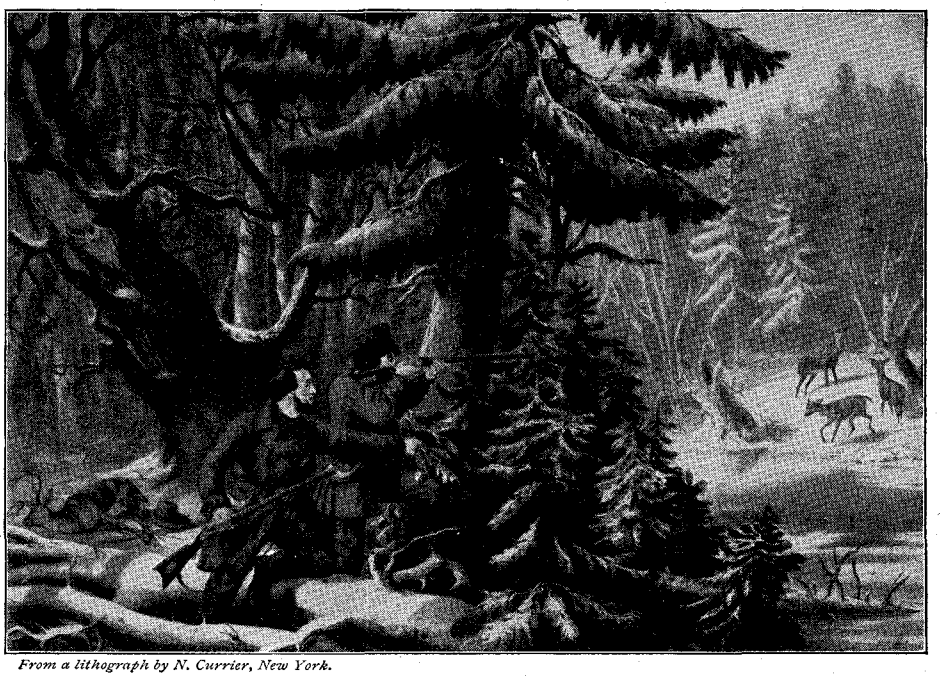
tled there was more shooting near at hand. The New Jersey boy could go gunning near Great Notch and along to Greenwood Lake, where the memory of "Frank Forester" still lingers. The turkey shoot was still an actuality, not a remembrance. The life of the West was an adventurous reality, not natural corollary—birds, bagged and hung up, by Tait and Palmer, or waiting to be, as in J. S. Hill's "A Bevy of Quail" or Palmer's "Happy Family, Ruffled Grouse." *Tempora mutantur!* To-day the sportsman is beginning to buy dry-points of flying ducks by Frank W. Benson.



From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.

American Winter Sports. Deer Shooting "On the Shatagee" (Northern New York).

a matter of revolver-ridden moviedom. There were still lynxes in New England. The Kentucky battue, organized to rid the country of bears, wolves, and the like, was a vivid recollection. Gunners went out after deer, wild duck, quail, rail, snipe, partridge, and all the rest of the game catalogue, and the print-makers chronicled their doings; one even recording the bagging of a wild swan—a unique case among these prints, says Mr. H. T. Peters, who, like Mr. David Wagstaffe and others, has found his quest of these pictures a most absorbing hobby. Most of them were drawn by A. F. Tait and Louis Maurer, some by Mrs. F. F. Palmer. "Sportsman's Portfolio of American Field Sports," issued 1855 by M. M. Ballou in Boston, is a sort of woodcut summary of the lithographed hunting scenes. Pictures of game, dead and alive, were a

The angler has occasioned that amusing fancy of "Trout Fishing" (1870), upsetting traditions by introducing ladies in Dolly Varden dress—plumed hats and all—busily taking part in the sport. And there's an interesting lithograph by Charles Parsons, after Tait, showing "Trout Fishing on Chateaugay Lake," through a hole in the ice. The exhilarating pleasures of life in the open rise before us, pictured in L. Maurer's "Camping Out. Some of the Right Sort" (1856)—in pre-prohibition days!—and Tait's "Halt in the Woods."

The lover of horse-flesh was served with unfailing assiduity by the print-maker. The *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, as early as 1829, had pictures of noted horses, engraved by well-known steel-engravers from paintings by A. Fisher and J. Cone. A few years later the *New York*

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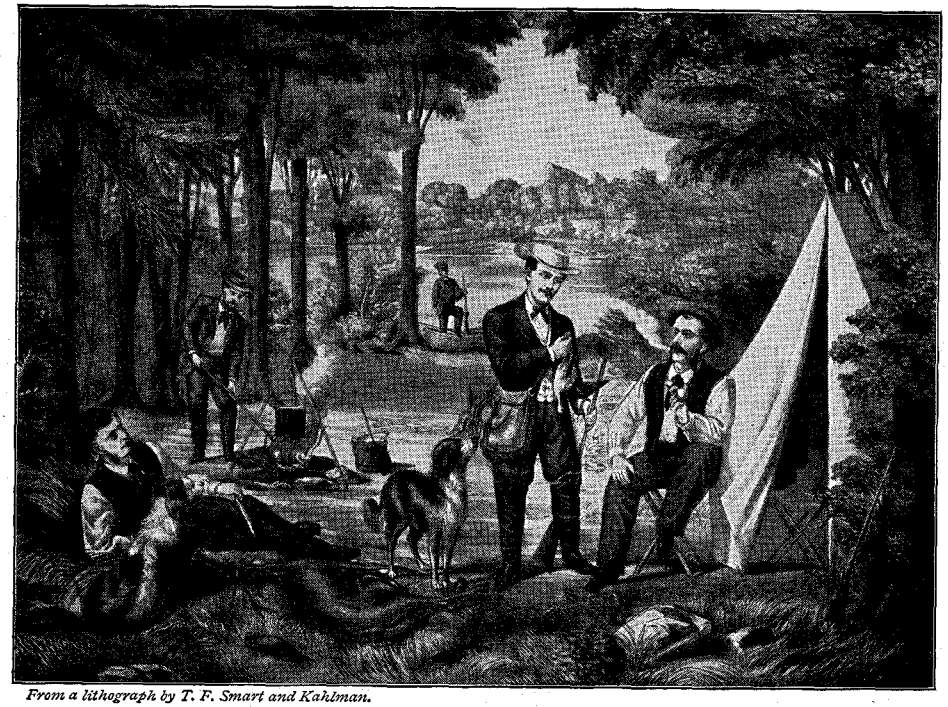

From a lithograph by T. F. Smart and Kahlman.

Life in the Woods.

Painted by A. F. Tait. *From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.*

American Winter Sports. "Trout Fishing on Chateaugay Lake" (Franklin Co., N. Y.).

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Spirit of the Times was issuing engravings from paintings principally by E. Troye. It all amounts to a gallery of horse notables: Fashion, Glencoe, Lightning, Shark, Leviathan, Monarch, and down the list. There are interesting side-lights on the costume of the boys holding their equine charges, one with an Eton jacket and a cap much like that worn by the American troops during the Mexican War, another brave in Hessian boots and epaulets. It is, however, principally the quicker lithographic process that pictured His Majesty the Horse. As far back as 1840, A. Koellner signed a picture of "Andrew Jackson," surrounded by smaller drawings of the runners he had beaten. A stud-card this is, I am told, a pictorial advertisement. There's also an early large racing print: "Peytona and Fashion in their Great Match for $20,000 over the Union Course, Long Island, May 13, 1845, won by Peytona," done "from nature and on stone by C. Severen." Then came a string of jockey race scenes, real and imaginary, in Jerome Park, Sheepshead Bay, Saratoga Springs; and, of course, portraits of individual horses, such as "Ready for the Signals. The celebrated running horse Harry Bassett" (1878), or "August Belmont's Potomac and Masher" (1891).

Especially was the trotting-horse immortalized. A long line of portraits confronts us, mostly by Louis Maurer and J. Cameron. Possibly the earliest is "Columbus and Sally Miller" (1839?), lithographed by Endicott. "Lady Suffolk, painted by Robert N. Clarke, 1844, rode by Alfred Conklin," illustrates the fact that trotting horses raced with mount in the early days. So we go down the corridors of trotting fame, and trace the time's reduction from 2:27¾ in 1866 to 2:10 in 1891, over the Centreville, Long Island, Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, Buffalo, Utica, and other courses. There is even an early Californian record of local performance, "Lady Vernon, San Francisco, Aug., 1855," painted by John Murdoch, lithographed by Britton & Bey, of San Francisco. They trot past us, the old betting favorites—Flora Temple, George M. Patchen, Lady Thorn, Commodore Vander-

Painted by A. F. Tait. *From a lithograph by N. Currier, New York.*

Wild Duck Shooting. A good day's sport.

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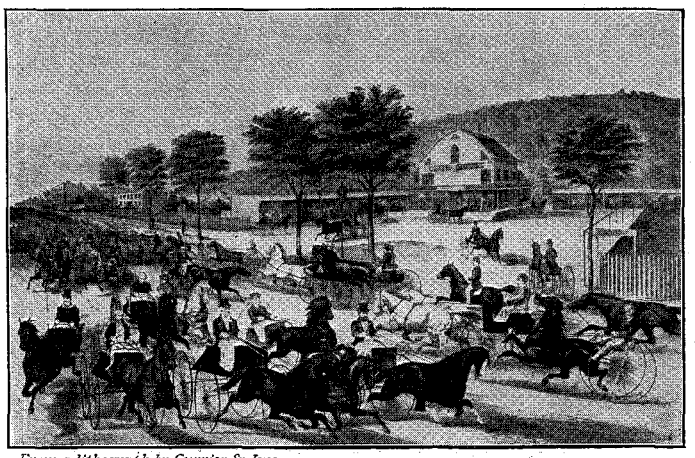
bilt, Goldsmith Maid, Dexter ("king of the world," 1867), and Maud S. Drivers, too, came in for their head-liner glory. Tom Moore appears "driven by Dan Mace," or Dexter "by Budd Doble" ("the king of trotting-horse drivers in his day"). Sometimes the owner figures as driver, as in "W. H. Vanderbilt driving Small Hopes and Lady Mac" (1878), or "Grant and Bonner. Dexter's best time 2:16¼ on the Bloomingdale Road, N. Y., 1868." Occasionally several horses were shown grouped, as were "Stella and Alice Grey, Lantern and Whalebone" (1855), or "The great double team trot—Darkness and Jessie Wales, Honest Allen and Kirkwood trotting, 1870" (four-wheel rigs), or Geo. M. Patchen and others, who are presented in W. F. Atwood's "Trotting Gallery" in the spirit of the old Dutch corporation paintings. And then come the "fancy subjects," with appeal to emotion or the risibilities. Maurer and Cameron synthesized the spirit and thrill of the race in prints such as "A Race for Blood" and "A close Lap on the Run in." The humorous element blossomed out joyously in the works of Thomas Worth, which for years were a familiar sight in shop windows. With all faults, there is a healthy enjoyment of the scene in such a bit of social history as "A Stopping Place on the Road. The Horse-Shed" (1868), the place identified on the impression in the Racquet and Tennis Club as "Burnham's Road House, 79th Street and Bloomingdale." And no doubt the hearts of the "sports" warmed to "Going to the Trot. A good Day and a good Track," "Coming from the Trot. Sports on the Home Stretch," and "Trotting Cracks at the Forge" (with notice of summer meeting, Jerome Park, and prints, perhaps by Worth himself, on the wall)—all three dated 1869. How it all takes you back to those days of the horse, not so far off,



From a lithograph by Currier & Ives.

Fast Trotters on Harlem Lane, New York.

In the centre foreground is Commodore Vanderbilt with Myron Perry and Daisy Burns, and to his left Bonner with Dexter.

From a lithograph by Currier & Ives.

Ethan Allen and Mate and Dexter in their wonderful race over the Fashion Course, Long Island, June 21, 1867.
Time, 2:15; 2:16; 2:19.

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when the gentleman taking a spin with his spanking team, the hitching-post in shape of a negro boy of metal, the figure of a horse projecting from a carriage or harness shop, the flare of a blacksmith's fire were familiar sights.

Prints illustrating athletic sports, in which it is man who holds the centre of the stage, are not so much in evidence, but offer the joy of the search and the find. That big lithograph "The Great International Caledonian Games held at Jones Woods, 1867," has various points of interest. The baseball enthusiast may preserve that little lithograph showing the "Audubon Estate, at Carmanville on the Hudson River," in *Valentine's Manual* for 1865, with two youths playing with the underhand pitch. Football, curling, bowling, swimming, skating, pedestrianism (with E. P. Weston as a sort of patron saint), rowing, yachting, billiards, and other forms of sport, outdoor and in, have their "fans," whose interest may lead them in search of graphic records of their hobby. Pugilism has a gallery of its own. When John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," and Thomas Sayers, champion of England, had their great fight for the championship, the event was duly chronicled, as was also "The Great Fight, Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan" (with a fine array of noted "sports"). Portraits of individual fighters came as a matter of course, J. Cameron frequently turning from the race-track to the ring to draw them. There were Jem Mace, John J. Dwyer, Tom Paddock, Nat. Langham, Paddy Ryan —"the Trojan Giant, beaten by J. L. Sullivan in 1882"—James J. Corbett, and so on down the hall of fame.

The special field for the collector which has been very summarily indicated here has its interesting possibilities and bypaths. The subject interest here is overwhelming, of course; we are far from the point of approach to an etching by Whistler or a lithograph by Isabey. The appeal of these sporting prints lies in their raciness—as of wine, that is, indicative of origin. They are American, humanly in the game, with a spirit absolutely of the soil. And it is precisely those qualities that make the old prints so interesting, and so valuable as records of the life of the American people.

Wild Duck Shooting in the West. By A. B. Frost.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

A CHANGING SITUATION

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

POLITICALLY as well as economically, the beginning of the spring season of 1920 was marked by many signs of a changing situation. In both respects the world's situation was confused, but out of the confusion certain new influences began to emerge. The political deadlock left in Europe by the peace was not removed; for a moment, indeed, it seemed to have become more formidable when the French, in protest against Germany's non-observance of certain treaty stipulations, occupied with their own army two German cities beyond the area of the armistice. But this disquieting incident was quickly followed, in the conference of the Allied premiers at San Remo, by an agreement clearly intimating that the ultimate terms of reparation would be fixed, and that the sum would be adjusted fairly to Germany's economic power to pay.

New Political Developments

This public statement was of the first importance. It disposed of the overhanging possibility—openly asserted by the French and English ministries a year ago, under the stress of political urgency at home—that the impossible task of paying all the cost of war might be imposed on Germany. It removed the deadweight which was bound to rest on Germany's industrial recovery, so long as any reasonable suspicion remained that harder work and steady recuperation would mean nothing but a proportionate increase in the tribute payable to her adversaries.

THE much-predicted decline in the American export trade did not occur; on the contrary, the foreign trade report for March showed the outward movement of goods to have exceeded that of any month but one in our history. What this statement also showed, however, was a wholly unparalleled import trade in March, and an increase in imports, during the nine months since the middle of 1919, greater by $450,000,000 even than the large increase in exports.

Foreign Trade and Cost of Living

Prices and cost of living had not declined from the unprecedentedly high level with which the year began. Reducing the average of American prices in 1913 to 100, our government statisticians reckoned up for the same commodities an average of 238 last December and of 249 in February, and it went higher in the next two months. That the English average, similarly compared, had reached 276 in December and 306 in February, and the French average 417 in the one month and 520 in the other, proved, no doubt, that we were better off than Europe. On the other hand, the exactions of increased rent have come upon the American community with bewildering suddenness this season. Nevertheless, a feeling that the upward movement of prices could not last much longer, and that some striking changes in the conditions of trade and industry might occur, grew much more definite with the opening of spring. Reports from the dry-goods trade, always closest in touch with the consumer, began to speak of restriction in orders for autumn because of fear that prices might decline. The government agencies reported reduced demand in the clothing trade, frankly ascribed to "the public's tendency to make old supplies go further and refuse to pay the excessive prices that are being charged."

DEALERS even in such luxuries as jewelry, for which a year ago the request by a spendthrift public seemed to be insatiable, found an altered condition when they checked up their accounts this spring. One of the largest New York

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department stores announced in May an all-around reduction of 20 per cent in retail prices. All things considered, the sense of a changing attitude on the consumer's side grew steadily more definite, and with this feeling the demand for some action that would begin the process of "deflation" became the topic of every-day discussion. It has been largely blind discussion. Proposals of sudden and arbitrary reduction in the currencies led to no definite end; as a matter of fact, the paper currency of the United States, like that of England and France, had virtually made no increase at all between the end of December and the beginning of May. But the part of the financial position to which attention was now directed by the continued expansion of prices was the question of inflated credit.

The Consumer and the High Prices

Despite all the efforts of the managers of the system to control and restrict this expansion of credit, loans of the Federal Reserve had increased $160,000,000 in the four months, which normally ought to have been a period of reduction, and on May 1 the outstanding total was $780,000,000 greater than a year before. The conviction began to grow very positive, not only among people at large but in the banking community itself, that there was bound to be some limit to the expansion of credit itself.

It is the teaching of long financial experience that in so violent an upward movement of prices and trade activity as has prevailed on our markets for a year, with the excited speculation which has attended it, the credit expansion will not stop at the proper limit. Consciously or unconsciously, the banks will pass that line. Evidence of an actual strain will come into plainer and plainer view. Presently drastic readjustment is inevitable; usually when, as in the spring or autumn season, the largely increased requirements of legitimate commercial borrowers can be met only through sudden recall of credit previously granted to the speculators. If that reversal of policy by the lending institutions goes far enough, it can mean nothing else than the cutting away of a great part of the support which speculation had contributed to the rise in prices. The belief even of Wall Street has been that exactly this has now occurred.

Contraction of Credit

It occurs invariably at some stage of a period when values of every description have been under the influence either of inflated currency or of inflated credit, and when trade activity has been abnormally expanded by the resultant conditions. Inflated and depreciated currency was the paramount influence on the wildly speculative markets and wild fluctuation in prices which followed our Civil War. But inflated credit was almost as potent a factor in the chapter of Wall Street speculation which began in 1901 and which did not finally culminate until five years later. When the whole history of each of those periods is reviewed, two or three factors at once stand forth in both of them—as indeed they do in all periods of the kind. Up to a certain point, never ascertainable beforehand, the granting of credit by the banks was the basic consideration. Credit was supplied on easy terms and in almost unlimited amounts, when it was asked for by speculators for the rise who had achieved success in their earlier undertakings. It often seemed on such occasions as if the banks had themselves given way to the infatuation that the expanding process could have no limit, and had done so as unreservedly as had their speculative clients.

In Other Inflation Periods

BUT banks have two restrictions on their own participation in such a movement. The first restriction is that loans which they grant are limited in some specific ratio to the reserve of cash which they are able to retain against the resultant deposit liabilities. That reserve had increased at a very rapid rate in the early stages of the two great speculative movements of which I have spoken. In the sixties and the seventies the depreciated paper money was available at par for use as cash reserve, and the banks were therefore able to keep on expanding loans as long as the Government kept on putting out new currency. In the period which immediately followed 1901 there was no depreciated currency; but the sudden and at that time unprec-

(Continued on page 71, *following*)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 770)

edented increase of our export trade brought great shipments of gold from Europe which were used for American bank reserves. During and since the recent war our own bank reserves have been increased, partly through England's large export of gold to us in 1915 and 1916, but also because of the introduction of the Federal Reserve System, whereby a large bank, instead of being required, as under the old National Banking Law, to keep on hand in actual cash 25 per cent of its deposits, would create its reserve through rediscounting its own commercial paper holdings with the Federal Reserve Bank, and would have to maintain in that form a reserve of only 15 to 18 per cent. All three of these financial situations, widely separated in time, were of a kind to admit of very great expansion of credit. But all three were also liable to change in such a way as to curtail with great suddenness the basis of bank reserves on which the credit expansion had been built.

In the paper-money period, the government presently reached a point at which the fact of a surplus public revenue instead of a deficit gave no occasion for further issues of legal-tender paper—a situation, indeed, in which it was beginning to call in and cancel its outstanding fiat money. In the "gold inflation" period of two decades ago, the Boer War suddenly interfered with Transvaal gold production, and on top of that our own excess of merchandise exports was nearly cut in two between 1901 and 1903; so that the United States had to export gold instead of importing it.

On the present occasion, the facilities for creating reserves of private banks through use of their own commercial paper had seemed, on the face of things and to many hasty observers, to be an unlimited recourse. Certainly there need be no assignable limit to the good commercial paper which would come into possession of private banks as collateral on their loans, and which might be rediscounted for reserve purposes with the Federal Bank. But people who so interpreted the situation had overlooked the fact that a reserve thus established by a member bank took the form of a deposit liability of the Reserve Bank where the paper was rediscounted, and that against such deposits the Reserve Bank was itself required to keep a cash reserve of 35 per cent. So long as England was sending us its gold in 1915 and 1916, the way was being paved for very great expansion of reserves held for private banks, and hence of the lending power possessed by those institutions. But in 1917 the huge gold imports ceased. In 1918 the United States re-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 73)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

ived only $20,000,000 more gold than it sent it; in 1919 it sent out $297,000,000 more than received. The outflow to countries south and ast of us, to which we now found ourselves in-ebted on merchandise trade account, was on an ven larger scale in the early months of 1920.

peculators, anks, and Iarkets

THIS was why drastic restriction on the indefinite granting of credit by the banks o their speculative customers came into force n each of the three occasions. It invariably aught the speculative community either unprepared, or unwilling to recognize the facts, or else resolved to fight for retention of its own position. But the outcome was invariably the ollapse of the speculation. The aftermath of he Civil War had its 1866, its Black Friday of 869, and finally its 1873. The speculators of generation ago had to meet the repeated tock Exchange "bear markets" of 1902, their rich men's panic" of 1903, and at last—when hey did not leave off their extravagant specu-tion, despite the accumulating signs of over-trained credit facilities—they encountered 907. But it is never easy, in any such epi-ode, to say just what stage in the familiar cycle f events has been reached at a given moment.

What, then, so far as may be judged from existing indications, is the present position? The unmistakable phenomena of the recent markets have been, on the one hand, the persistence, the audacity—in short, one may say the infatuation—of the speculative fraternity; on the other hand, the abnormal strain visibly imposed on the whole structure of credit. The Stock Exchange, which always embodies in a striking way the prevailing tendencies, has presented both aspects of the situation. It did so in the other periods which I have referred to. It was at the climax in the speculation of the late sixties that the Fisks and Goulds indulged in the particular defiance of ordinary financial, social, and legal restraint which Mr. Charles Francis Adams chronicled in his "Chapters of Erie." They not only invaded politics (by way of Tammany Hall) and not only corrupted judges in order to remove awkward legal impediments to their plans, but they openly violated rule and statute in issuing unauthorized securities to serve their personal purposes.

During 1902 and the immediately ensuing years, a more or less similar spectacle was presented. Nobody of the older generation of Wall Street men is likely to have forgotten the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 75)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 73)

group of speculative millionaires who, enriched for the most part by the steel-trade amalgamations, appeared to the general public to be absolutely in control of the financial situation. One of those personages, on being brought into court to account for the disposal of certain huge amounts of new stock issued in a company amalgamation of his own, and on being asked what had been done with $26,000,000 of such shares which the expert accountants could not trace, coolly told the prosecuting officer that he had no idea what had become of them. It was the agent of another of the speculative amalgamators of that period who, when protest was made in a similar stockholders' meeting against the particularly audacious use of the company's resources, calmly told the objectors to "vote for it first and discuss it afterward." The most celebrated of all the financial manipulators of that period, who used the capital and credit of his own railway company to buy something over one hundred million dollars' worth of stocks in other railways, in which he and his friends were also speculating personally, retorted to an examiner of the Interstate Commerce Commission that he proposed to continue as long as he lived to indulge in exactly those practices.

Neither the exploits of James Fisk, Jr., nor those of Mr. Gates or Mr. Harriman, are possible in precisely the same form to-day. Yet on the whole, and allowing for such obstacles from subsequent legislation, the speculators of 1919 and 1920 have run fairly true to form. In the matter of extravagant use of credit to establish fictitious prices, they have created some new precedent; conspicuously in the case of one Wall Street notability who, having actually cornered the supply of a certain manufacturing stock, publicly poured out his resentment on the Stock Exchange Governing Committee for excluding that stock from the privileges of the Exchange. Equally characteristic was the attitude taken by this latter-day group of speculators toward the Federal Reserve Board and the responsible financial authorities of the country, when the dangerous results of the prevalent speculative extravagance were officially urged. Such warnings were accepted only as the signal for resumption, on a greater scale of audacity than before, of the operations to force up prices through use of a pyramid of credit.

THE mere fact of increasing audacity on the part of speculators might mean only that speculation for the rise was intrenched in its

(Financial Situation, continued on page 77)

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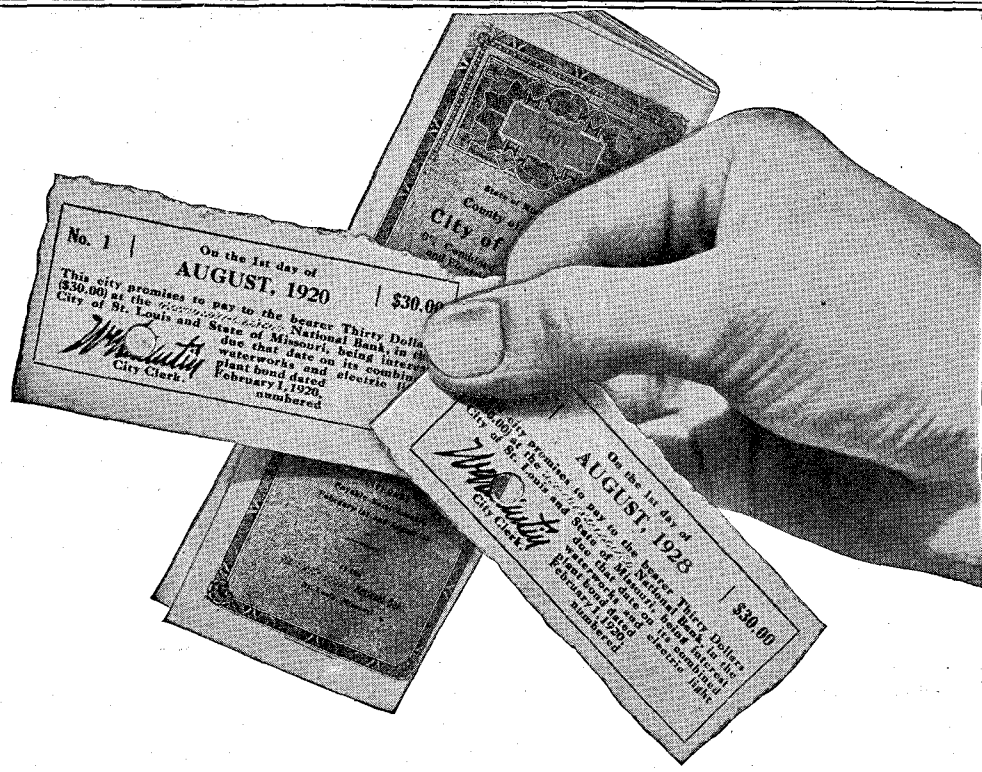

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GENERALLY speaking, the dollars you spend today purchase but half as much as in the period before the war.

Due to this condition the more recent issues of high grade Municipal Bonds command higher interest rates than formerly.

Unusual opportunity is offered in that investment in Municipal Bonds at the present time enables one to extend over the years to come an exceptionally high yield combined with maximum safety.

Moreover the present interest rates on high class securities will probably be unobtainable a few years hence.

And over and above the advantage of high yield, Municipal Bonds at maturity will be paid in dollars of normal purchasing power.

The income from Municipal Bonds being exempt from Federal Income Tax, funds invested in these securities enables one to get a *net* yield that is equivalent to the yield from taxable securities bearing higher interest rates.

We offer you, in the selection of Municipal Bonds, the advantages of our country-wide facilities and more than thirty years experience as specialists in Municipal Bonds. Send for our free booklet, "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities." Address Dept. B-6.

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GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

New York Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati New Orleans

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 75)

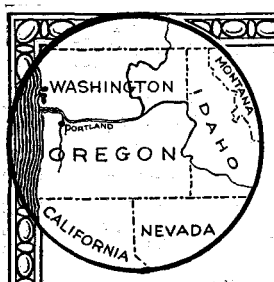
position. To an extent it undoubtedly did mean that on the present occasion. But experience teaches also that precisely this attitude may be one indication that the financial and industrial situation has itself entered on an altered phase; and to this fact the money-market of this season has given pretty convincing testimony. The continuous tying up of credit in this expanding speculation had a larger scope than Wall Street; it was happening throughout the world. In America it was happening while gold exports were reducing the ultimate bank reserve. Therefore, when the ordinary mercantile requirements reached their usual high mark in the autumn season—being themselves increased beyond normal magnitude by the great activity of trade and by the rise in prices which required a proportionately larger credit to conduct the same trade as before—there was an insufficient supply for them.

Testimony of the Money Market

In former times, the consequent advance in money rates would divert loans from Europe to our market, and ultimately draw gold. But Europe was now itself a heavy borrower in America, not a lender; therefore, with so huge a sum of bank credit still tied up in the hands of speculators, the business community had to bid against itself. By the end of 1919 not only were three-months and six-months loans on Stock Exchange collateral commanding 8½ and 9 per cent, but merchants were paying 7; and these, it must again be observed, were such rates as had not been paid in the New York market in the early weeks of any year since 1873.

Prices had fallen with great violence during November on the Stock Exchange; this had released a portion of the diverted credit. But the speculators were back again in a very few weeks, with hungrier and more obstinate demands. The market for loans to merchants and other normal borrowers continued stringent; and, what was even more impressive, the position of the banks themselves showed visible signs of weakening. In Wall Street it is the usual course of events for loans to decrease automatically, reserves to increase, and the ratio of reserve to liabilities to rise to extremely comfortable figures, in the first six or eight weeks of every year. This year the "reserve ratio" of the Federal Reserve system—the proportion of its cash holdings to its deposits and outstanding circulation—fell steadily during that period, reaching by far the lowest percentage since the new banking system was es-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 79)



Stability of Progress in the Pacific Northwest

MEASURED from any angle, progress throughout the Pacific Northwest has been steady and substantial. Keeping pace with world progress, and faith with American principles, this territory of vast resources and progressive people, is today witnessing the carrying into effect of far-sighted programs of development, both public and private.

Harbor and port improvements, highways, irrigation, and other projects broadly constructive and essential, are under way. Manufacturing, commerce, agriculture,—all are responding to the quickened pulse of Pacific Northwest development.

Naturally, opportunities for investment of a sound character are offering themselves. Intimately in touch with the activities of this territory, the Ladd & Tilton Bank, oldest in the Pacific Northwest, is prepared to furnish advice and information on investment matters.

Write today for brochure, "Know Portland and The Northwest."

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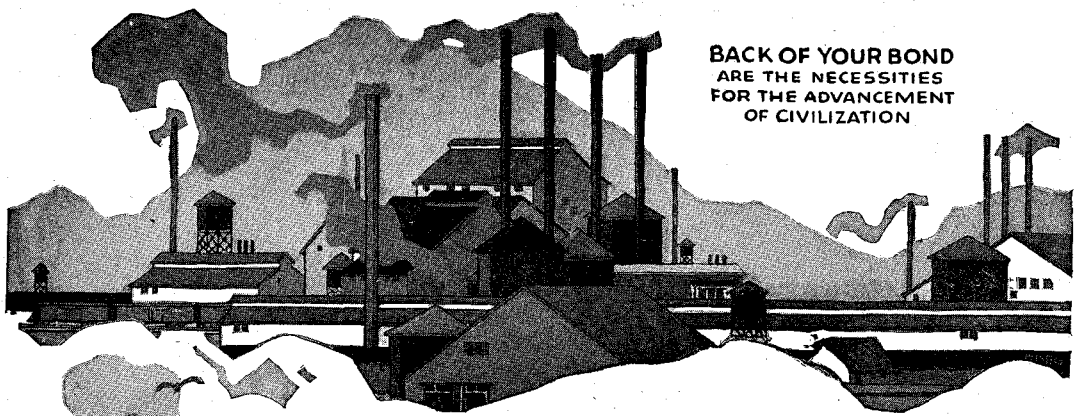

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THE Island of Cuba produces one-third of the cane sugar of the world. It produces one-fourth of the world's supply of both cane and beet sugar. Cuba is truly "the world's sugar bowl."

Sugar is an essential food product. The prevailing scarcity has emphasized its importance. There is a universal demand for increased production, to finance which requires large sums.

Halsey, Stuart & Co. is committed to the policy of financing fundamental industries through the outright purchase of their bonds or notes, and the distribution of these securities among investors. Bonds of such companies, based on human needs, afford exceptional security to investors.

As an example of our industrial offerings we recommend the *Ten Year 7% Convertible Debentures of the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation*, the largest producer of raw sugar in the world. These debentures mature in 1930, and constitute the only funded debt of this great organization, with total assets of almost $100,000,000, or four times the amount of this issue.

More complete details regarding the sugar industry, Cuba as a producing center, and the investment merits and possibilities of value of the conversion feature of the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation Debentures will be sent upon request for circular S.M. 5. The circular also lists a wide variety of other investment offerings.

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California Hydro-Electrics

-the conservative man's Investment

California holds a pre-eminent position in the electrical field of the United States. This is due to her supremacy in hydro-electric development. One California company alone covers as much territory as do 1,200 companies in New England — twenty-three of her electrical corporations have an installed capacity of more than 800,000 kilowatts. Western people have been educated in the electrical habit —the per capita use is three times that of the Eastern household. The demand greatly exceeds the supply.

To meet the present demand and to care for future needs, hydro-electric development in California in the next decade calls for the expenditure of more than $500,000,000. Every dollar invested will enjoy the benefit of California laws which mutually insure satisfactory returns on capital and protection for the public against rate inflation. Companies and consumers are in substantial accord.

We have participated in the financing of the strongest California hydro-electric corporations—among the largest in the world. Conservative, satisfied investors have purchased from us millions in California hydro-electric securities yielding from 6 to 7½ per cent. *Typical of these is the recent offering by ourselves and associates of* $10,000,000 *PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC FIVE YEAR COLLATERAL TRUST 7% CONVERTIBLE NOTES that not only yield 7½% but are convertible into common stock, which is a call on the future prosperity of the company.*

May we show you why the California hydro-electric securities which we offer meet with the most exacting tests of conservative investors? Write to-day for Circular SJ.

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Los Angeles
Title & Savings Bldg.

New York
61 Broadway

Seattle
Alaska Bldg.

Portland, Ore.
Yeon Bldg.

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tablished. At the New York Federal Bank, the "reserve ratio" in February reached 37⅛ per cent. In that week the bank's reserve, after allowing for the 40 per cent minimum of gold required against circulating notes, fell below the 35 per cent which the law prescribes as the minimum reserve against deposits.

Money Stringency World-wide

USUALLY bank rates are progressively reduced in these opening weeks of a year; it was long remembered that such a reduction occurred throughout the world at the beginning even of the war year, 1914. But in the corresponding period of 1920 the central banks of all the world, following New York's example, were putting up their discount rates. Our own Federal Reserve Banks raised their official "rediscount rate" from 4¾ to 6 per cent. The Bank of England, which had maintained a 5-per-cent rate practically throughout the war, and had already raised that rate to 6 last November, placed it at 7 in April of this year. London has been confronted with a bank rate as high as that in only six other periods since the early part of the last century; those occasions being coincident with the famous financial crises of 1847, 1857, 1866, 1873, and 1907, and with the great "war panic" of August, 1914. The Bank of France, which had not changed its official discount rate from 5 per cent since the war began, put it to 6 per cent last April. Rates of the central banks in Belgium, in Finland, in Denmark, in Japan, even in India, were advanced correspondingly—the Bank at Bombay fixing the very unusual official rate of 9 per cent. Evidently the tension in the credit market was world-wide.

In April, as in November, these signs of abnormal strain proved temporarily too much for the speculators. Prices on the New York Stock Exchange had fallen last November 50 to 100 points for the shares on which the earlier speculation for the rise had converged in 1919. After the same speculation had been renewed last February the same stocks rose in the next two months all the way from 20 to 190 points. In the middle of April the market suddenly broke with the utmost violence, carrying prices down 25, 50, in some cases 100 points from the heights to which the speculators had bid them up, two or three weeks before.

THIS overwhelming break occurred in the shares of producing and manufacturing companies, on which the wildest speculation had converged. It affected especially the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 81)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 79)

stocks of motor-car companies, whose exceptional earnings, a year ago, had, in fact, been one direct reflection of the community's extravagant indulgence in luxuries. But in every case the collapse in prices reflected recall of loans by banks which either found the needs of legitimate customers too great to admit of so large an account with speculative Wall Street, or else who looked with misgiving to the autumn situation. It was a situation in which the mind of the speculating public had been completely obscured by looking merely at the recent profits and present dividends of the enterprises, without giving consideration either to the increasing scarcity of the capital on which they must rely in order to continue conducting their business on such a scale, or to the possibility of a change, for the same reason, in the market for their products.

The Fall on the Stock Exchange

There were some highly interesting ulterior results from the money stringency and the fall in Stock Exchange prices. On the face of things, it might be imagined that such a collapse in values of highly speculative securities would attract the public to investment securities of unquestioned soundness. But of this there was no indication. During and since the period of our own participation in the war, all of the United States war loans had fallen below their issue price of par, because of the slowness with which the huge amounts put out by the government found a resting-place in the safe-deposit boxes of people who had invested their own capital. But the great mass of Liberty loans which, with the government's encouragement, had been subscribed for partly or wholly with borrowed money, began now to be forced on the market.

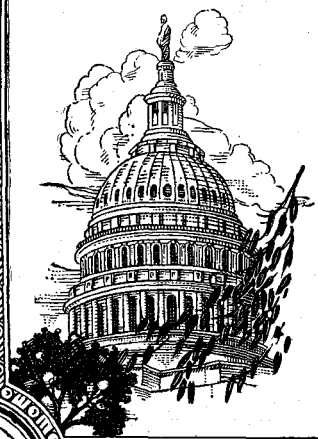
RICH companies which had subscribed for the war loans from their surplus, and which now were hard put to in raising money for their own requirements except at extravagant rates, began to let their holdings go. Speculators whose bank loans were being called, and who had to choose between selling their speculative stocks at a heavy loss or selling their war bonds at a smaller sacrifice, followed the example.

Decline in Government Bonds

Unluckily for the market, this happened at the very time when that part of the general public which had subscribed for Liberty bonds with borrowed money, on the agreement that for a year at least the banks would charge no

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

Fifty-One Years Without Loss to an Investor



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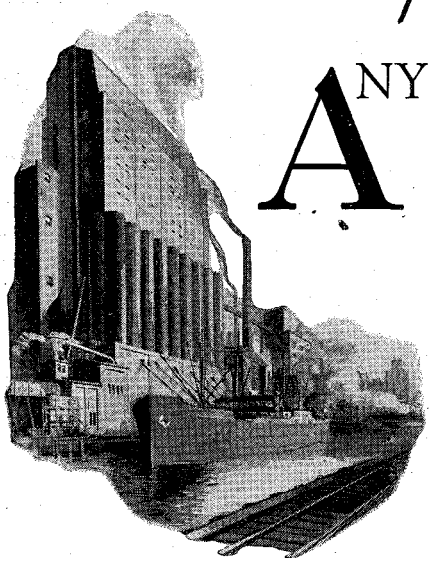

ANY finished product represents the labor of money and credit as well as the labor of men.

Years before a ship loads its first cargo, coal and ore must be mined, steel fabricated, labor paid. The ship earns nothing until it is chartered. It never could have been built without the labor of men, money and credit.

The vast resources of the National Bank of Commerce in New York are an essential element in commerce and industry.

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Over Fifty-five Million Dollars

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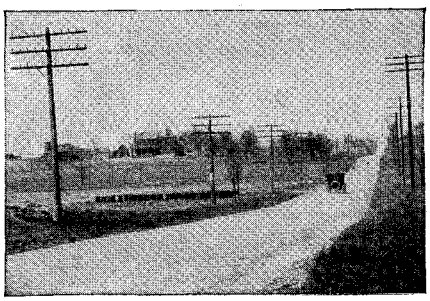

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Road Bonds

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6%

SECURED by taxes levied upon municipal and agricultural lands worth several times the total bond issue. These taxes are liens prior to any mortgage. The bonds are in $500 and $1,000 denominations, with semi-annual interest coupons, are totally exempt from Federal income taxes and mature in from 5 to 25 years.

Our policy is to offer investors only such bonds as we buy for our own account. These Arkansas road bonds we consider exceptionally desirable, as Arkansas is a growing, progressive state of great natural wealth and wonderful prospects. On request we shall be pleased to send you circulars listing these desirable road bonds and giving complete data concerning them. Just write for circular SB 65.

Mercantile Trust Company
Member Federal Reserve System — U.S. Government Supervision
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI
Capital and Surplus $10,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 81)

higher rate for such loans than the interest rate on the bonds themselves, were confronted with changed conditions. The year of grace ended last October. Up to November the Federal Reserve Banks had regularly discounted and renewed at 4½ per cent all bank loans secured by the Liberty 4½'s, thus enabling private banks to give the same terms to individual customers. But in November the rate for such advances was raised to 4½ per cent, in December to 4¾, and by the end of March, this year, it stood at 5½ per cent.

EVEN so, it was much below the prevailing rate for other loans, and the banks were wholly warranted in pursuing the policy, when the period for which discriminatory rates had been promised was at an end. But the public at large had apparently not understood the limit of time, and now those of them who had not taken up the loans on the basis of which they had subscribed, became free sellers of the war bonds. The bonds were already selling 3 to 11 per cent below their original subscription price; but now, under the variety of adverse influences already described, they declined in a single week of April 2½ to 5 points —a most exceptional fall in government bonds within so short a period. The "Victory bonds" of May, 1919, bearing 4¾ per cent interest, and redeemable at par in May of 1923, sold on the Stock Exchange at a fraction under 96. This price meant that, in addition to the annual interest, an increment of 4 per cent in value would accrue in a little more than three years' time; in other words, that the buyer at that figure, who reclaimed the bond until maturity, would actually have received an average annual return of more than 6¼ per cent.

Not since 1866 has any United States government bond sold on the open market at a price which would insure such a return to the investor. The parallel with the year after the ending of the Civil War has, in fact, been striking, both in cause and in circumstance. On neither occasion was the fall in price (which in 1866 brought the Civil War 6 per cents fourteen points below their price of 1864) an indication that the intrinsic value of the bonds had been impaired. The credit of the United States Government was absolutely unshaken on both occasions. Investors who kept their government bonds through the depression which came immediately after the Civil War, were able to sell the same bonds at a price 20 per cent higher only ten years later.

After the Civil War, and Now

(Financial Situation, continued on page 85)

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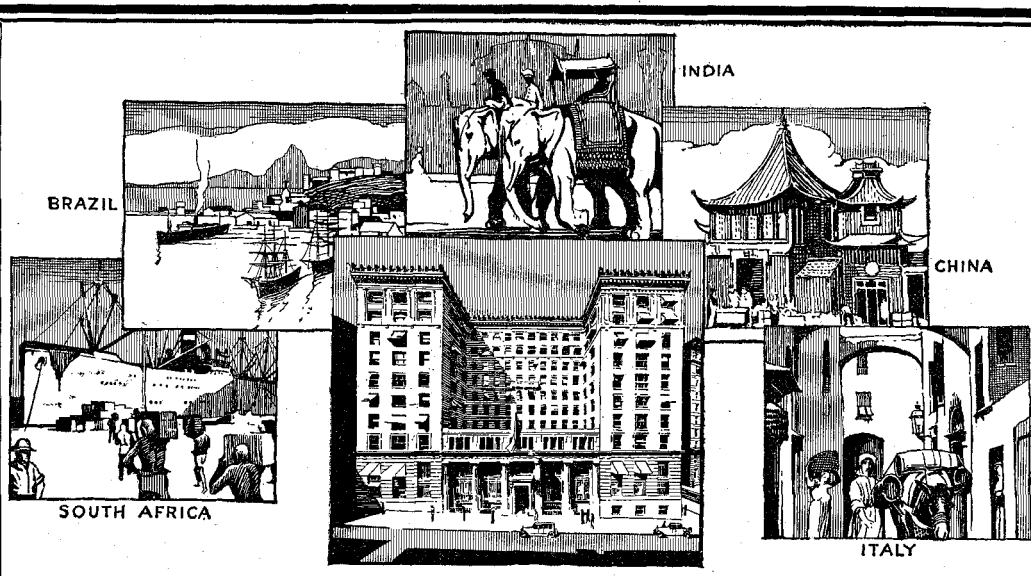

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India, the Far East, Australia, South Africa and South America offer abundant raw material. Wool, hides and skins, fibres and cotton valued at $193,975,031 entered Boston port in 1919. New England's great industries are extensive importers. The National Shawmut Bank has co-operated effectively for 84 years, and is well equipped to handle the foreign banking transactions of manufacturers in all parts of the country. Prompt service is our rule.

The Shawmut Corporation is specially organized to broaden our foreign banking service in dealing with acceptances, foreign securities, letters of credit, cable transfers and bills of exchange.

Inquiry concerning your particular foreign trade problem is cordially invited.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 83)

But in the year which followed that costly and destructive conflict, as in the present period, the investment markets were governed by severe and continuous money stringency; then as now a result of rising prices, of the waste of capital in war, and of reckless speculation on credit. The circumstances then prevailing had driven up rates on mercantile paper to 7 and 8 per cent, with as much as 10 and 12 per cent paid by weaker borrowers, and that in turn had forced down prices of many United States bonds 5 or 6 points below the war-time subscription price. While railway stocks were being bid up to fantastic figures by the speculators of 1866, railway bonds of high standing brought such prices as 91 for Chicago & Milwaukee 7 per cents, par for Erie 7's, 108 for Michigan Central 8 per cents. New York City's 6-per-cent bonds were selling at 95, and the 8-per-cent bonds of the State of Minnesota brought only par.

The fact, then, that United States government bonds have been quoted during the past few months at what amounts to the lowest price in half a century is not strange; the reader of American financial history must go back that far to discover a general situation which is at all analogous to that which now exists. In 1920, as in 1866, the phenomena described were common to the entire investment market. Companies of undoubted credit which before the war were not accustomed to pay above 4 or 5 per cent interest on their bonds, have been compelled in the past few months to bid as high as 7 per cent for capital. That rate was named by the Pennsylvania Railway for a new issue of $50,000,000 ten-year mortgage bonds. Numerous sound and well-known industrial concerns advertised bonds with a rate of 7½ per cent.

The 5½ per cent gold bonds of the British Government—placed in America, due to mature at par in the autumn of 1921, and actually secured by deposit of the highest-grade collateral—sold for a time this year at a fraction over 92, which meant an annual return of 11⅛ per cent to the purchaser at that price, who should hold them until maturity. This was a foreign market's valuation of British Government loans. But on the London Stock Exchange the 5 per cents of 1947 lately sold around 87; a price which, with the increment of value, would mean 6¼ per cent to the long

(Financial Situation, continued on page 87)

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"Some years ago I determined to spend the balance of my life free from financial strain, give more time to my family and enjoy what I had worked to earn.

"So I invested in Mitchell-Safeguarded 6% First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Every Bond is backed by a piece of valuable city real estate, investigated and approved by a firm that knows how to judge a real estate loan.

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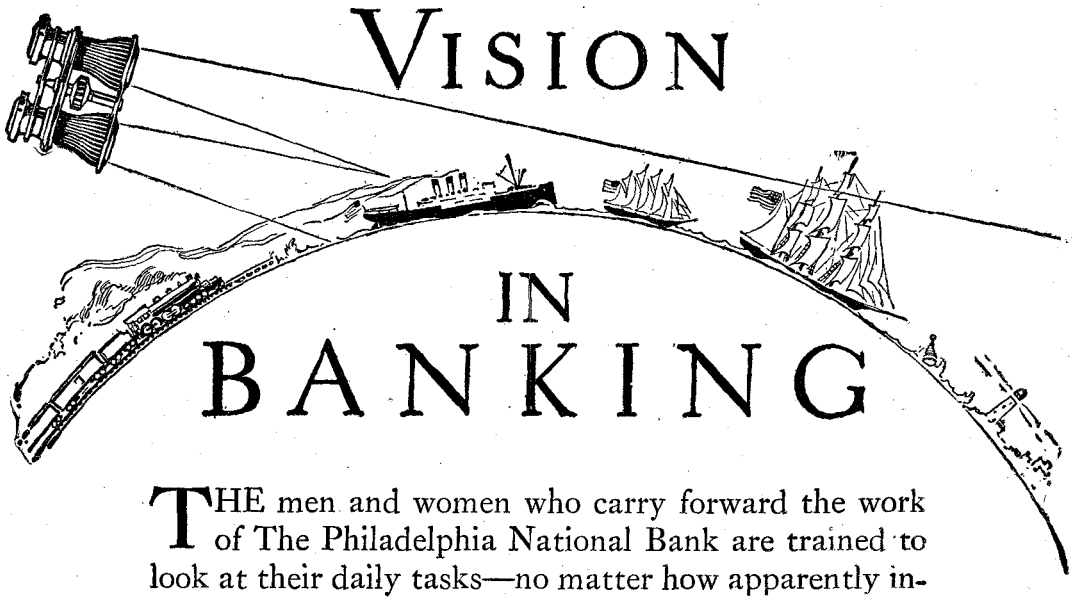

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HOW may we apply our experience to your business problems? We invite you to consult our officers.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 85)

investor. At the close of April the British Exchequer, planning to take up with bonds the government's floating indebtedness of £1,312,000,000, offered the new bonds to the public at a rate which was to bear such relation to the rate for temporary borrowings as should grant to the investor at the start an interest payment of nearly 7 per cent. This was a quite unprecedented incident. During the Napoleonic wars and the trying financial period which followed the peace of 1815, the British Government persisted in selling 3-per-cent bonds; the variation in actual cost of money being reflected in the price at which they sold. But at no time in that period did England's 3-per-cent consols, issued without fixed redemption date, ever sell on the market below 50; which meant that 6 per cent was the actual maximum rate of yield.

In a Foreign Market

HERE, then, was impressive evidence in every quarter of the financial markets—in the rate for loans to the speculator, in the ratio of bank reserves to liabilities, in the cost of money to the merchant, in the price of the highest-grade investment securities—of an actual shortage of credit in proportion to the community's actual needs. Some of the financial possibilities which surround a situation of this sort came suddenly into view in April. Financially and industrially, Japan had been a notable beneficiary of the European war. That country's export trade had never before the war exceeded $316,000,000, and the highest pre-war exports (those of 1913) had been accompanied by imports of $364,000,000, leaving a large surplus of importations. In 1915, under the influence of war requirements, the exports rose to $354,000,000 and exceeded imports by $88,000,000. By 1919, the exports from Japan had risen to the remarkable figure of $1,114,000,000.

But meantime the imports, which had been only $266,000,000 in 1915, had expanded to $1,153,000,000. A surplus of imports existed again, for the first time since the beginning of the war. In the first three months of 1920 the excess of imports rose to $130,000,000, making the balance against Japan on foreign-trade account actually greater than before the war. This had occurred as a direct consequence of extravagant home expenditure, along with speculation in the Japanese markets as wild as the speculation in our own, and a resultant stringency in money even more severe than ours. "Banks," so a Tokio correspond-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 89)

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An unusually well safeguarded First Preferred Stock of one of our most important and profitable industries.

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Equity in New York real estate alone $160 for each preferred share.
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Branch Offices: Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Milwaukee

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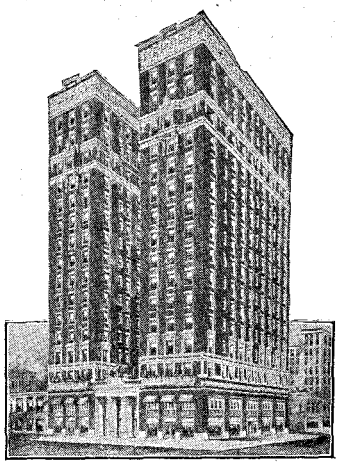

PRINCIPAL SECURED—INCOME ASSURED

HOTEL WOLVERINE
DETROIT

A New $1,200,000 Offering of

6% Bonds Reinforced by Greenebaum Bank Supervision

The Hotel Wolverine is a new sixteen story, fireproof, steel and concrete structure with complete equipment and elaborate furnishings, located in the center of Detroit's hotel and business district.

The security, consisting of land, building and equipment, is valued approximately double the amount of the bond issue.

Annual net income, conservatively estimated, more than four times the greatest interest charge on the entire issue.

A substantial, semi-annual payment on the principal rapidly increases the already large margin of security on outstanding longer term bonds.

Insurance against fire and Mortgage Title Guarantee Policy held by this bank as trustee for full protection of bond holders.

Based on 65 years' proven safety we strongly recommend these Greenebaum Bank safeguarded bonds as a suitable investment for Banks, Estates and Individuals. *Special illustrated circular sent upon request.*

Six Per Cent
First Mortgage Bonds
in denominations of
$100, $500 and $1,000
Maturing 2 to 10 years
serially and semi-annually
4% Normal Federal Income Tax Paid

Mail the coupon below to obtain full details of this investment.

Price Par To Net 6% Interest

Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company
La Salle and Madison Streets
Oldest Banking House in Chicago
RESOURCES OVER $20,000,000
Correspondents in Many Cities

GREENEBAUM SONS BANK and TRUST COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Send full details of the Hotel Wolverine Bonds to

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

16

Six Percent Farm Mortgages

Secured by first liens on productive farms located in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

The character of these investments is indicated by the fact that most of our offerings are taken by banks and insurance companies.

Detailed information submitted upon request

INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY
R. B. Bishop, *President*
NEW ORLEANS, LA. FORT WORTH, TEX.

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Investment Position of Municipal Bonds
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In writing specify the booklets you desire.

Investor's Service Department

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
597 Fifth Avenue New York

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 87)

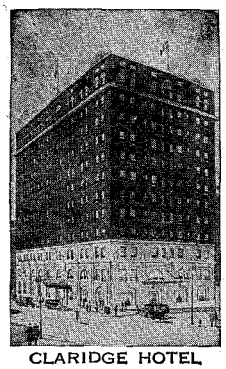
ent of the London *Economist* reported, toward the end of 1919, "have been officially instructed to restrict loans and to preach economy and caution; but speculation continues." Even "officials are interested in speculation"; the "luxury and extravagance of the newly rich tend to demoralize society."

There was certainly some reminder here of our own very recent situation. The Japanese markets received in April the shock of credit contraction which appeared to affect the entire civilized world. Weaker economically than our own financial and industrial community, Japan was confronted with a crisis of great severity. On the Tokio Stock Exchange, the typical decline was in shares of the stock exchange itself, which went to 260 Japanese yen as against a price of 515 in January. But the reaction of special violence was in commodities, which had been held back from market by the Japanese speculators. A few weeks before, silk had been dealt in on the Silk Exchange at a price as high as 4,250 yen per bale; it fell in April to 2,560. Other commodities followed, and, in the panic created by this precipitous break of prices, all of the Japanese stock exchanges and most of its produce exchanges had to suspend business.

THIS incident of the readjustment period does not necessarily indicate the kind of reaction which is probable elsewhere. It does not even prove that prices of commodities will be subject, in other markets of the world, to any such declines. What it actually illustrates is the character of the money situation and the relation of the money stringency to the world-wide speculation. No one can be sure, in so abnormal a period as that in which we are living, how much of the rise in prices has been caused by excessive use of credit and how much by other causes. No one can say with confidence whether even a violent break in speculative credit (and in prices sustained by it) would be more than temporary.

The Present and the Future

It was temporary, under similar circumstances, in 1869 and 1903. The expansion of credit and the resultant advance in speculative markets was renewed on both those occasions, after some months of reaction and uncertainty. What can be said without question or qualification, however, is that the economic situation, so far as its character is shaped by the state of capital and credit, has passed into a new phase, whose phenomena will perhaps be of greater importance than those of any period since the early stages of the war.



CLARIDGE HOTEL

Write for circular fully describing this issue

Sound Six Per Cent First Mortgage Bonds

FOR safe investment, we offer the First Mortgage Serial Real Estate Gold Bonds of the Claridge Hotel Company, St. Louis.

This issue is secured by a first mortgage lien on the ground and modern, fireproof twelve-story hotel building now being erected in St. Louis.

The total security is conservatively estimated at double the amount of this issue.

Net annual earnings are estimated at three and one-half times the amounts required to pay interest charges and principal retirements.

The loan is amortized by semi-annual payments extending over a ten-year period.

Offered at 100 and interest to yield.....6%
Or, with payment of principal and interest guaranteed by the Mortgage Guarantee Company to net...5½%

MORTGAGE TRUST COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MISSOURI
BROADWAY AT PINE

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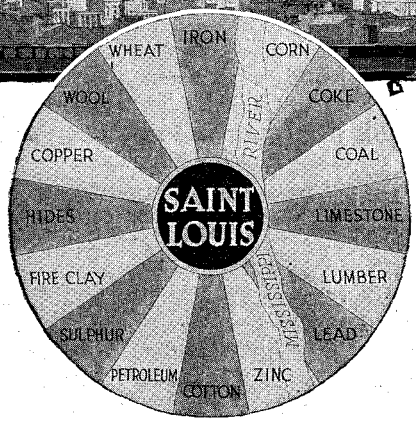
St. Louis the Center



Any manufacturer whose raw materials are among those shown in chart at left would be closer to the sources of supply, if located in St. Louis, than in any other large industrial city in the United States.

ST. LOUIS is the center of economic distribution. No other metropolis with equal distribution facilities is so close to both raw materials and consumers of finished products. It lies closer to the centers of agricultural population, cereal production, and cotton production than any other great industrial community. The business men of St. Louis are seeking factories to manufacture sixteen products not now made in St. Louis, but for which a profitable local market has been established. These sixteen products are:

Malleable iron castings
Farm implements
Rubber products
Screw machine products
Locomotive works
Blast furnaces
Cork products
Small hardware
Shoe laces and findings
Cotton spinning and textile mills
Dye stuffs
Steel and copper wire
Machine tools and tool machinery
Automobile accessories and parts
Drop forge plants
Tanneries and leather products

St. Louis is a four-sided distribution gateway. It has twenty-six railroads to markets in every direction. The Mississippi River gives waterway transportation to Mississippi Valley points and to Gulf ports for export to Latin America. This combination of railroad and water facilities makes St. Louis the great central doorway to the Mississippi Valley, South, Southwest, and Middle-West trade territory. If a Mid-West factory will help solve your production and distribution problems, you will be interested in the booklet, "St. Louis As a Manufacturing Center." A letter will bring it, if addressed to

Director, New Industries Bureau

St. Louis Chamber of Commerce

St. Louis, U. S. A.

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Bonds of Foreign Nations

is the title of our revised booklet which explains facts regarding the foreign exchange situation and the internal loans of important European nations.

This booklet should be in the hands of every banker, manufacturer, importer and investor for present and future reference. Complimentary copy sent on request.

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.

Investment Securities

62 Cedar St., New York

Chicago Boston Buffalo Cleveland
Philadelphia Minneapolis Baltimore

Railroad Securities

The field of railroad securities now offers opportunities to investors which cannot indefinitely continue.

We are suggesting certain bonds whose prices should reflect, in the near future, the constructive legislation embodied in the Esch-Cummins Act.

When replying, be sure to ask for Railroad List No. K 136.

Herrick & Bennett

Members New York Stock Exchange

66 Broadway New York

Telephone Rector 9060

FOREIGN BONDS TO SUIT ALL TASTES

By Stevens Palmer Harman

DURING the World War the fact that the United States was a great storehouse of foodstuffs and munitions needed by Europe forced a number of foreign governments to borrow heavily in this country in order to buy these materials. This applied in a measure to neutrals as well as to the Allied countries, for many of the neutrals found themselves cut off from their ordinary sources of supply, while the customary means of making financial settlements, such as temporary borrowing in London, were no longer available. This disruption of the machinery of international finance and trade was the occasion for the sale of some $3,500,000,000 of foreign government obligations to American investors and bankers between the outbreak of the war and the end of 1919. It has been authoritatively estimated that up to December, 1919, about $1,300,000,000 of these bonds had been redeemed, but these figures do not take into account the sum of approximately $10,000,000,000 advanced by the United States Treasury to the Allies on their I. O. U.

The essential difference between the bonds under discussion and those issued by foreign governments for sale on their home markets, is the fact that the former are payable, interest and principal, in American dollars, whereas the latter, known as "internal loans," call for redemption in the currencies of the issuing countries. Many of the internal bonds of foreign governments have been bought by citizens of other countries, and the low rate of the foreign exchanges following the conclusion of the European war caused many of our own investors to buy these issues, attracted by the low cost at which they could be acquired. The question of exchange rates, however, has only an indirect bearing on the price and status of the bonds here discussed, which are known as "external bonds."

In the origin of these two classes of loans, internal and external, may be seen a principal cause for the differences which distinguish them. As has been noted, the bonds sold in America during the war and afterwards were placed with a view to paying for supplies purchased in the United States. Merchants and manufacturers who had sold goods to the Allies had to be paid in dollars, not in

(Continued on page 93)

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SHERIDAN-PLAZA HOTEL

Wilson Avenue at Sheridan Road
Chicago, Ill.

$2,500,000

First Mortgage 6% Gold Bonds

Dated December 23, 1919, principal payments two to ten years, beginning 1921. Denominations $1,000, $500, $100, registerable as to principal. Redeemable at 102.

Security

A first mortgage on the land, and the new 12-story, fireproof hotel, including furnishings and equipment. Hotel contains 10 stores, 12 offices, and 512 guest rooms, each with bath.

Valuation—Income

The ground and building, when completed, are appraised at $4,000,000. Net annual earnings are estimated to exceed $440,000, nearly three times the greatest annual interest charge

Safeguards

Ample real estate security; a first lien on the income; monthly deposit to meet semi-annual interest and maturing bonds; title guaranteed by the Chicago Title & Trust Co.; ample fire insurance.

Reservations

may now be made for immediate or future payment. Complete illustrated descriptive circular may be obtained from any of the undersigned.

2% Federal Income Tax Paid
Price: 100 and Accrued Interest to Net 6%

H. O. Stone & Co.
111 W. Washington St.
Chicago

Lackner, Butz & Co.
111 W. Washington St.
Chicago

Fort Dearborn Trust and Savings Bank
Monroe and Clark Streets
Chicago

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5% INCOME

Not Reduced by Taxation

Municipal Bonds are on a new investment basis.

Years ago, although they yielded 3% and less, Municipals attracted investment capital because of their premier safety qualities.

When the era of high income taxes arrived, Municipals made a still stronger appeal because they were exempt from all Federal income taxation.

Municipal Bonds are still the same safe securities they were in the days of the 3% yield; they are still exempt from both normal and surtaxes; in addition, the current yield is from 4¾% to 5¾%.

Under prevailing conditions Municipal Bonds are selected by private investors for safety, freedom from taxes, and high yield.

Write for current offerings

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS
Second National Bank Building
New York Toledo Cincinnati

A Tax on Sales

A special edition of the **Bache Review** discusses advantages of a tax on sales over the present destructive system of taxation.

Sent on request

THE BACHE REVIEW

J.S.BACHE & COMPANY
Members New York Stock Exchange
42 Broadway - New York

(Continued from page 91)

pounds sterling, francs, or other foreign currencies. Hence it became necessary to borrow dollars, and the natural means of doing this was to borrow dollars from the American public; in other words, to issue bonds whose interest and principal would be paid in dollars, and which were subscribed and paid for by the American public in dollars.

Internal loans, on the other hand, were floated in great volume in the belligerent countries to meet expenses incurred at home, which included the purchase of vast amounts of material from home manufacturers and producers, payment of the armies, and the maintenance of a greatly expanded volume of government expenditures for a score of purposes. Home investors, of course, would buy bonds payable in their own currency.

In the case of internal bonds held by the American investor, the price and interest yield of his purchase are intimately connected with the course of foreign exchange rates. If these advance, his bond automatically becomes worth more, and the interest yield is increased through the enhanced value at which he is able to sell his coupons to a bank as they mature. On the other hand, a decline in foreign exchange involves a corresponding decline in market price and interest yield.

But with external bonds whose interest is paid in dollars, the yield is constant, while the price of the bond is affected by other considerations than the foreign exchange rates. As the date of maturity approaches and the foreign government must make provision for paying its obligation, the rate of exchange may be noticeably affected by the efforts of the government concerned to accumulate a balance in the United States in order to pay off its bonds, but the bondholder is not primarily concerned with such movements. Provided he is assured of payment, he has little concern with the means by which payment is effected. If the rate of exchange at New York has declined between the issuance and the redemption of the bond—in other words, if the process of remitting money to America has become more costly—the loss falls on the borrowing government, not on the bondholder.

A large number of the "dollar issues" floated in this country during the war, however, did take cognizance of the exchange situation, but chiefly as a means of attracting investors through offering the possibility of gain. Thus, one of the French issues, since paid off, stipulated that payment could be demanded at maturity either in dollars or in francs, at the fixed rate of 5¾ francs to the

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dollar. It is obvious that if, on maturity date, the open exchange market rate for francs was more favorable to France than the rate mentioned in the bond—if, for instance, exchange dealers on that day would sell only 5½ francs for a dollar—it would pay the bondholder to demand payment in Paris at the rate of 5¾ francs for every dollar's face value of the bond. For in this way he would secure a credit at Paris of 5,750 francs for each $1,000 bond held, and these francs could then be sold at the market rate of 5½ francs per dollar, yielding about $1,045 instead of the $1,000 that would have been realized if payment in dollars had been demanded. This provision in a bond issue is, naturally, only of value provided the market rate of exchange is higher at maturity than that mentioned in the bond. It provides a speculative attraction, however, which detracts nothing from the safety of the bond.

A somewhat similar plan was resorted to by the British government in the autumn of 1919 in floating a $250,000,000 loan at New York. Ten-year bonds and three-year notes were issued, which might be converted at the option of the holder before maturity (or at maturity, in the case of the notes) into British National War Bonds, which are an internal issue, at the rate of $4.30 to the pound sterling. In other words, each $4,300 of these external bonds held might be exchanged for £1,000 of the war bonds. In case the market rate of sterling exchange advanced above $4.30 to the pound, while the price of the war bonds was at or close to parity, it would be profitable for holders of the American issue to convert at the fixed rate of exchange, sell the British internal bonds thus acquired on the London market, and remit the proceeds home at the more favorable level of sterling exchange, thereby realizing a profit represented by the difference between the fixed figure of $4.30 and the current rate for sterling. A further attraction was provided by the fact that at their maturity the British war bonds are redeemable at 105, which would naturally increase any profit realized by a rise in exchange rates. Meantime, it should be kept in mind that, regardless of the movements of exchange, the British government had promised to pay the bonds in dollars at maturity if the holders asked for that kind of payment.

In addition to loans originally floated in the American market with these provisions as to convertibility and exchange rates, there are a considerable number of pre-war issues, usually payable in sterling, put out by South American and oriental countries, which have become

(Continued on page 95)

RSC
INVESTMENT-SERVICE

Canada

Bear this thought in mind: Canada's industrial possibilities to-day equal those of the United States immediately following the Civil War.

That explains the American industrial invasion of Canada and the Dominion's favorable investment opportunities.

Placing investment funds in Canada with exchange rates so advantageous to you, augurs well for large income and future profits.

We will recommend you desirable securities with excellent income-yield if you will write to us. Address:

AGENCY OF

Royal Securities
CORPORATION
(CANADA)
LIMITED

165 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Two Factors to Consider

The Earning Power of Your Dollars—and Safety

Before you put money to work make certain that your principal will have maximum protection.

Then see to it that the yield is in keeping with today's high money rates.

Municipal Bonds are exempt from all Federal Income Taxes and embody these essentials. They may now be bought at the lowest prices in a generation.

Send for Current Offering List and Descriptive Booklet

Kauffman-Smith-Emert
& Company

Security Building St. Louis, Mo.

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You Can Share In Shipping Profits

THE American merchant marine is again a reality. The people of this Nation and their government are determined to have the products of American factories—demanded all over the world—carried to market in American ships. The bulk of ocean transportation profits need no longer go to investors of other countries.

You can share in the profits of American shipping by investing in the

Preferred Stock And Common Stock

of one of the successful freight lines which has regained the seas for our commerce. This line, directed by men of proven ability, is operating a large fleet of steel freighters in a most profitable way.

Ask for booklet S-41

H. M. Byllesby & Co.
Incorporated
111 Broadway, *New York*
208 S. La Salle St. *Chicago*
30 State St. *Boston*
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300 Years in New England Proves That Character Counts

Traditions of honest workmanship and inventive leadership inspire the community. Workmen and employers have built on a solid foundation so that stocks of New England Industries are safe and pay handsomely.

We have investigated, bought and recommend:

	Established
LOWELL BLEACHERY 10%	1833
NAUMKEAG STEAM COTTON 20%	1839
SULLIVAN MACHINERY 10%	1850
MERRIMAC CHEMICAL 10%	1853
NEW HAVEN CLOCK 7% Pfd.	1817
ROBERTSON PAPER 8% Pfd.	1864

Mark and mail

Earnest E. Smith & Co.
Specialists in New England Securities
52 Devonshire Street, Boston
Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges

(Continued from page 94)

more or less popular with American investors. Most of these are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The City of Tokio, the Chinese and Japanese governments, and the Argentine governments are among the number whose bonds are traded in.

These issues provide for payment either at a fixed rate of sterling, usually in the neighborhood of parity, which is $4.86⅝ to the pound, or at the current rate. In the latter case, the chances of gain are precisely similar to those attaching to the purchase of an "internal" sterling loan. In other words, if exchange rates appreciate, the investor gets the benefit. Where a fixed rate of so many dollars to the pound sterling is fixed as the value on maturity, the price of the bond usually reflects this certainty of redemption value; but even at that, recent prices have been sufficiently low to attract a great deal of attention to these bonds.

The possibilities involved in fluctuating exchange rates in connection with foreign loans are almost limitless and involve a fascinating study. One of the most interesting cases is afforded by a bond issue of the city of Rio de Janeiro, where the bonds are of sterling denomination, but payable in Holland as well as in London and elsewhere. The rate of payment of interest and principal in Holland is fixed at 12.05 florins to the pound. Now, while Dutch exchange has been at a discount in New York, sterling exchange has been at a much lower rate, which made possible the purchase of these bonds at the depreciated sterling rate with the prospect of payment in the less depreciated Dutch rate. Of course, at any one moment the price of the bonds would reflect the immediate situation of the exchanges; but the case in point provides the interesting possibility of speculating in two or more exchanges at the same moment on a single venture.

The foregoing discussion will indicate the general character of the "external" bonds at present afloat on our markets. Their other qualities, in the main, are familiar enough—various degrees of exemption from taxes in the country of origin, convertibility, and the like. They present to the investor a dual character: first, in regard to their intrinsic worth, regardless of their foreign exchange provisions; and second, as regards the speculative chances inherent in these exchange provisions. In both particulars the prospective purchaser would do well to investigate thoroughly, and especially to seek the most competent advice he can find among high-class dealers in investment securities.

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Today is Investing Time

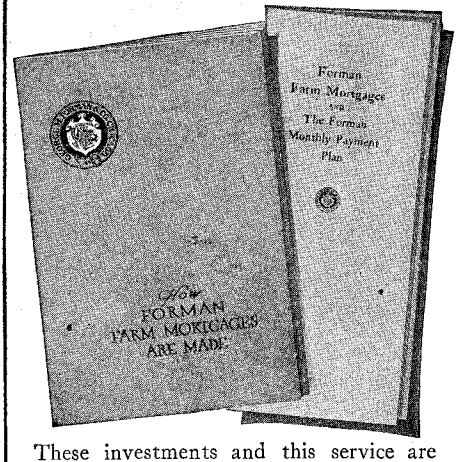
NEVER since the post-bellum days of the Civil War have conservative investments been offered to investors upon so attractive terms as may be obtained at present.

Today is investing time for keen investors. Our Farm Mortgages are being offered at yields right in line with prevailing high rates.

Ask for List J. S.

WELLS-DICKEY COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1878
SURPLUS & CAPITAL $1,300,000
MINNEAPOLIS · MINNESOTA

YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND FORMAN FARM MORTGAGES AND FORMAN SERVICE



These investments and this service are described in two booklets:
"How Forman Farm Mortgages are Made."
"Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan."
Either booklet, and list of current offerings, free on request.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Established 1885
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

PROTECT YOUR INVESTED FUN

The Financial Department of SCRIBNER'S MA A ZINE maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, t analyze securities and supply news, statistics, an relevant information on investments and kindre subjects.

Recently a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZIN wrote our Investor's Service Bureau a letter fro which we quote the following:

"Last summer you advised me against buyin some stocks I mentioned. I took your advic against my own judgment and have been save a 100-per-cent loss. I am very much obliged.
"W. M. H.'

In order that our service may be sufficientl thorough and personal to be of practical use, nominal fee is charged. Statistics, facts, and in formation about one stock or bond is furnished fo $3.00. An additional charge of $2.00 is made fo each additional security reported on at same time

Inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, shoul be addressed to Investor's Service Bureau, SCR NER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New Yo

Following are announcements of current booklets and circular issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained witho cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors ar asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature

CURRENT INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Macafee & Company, Ltd., 5 Copthall Court, London, E. C. Merchant and Investment Bankers, invite correspondence regardin investment in British securities.

The Mercantile Trust Company, St. Louis, has prepared a list o Municipal Bonds exempt from the Federal Income Tax, yieldin 5.50% to 6%. Circular B-650 describing these issues in full wil be forwarded upon request.

Earnest E. Smith & Company, 52 Devonshire St., Boston, ar distributing literature on established New England stocks—Sullivar Machinery, Merrimac Chemical, Robertson Paper, Old Colon Woollen Mills, etc.

Circular No. BS-77 distributed by A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., 6 Cedar St., New York, provides complete information regarding in ternal loans of Foreign Governments and the possible profits fron investments in them.

A typical offering of the Mortgage Trust Company of St. Louis is the First Mortgage Serial 6% Real Estate Bonds of the Claridge Hotel Company, a descriptive circular of which they will send upon request.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, of Chicago, have issued booklet describing Pulp and Paper Mill Securities, explaining the record of this type of security, which yields the investor 6 to 6¾%

"Getting the Most from Your Money" is a booklet describing the Babson method of investment. For a copy write Babson's Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"Interesting Facts about Banking Service in Business" is a new booklet now being distributed by the Seattle National Bank, Seattle Wash.

"Bonds as Sate as Our Cities," a treatise on Municipal Bonds explains the relation of Municipal Bonds to the growth and develop ment of American cities, their basis of safety, surety of payment and high rating. This booklet is published and distributed by the William R. Compton Company, of St. Louis.

To meet the need for information among bond buyers, Halsey Stuart & Company have prepared the following booklets and pamphlets, copies of which will be sent without obligation to those interested: "Bonds, Questions Answered, Terms Defined"; "Choosing Your Investment Banker"; "Ten Tests of a Sound Public Utility Bond"; "Bonds of Municipalities"; "Partial Payment Plan for Purchasing Safe Bonds."

A new booklet illustrating and describing the water-powers and other modern utility plants back of an investment in Stan dard Gas and Electric Company, is being distributed by H. M. Byl lesby & Company, Chicago, and New York. Ask for booklet S-15.

(Continued on page 99)

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